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OCTOBER 27, 1917

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Norman Rockwell

FOLLOWING THE RED CROSS—By Elizabeth Frazer

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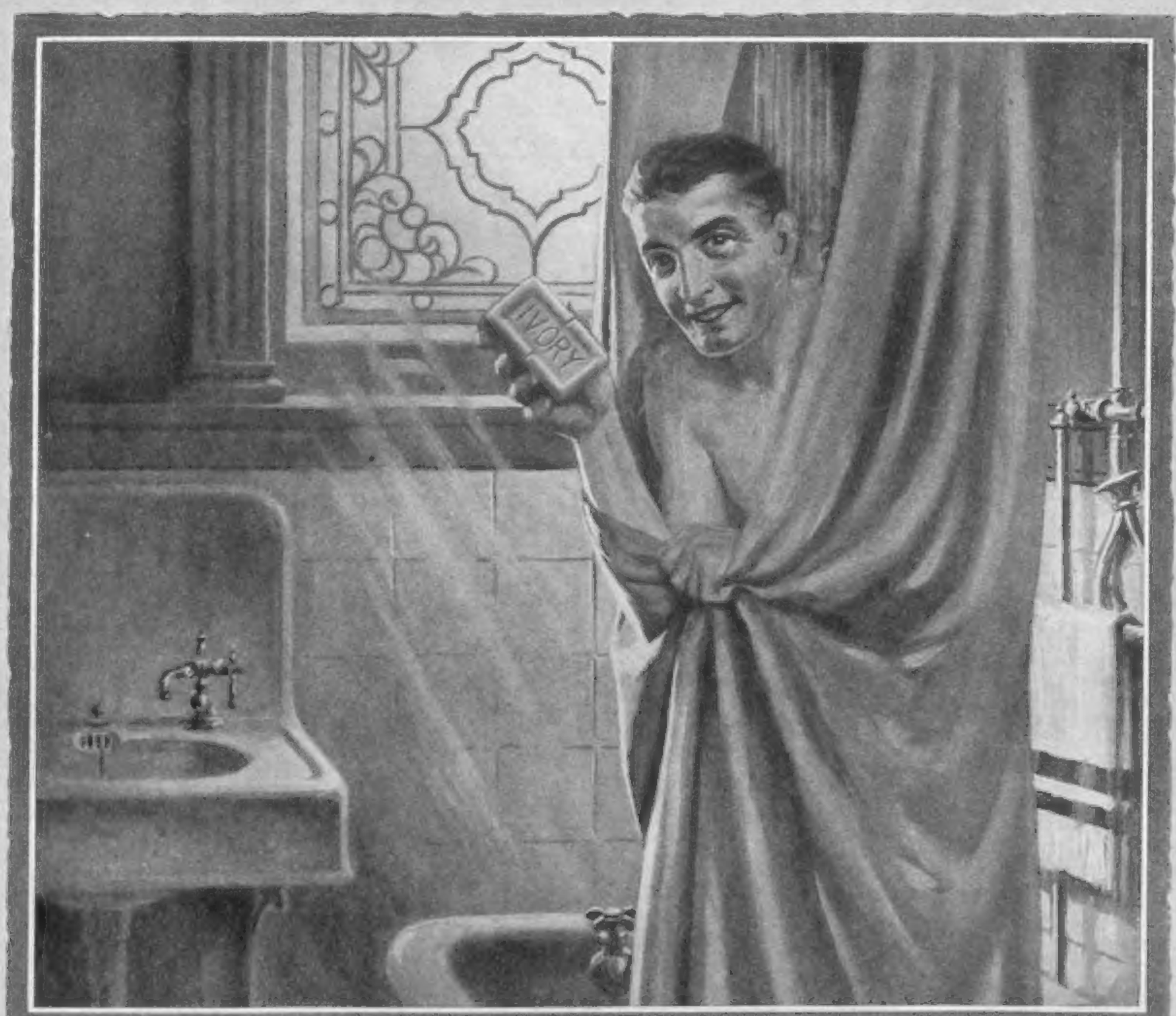

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FOLLOWING THE RED CROSS

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

WAR is a frightful necessity; but it is not so odious as an unstable peace. There will be ups and downs in the road we have still to travel, and undoubtedly the collapse of Russia is a big down. I am not even sure that we have arrived at the worst of this matter; but, nevertheless, I can see, beyond the dark valley, a bright ascent."

Thus spoke Lloyd George on the day that opened the fourth year of the war. As I read those words one morning shortly after my arrival in Paris, following a four months' absence in America, with the American point of view still fresh in my mind—fresh, also, the memory of endless tie-ups and blocks over the food and the shipping bills!—one phrase separated itself from the rest of the English Premier's speech and stood out in somber relief: "The dark valley!"

And the next few days, as I went about obtaining certificates of domicile, permits to stay at home, permits to travel in the war zone, cards of identity, safe-conducts, and all of the technical rigmarole necessary to a wartime existence, that sinister little phrase kept on ringing in the back of my head like an alarm clock that one has forgotten to stop.

Over here one sees things differently—nearer, bigger, clearer—like a close-up picture on the screen. In America the trouble with this war is not that we can't get a perspective on it, but that so far it is all perspective. The dark valley is still before us; our worst is yet to come. In Paris, on the contrary, it is all foreground, all detail; and life has a harsher edge on that account.

It is not the sight of streets filled with women in mourning, or the *mutilés* stumping along the boulevards on wooden pegs, or an occasional child with its eyes destroyed by a bomb; it is not the waiter who hands you the soup, with his breast blazoned with decorations, or the polite *réformé* chauffeur of your militarized automobile, standing respectfully at salute, who turns out to be a count in private life—and a rich count at that—with châteaux and coronet-mounted cigarettes and his own particular brand of champagne; it is not the hair-raising screams of the fire sirens waking you in the dead of night as they race through darkened streets to announce an air raid; it is not the aëroplanes dashing about like comets every clear night in the northern quarter of the sky; it is not the soldiers of all nations and climes and colors—black, white, red, yellow, chocolate, burnt umber—who swarm over the city in every conceivable phase of dress and undress; it is not the meatless, sweetless, heatless days of the week prescribed by law—it is not any single one of these things, but all of them, and a thousand others combined, which show that the current here runs faster, deeper and more ominous than at home.

Major Grayson M. P. Murphy, Head of European Red Cross Commission

A Changed Paris

IT SEEMED to me, that first week of my arrival, that Paris was in a distinctly different phase even from when I saw it last in those bleak, coalless days of February. But since then four months had passed, resonant with the march of big events. The United States had entered the war. But to offset that credit, Russia, after her revolution, had collapsed and Germany had been able to hurl fresh divisions all along the Western Front. There followed in April the disaster in Champagne. With the coming of summer the offensives had been renewed, the Germans fighting with a hard, reckless disregard of human life that showed no apparent weakening of morale, piling up sanguinary losses on all sides.

Then, in July, the First American Expeditionary Force, the Kaiser's "contemptible little army," had marched through the streets of Paris and been hailed with tempered enthusiasm; tempered, because when a nation has been holding up the whole world on its shoulders for over three years it cannot expend too much breath on mere polite ceremonial. And until the Americans, welcome as they were, should actually be on the line, relieving the load, they were just so many pounds of added weight.

Briefly, the change in the situation was this: During those four months France had penetrated to deeper levels of the dark valley imaged by the English Premier; with a new and powerful Ally to be sure, but with no absolute assurance that the worst was past, or was still to be endured.

Men Who Had Seen Things

THE temper of the people revealed itself in the Fourteenth of July parade. As the veteran troops marched by, men and women wept in the streets for those who passed and for those who would never pass again.

A young French girl, describing the scene to me, said: "It was very sad, that Fourteenth of July procession; for everyone was weeping and trying to conceal it. On the pavements men and women were laughing and waving their flags to our men, while behind those flags they were weeping, even as they tried to laugh! All of us were secretly weeping! Only the regiments that were to be decorated, as a whole, for extraordinary valor were permitted the honor of representing France that day. I stood on the street corner and watched the Foreign Legion pass. They were different, those *légionnaires*, from civilians. There was a certain gleam in their eyes. They had seen things! Yes; you may not believe me, but I tell you their eyes were different.

"Standing beside me was a little, wrinkled old man, leaning heavily on his cane; the kind you can see any sunny afternoon at the Luxembourg Jardin, playing croquet with his pals. But he was not playing croquet that day! He wept and muttered to himself as the troops passed. Tears ran down the yellow furrows of his cheeks. On his breast were decorations, won, he explained, during the Franco-Prussian War. And at its conclusion he had seen the Boches march into Paris. Yes; he had seen that sight! As the Legion broke into view he waved his stick and yelled, tears raining from his eyes. One of the *légionnaires*, a gay little fellow, saw him and sang out, laughing:

"*Ne pleures pas, gran'-père! Nous les aurons!*—Don't cry, grandpa! We shall get them!"

That night the French girl and I went to a cinema. In the Rue de la Paix, in front of an internationally celebrated jeweler's shop, she stopped me with a gesture.

The European Red Cross Commission on Board Ship

Small Refugees From the Zone of Fire Arriving at the Gare du Nord

"Wait!" she said. "I wish to tell you something. Do you see those flags?" And she pointed to a cluster of silken Allied pennants, elaborately adorned with gold fringe and gilt tassels—brilliant, exquisite aristocrats that would never see the trampled mire of a battlefield. "Do you see the American flag there—in the center?"

"Certainly."

"Well," she said, "I saw them put that flag up there. They raised it the morning after we received the news that America was our Ally. There was a crowd round then, watching; and so I went away. But the same night I returned. The street was empty. It was as I had hoped. And then I—I kissed that flag!" She hesitated, looking at me with her clear schoolgirl eyes, shy, half-afraid lest I should laugh at her. "Can you understand why I did that? I wished to do it before, but not in front of all those others. And so I returned. That kiss, you see, was not just from myself alone—it was from France!"

Fed Up on War Talk

SHE had stolen out at night secretly, alone, to seal the war pact of two powerful nations with a girl's tender, grateful kiss!

During the next week, while waiting for certain business arrangements and talking with everybody, high and low, from colonels to concierges, from liaison officers to elevator boys, my sense of the change of mood in the French people was strengthened by countless incidents. Fight? Yes—to the victory; upon that they were keener than ever. Fit? Yes. As a military weapon their army was almost in a state of perfection, so that it seemed true, as Doctor Carrel said, that this war might last a whole generation!

But it was not that. It was simply that the war, as a topic of conversation, had lost its pristine interest. They were frankly sick of talking about it; they were also frankly sick of hearing Americans talking about it and about what they were going to do. They were absolutely fed up on the war as a grand, noble, heroic sort of *vers libre* proposition—on the high-sounding, windy, maudlin Lo-the-poor-French-soldier effect.

One day last autumn, while working as an auxiliary in a ward, thinking to please the men I put on the phonograph the record of the Marseillaise. Instantly there was a howl of protest:

"Oh, my God—not that! Kill it! *Au secours!* Help! Help!"

"But what's the matter?" I exclaimed, astounded. "You don't care for your beautiful national air?"

It turned out they were simply tired to death of that beautiful national air. They had heard it morning, noon and night for over three years—in the trenches, in attack, *en repos*, on *permission*, whistled, hummed, fifed, bugled, drummed, screeched at them by well-intentioned but tactless actresses, until now they threw boots—whenever they dared—at the insufferable bore who assaulted their jaded ears with its accents. They had simply worn out that tune; it was like a boarding-house soup bone after thirty days of faithful service. And they were not going to stand it—even from their *infirmière!* Politeness had its bounds, and they were wounded men!

It is something like this that the French feel at the present moment. They don't want sentimentality; they don't want long, polemic discussions; they want just one thing—American soldiers on the Line as fast as they can be got there. Simply that and nothing more. They have arrived at the stage when they want everybody, in the language of Bret Harte, to put up or shut up! Or presently, like the exasperated soldiers, they will start to throw boots.

It was with these general impressions as a background that I entered the large handsome quarters of the American Red Cross to ask Major Murphy, head of the European Commission, how he proposed to spend the money collected during Red Cross Week in the United States. For that was my errand to France—to trail the Red Cross millions. I found Major Murphy in his office, overlooking the broad statue-encircled Place de la Concorde. It does not need his name to reveal his descent from the little Isle of Unrest; for his Irish ancestry is not belied, either, by a big generous mouth, a pair of wide-open warm blue eyes, a strong chin, and a general air of physical fitness and of knowing precisely what he is up to

Orphans in the Colony of Les Ombrages Under the Protection of Countess Pierre de Viel-Castel and Mrs. Walter Gay

on this planet. A man of action, of quick decisions, rather than a philosopher. In private life Major Murphy is a banker, with a West Point education; and both trainings have left their stamp upon his vigorous personality.

"What do you wish to know?" he began, without preamble.

"Everything. What you are doing with the Red Cross millions. Your organization. How you have sized up the present situation."

Major Murphy stared for a long moment out into the Square commemorating so many victories before he replied:

"I can give you our position in a nutshell. As I see this thing, the chief business of the Red Cross in Europe at the present hour is to strengthen the French morale until such time as our boys are actually on the Line. Until we've actually made good with an army in the field our sincerity, as a nation, remains in doubt; and so the Red Cross must make good in every other way, get on the job as fast and hard as she can, awaiting that event. Thus we bridge the gap! We say, in effect, to the French people: 'Our soldiers are not yet ready to take your places; but, nevertheless, we are with you from now on in dead earnest. And, until our men are ready, let us help your soldiers and their wives and their children, keep them free from disease, warmly housed and fed, and so give them courage and heart to go on.

"Now I do not mean by the above that the French morale is low, or that she is bled white or losing her nerve. On the contrary, at this moment the country is at the height of its power as a fighting machine, and that notwithstanding the fact that for over three years it has borne on its soil the chief strain of a struggle unprecedented in history. France can win without us, undoubtedly; but she has been fighting for us as well as for herself, and from now on America must put her shoulder to the wheel or be an *embusque* nation. This is France's black hour, humanly speaking; and how long that blackness lasts, and whether it becomes unendurably bitter this coming winter, will depend largely on our own energy and speed.

"Now, how we started the organization: The first thing we did after we arrived was to get into touch with the various independent relief societies already flourishing in the field and coördinate their activities with our own in order to avoid overlapping. Most of the larger ones have already gladly joined hands with us. Sometimes we have left their personnel intact and simply backed them financially; sometimes it has been wiser to take them over and reorganize completely.

"Of these independent societies, the first to offer to come in were the American Relief Clearing House and the American Distributing Service, both powerful and efficient organizations, already connected with the French Government and operating over a vast field. The American Distributing Service alone serves over three thousand French hospitals with supplies and has inspectors traveling from place to place to ascertain actual needs. Picture what a tremendous channel was opened up to us through this single society alone!"

Allied Societies

"THEN Mrs. Austen, European agent of the American Surgical Dressings Committee, threw in her lot with us. I suppose Mrs. Austen knows more about the hospital supply of Europe than any other woman in the world; she has the whole situation, up to the hour, with its everchanging conditions, right at her finger tips; and we were mighty lucky to have her consent to sit at our council board.

"Then the Norton Harjes Ambulance service, with its five hundred men, came under our control, and other societies allied themselves, either wholly or in part. Too much praise cannot be given to the leaders of these splendid

(Continued on Page 44)

These Belgian Lads Have Been One Year Under the Care of the Comité Franco-Américain Pour la Protection des Enfants de la Frontière

COMRADES IN ARMS

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

THIS is the story of a spoiled girl who hadn't the least idea that her parents had spoiled her. Nor, for that matter, had her parents any such idea—far from it. They would have told you that the amounts of money, time and worry they had spent on the child were beyond belief. She had been brought up—for some inscrutable reason known only to her sort of parents—to speak French before she could speak English; she played the piano rather well, the violin rather badly; she danced beautifully.

"Oh! Oh, Ben! There He Is! I See Him!"

German she began at twelve, Italian at sixteen, when they took her to Florence; at one time she joined a Spanish class, but shifted to barefoot dancing later, and after that to hand-wrought jewelry.

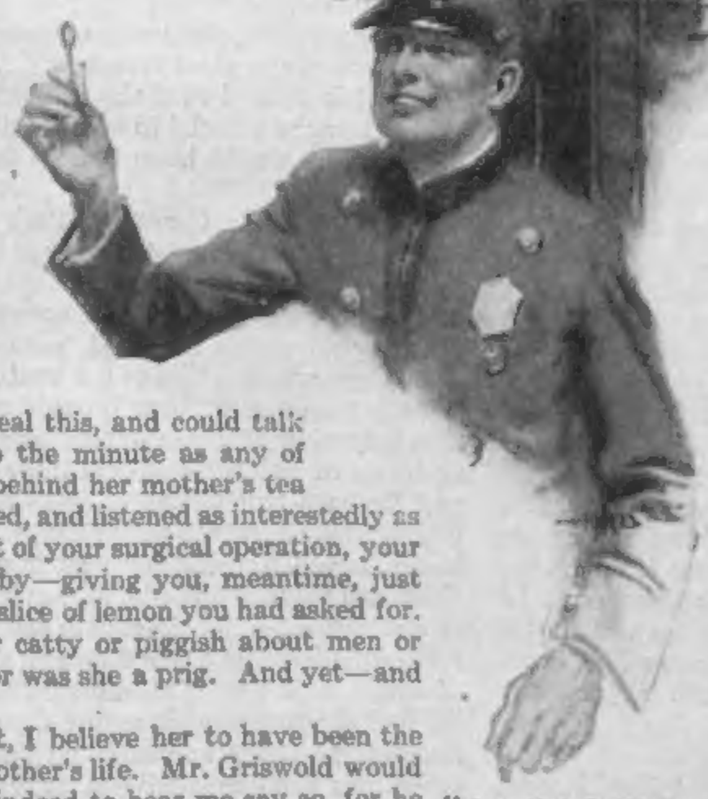
"Miss Griswold," her dancing teacher said of her, "is a great puzzle to me. She ought to be so much more of a success than she is. She really dances extremely well, but somehow she never looks the part!"

And that was true; when you watched Elizabeth swaying through a Spanish dance you decided that her regular features were really rather cold and classical; but when she lifted her left foot, in that attitude of one who has unwarily stepped on a toad, so common to the Greek friezes, and paused, listening, you realized that her eyes were too brown—or something. When her hair fell loose, it was too straight; when, on the other hand, it had just been waved by the trusty Marcel method, it looked too artificial.

Was it self-consciousness—too much New England blood with not enough New England convictions? Her mother never knew.

She had been born in New York and, except for the Maine coast and Florida, knew little else of her country till her twenty-fourth year, when their family physician in despair had suggested the air of the Rockies; and Elizabeth, conscientiously attired in riding breeches and sombrero—she would have worn "chaps" if necessary—rode a vulgar little cow-punching bronco across the plains for six weeks. It seemed to do her good, they thought; but still she was listless, and though perfectly willing to go back to the ranch, if they liked, she was equally willing to stay in New York and take up something else. She had been out in society for five seasons, and no man or boy had proposed marriage to her.

Now, why was this? She was not in the least bad-looking; distinguished, rather, in a regular New Englandish way, with a clear profile, clever, thoughtful eyes and a sufficiently mobile mouth. She was pale, it is true, but are not most American girls rather pale than otherwise? She was a little too thin perhaps, but these are thin years, and many a luscious little fat girl envied Elizabeth her hipless, slim-ankled silhouette. She had been super-educated possibly; but on the other hand she had been sedulously taught to conceal this, and could talk as many banalities to the minute as any of her friends. She sat behind her mother's tea urn, charmingly dressed, and listened as interestedly as possible to the account of your surgical operation, your Pekingese or your baby—giving you, meantime, just the dash of cream or slice of lemon you had asked for. She wasn't prickly or catty or piggish about men or rude to her elders; nor was she a prig. And yet—and yet——



"I've Got It!" He Cried Boyishly. "The Cap. Forgot to Give It to Me"

As a matter of fact, I believe her to have been the chief sorrow of her mother's life. Mr. Griswold would have been surprised indeed to hear me say so, for he had paid for all the subjects Elizabeth took up, and was very proud of her. Sometimes he may have wondered just why she should have to take up so many, and what she found to enjoy in them; but he paid for them, just as he had paid for her expensive coming-out party and her riding boots and her teeth-straightening and her lectures on gardens and wild birds.

He didn't even complain when Mrs. Griswold decided that Elizabeth ought to have a studio.

"B-but can she paint?" he called, round-eyed, through his dressing-room door, struggling with his third white tie.

"Of course not, Ben; she doesn't pretend to."

"Going to learn?"

"Oh, no—it's not that, exactly, dear. A good many of the girls have them now, and I thought it might make her feel freer, perhaps less tied down."

"If Beth had been born an orphan she might have amounted to something," one of her friends once grumbled. But she was not an orphan; she was hopelessly a daughter.

"It's the darnedest thing about Beth Griswold," I heard one of the girls of her year murmuring one day when we were both sitting on a float fifty yards from the pier, with our feet hanging comfortably in the water.

"Huh?" the other girl inquired elegantly, stuffing soda-mint tablets—for which she had a passion—into her moist little red mouth. Neither noticed me, for I was over thirty.

"It sure is," pursued the first thoughtfully, wriggling her toes in intricate patterns.

"She's a peach of a swimmer, but nobody cares a whoop somehow."

"Oh, yes, she can swim all right, all right—but she doesn't get 'em, does she?" agreed the second, through an ecstatic mouthful of soda mints.

"No pep!" concluded the first succinctly. "Dead man's float—let's?"

And they fell off the rocking platform simultaneously, assuming ghastly attitudes. They were high-stand graduates from one of our leading educational institutions for young ladies, and I supposed them to be recuperating their minds from the strain of a too strictly censored vocabulary, and gathered that they deplored in their friend a degree of personal magnetism and vitality incommensurate with her undoubted aquatic accomplishments.

That was the August of 1914, and all over the astonishing little country of Belgium blood was running.

Mr. Griswold was worried, and passed, as the months rolled by, from worry to horror, and from horror to alarm. At last he began to write letters to the Times, and read them to men at the club. Mrs. Griswold promptly became enmeshed in a web of committees—when she wasn't serving on one she was forming another, and rarely lunched at home. Cortwright Griswold, their only son, hammered furiously at his parents for permission to drive an ambulance in France; Katy, Mrs. Griswold's maid, who had buttoned and hooked Elizabeth since the day when she blossomed from safety pins into buttons and hooks, drew out all her savings and began sending them to Ireland; Georges, the chauffeur, got his papers suddenly and departed to join his regiment somewhere in the Valley of the Marne.

More months rolled by, and shoes became sickeningly costly; and suddenly even satin slippers, which they couldn't very well be wearing in the trenches, one would suppose, took on a value that forced one to consider one's allowance rather carefully.

"Disgusting! Simply disgusting!" said Mr. Griswold irritably. "I can tell you, my dear, the day for pearl-gray satin slippers at seventeen dollars a pair is rapidly passing!"

"I know, Ben; I know," Mrs. Griswold replied pacifically; "it's dreadful. But what is the child to wear? She can't very well dance in tan boots. And all these dances are for hospitals or Belgian babies or things like that."

Mr. Griswold explained, briefly but plainly, his feeling for such dances.

"I know, Ben, but people won't give money without something like that. That orphan-baby dance last week made thirteen hundred dollars."

"Oh, well ——"

And more months rolled by.

Suddenly Cortwright was at Plattsburgh, and Mrs. Griswold was delighted, and her husband grew silent and absorbed, and stayed longer at the office. Everybody began to stand up jerkily when The Star-Spangled Banner asked them, Oh, say, could they see, at restaurants and theaters. And quite the nicest people went to the movies to follow the war films. Elizabeth got very tired of watching the Czar climb down the trenches.

Indeed, she found herself very tired, somehow, just as all her friends were growing so busy and so busy and so busy. She took the Red Cross nursing course, naturally, and one in first aid, but the Red Cross teacher, a brisk, flat-chested woman with a strong Western accent, advised her very frankly against going into any but the most elemental mysteries of her fashionable science.

"You see, my dear Miss Griswold, it's so much a matter of pursonal'ty," she said, "nursing is; and reelly, I must say I don't think you've got the right pursonal'ty for it—if you get my idear."

The class in first aid was even more unfortunate. It went on in the parish house of a fashionable church, and a nice old family doctor, who had brought many of the young ladies into the world, gave them the lectures. Somebody was to provide a choir boy to be bandaged, but he was an elusive choir boy and missed most of the mornings, and a few of the cleverest girls got all the practice in resuscitation and splints by using the obliging members of the class as victims. Afterward a very severe young surgeon with a pronounced German accent burst in unexpectedly and examined them—two questions apiece. He wore his stiff black hair *en brosse*, which is always so disconcerting, and whatever he asked you, the answer turned out to have been "cracked ice"; which the nice old doctor had hardly mentioned.

Elizabeth's questions were convulsions in infants and sudden bleeding from the stomach; in the first case she forgot the cracked ice, and in the second she failed to see

how it could be usefully applied, unless the patient could be induced to eat it, and as she presupposed him to be unconscious at the time, she didn't suggest it. When they turned up at the parish house the next week to get their diplomas, they were met by a typewritten slip, sandwiched between the choir rehearsal and the Ladies' Auxiliary, which informed them that none of the class had passed!

Elizabeth didn't care very much; it had been her mother's idea. She went languidly to a set of talks on the Balkan Situation, where everybody knitted; and later joined a committee for collecting old linen for a big, new surgical-dressings committee. But the district given her was away up on the West Side, and as she couldn't take the motor on those days and wasn't allowed to use the subway, she stood so long on the corner in the rain waiting for the bus that she caught a heavy cold, which ran into tonsillitis—it was, you will remember, a tonsillitis year—and by the time she could get out again her place on the committee had been filled by an energetic girl with an electric runabout of her own.

The months rolled by and there was getting to be quite a little list of Americans who had been killed, in one way or another, on account of this horrible European war, and many of her friends wore little button knots of Allied ribbon. Mrs. Griswold was forced in the interests of digestion to ask guests not to mention the President if they could help it, it made Ben so angry; and Cortwright, who became twenty-one on a Tuesday, ran away to France with one of his cousins on the Thursday following, and drove his new birthday car through the second war zone, filled with hospital supplies. Mr. Griswold scolded him soundly by letter and boasted of him at the club, and his mother turned his bedroom and study into a shipping depot for tobacco for the trenches and old clothes for various devastated regions.

Mr. Griswold became chairman of one of the relief committees at the club and secretary and treasurer of a Harvard Alumni committee, and went to a great many men's dinners. As Mrs. Griswold rarely came home to luncheon now, and the cook's son had recently joined the National Guard, which for some reason preyed on his mother's mind to such an extent that she confined herself to what she called some little thing on a tray for Miss Elizabeth, the girl, who had never been much interested in her food, began to grow really thin and you noticed her cheek bones.

I mentioned this, incidentally, to Mrs. Griswold, who became extremely vexed and left me with the impression that Elizabeth was very unpatriotic to have grown so thin, and I nearly as much so to have remarked it. A bottle of port-and-iron was placed on the sideboard, out of which the girl very sensibly poured a little over the roots of the table ferns now and then. I call her action sensible because iron disagreed with her digestion—feeling, indeed, like a sharp three-cornered stone in her chest—and the port went to her head.

The months rolled on, and now a strange thing occurred: Utterly aside from Europe, and the President, and the ridiculous state of the Army, and the probable effect of German propaganda on the Irish, something happened to Elizabeth herself! Something, actually, which her mother had not planned and her father had not paid for—something she stumbled into all alone!

It happened in this way:

She was in the habit of going to her Cousin Lou's once a week or so, to play with the children when their mademoiselle went for her weekly afternoon out, an afternoon devoted nowadays to packing great bales of comforts for the American Fund for the French wounded. There had always been a Fräulein until now, but when all the Fräuleins turned out to be without doubt German spies—they spent their time in giving important Germans maps of their employers' houses—Cousin Lou turned away hers, weeping—she had been the most marvelous packer, my dear, and knitted the most beautiful sweaters, and the baby cried for a week!—and engaged Mlle. Dupuy, who slapped the children, one feared, and had headaches; but then, think what France did for us when we were fighting for our freedom!

Elizabeth was really fond of children and got on well with them. She sang them funny little French songs that her old *bonne* had been used to sing to her: *Maman, les p'tits bateaux qui s'en vont* and *Il pleut, il pleut, bergère;* she tied bandages on their wounded soldier dolls; she even had tea with them occasionally.

One afternoon Lou was having a meeting at her house, and mademoiselle had agreed to stay with the children, as it was raining. Elizabeth, who had come as usual, strayed into the meeting, at her cousin's earnest request, and listened politely to the speaker, an eager, dynamic little creature—nobody in particular, really—with a solid genius for organization and inspiration. She had been a trained nurse, it appeared, had married a doctor, and lived in an apartment on Gramercy Park. She had raised thousands of dollars for the orphaned children of France, and did mighty fieldwork as a missionary for that cause. Indeed, she threw out, in passing, the desire of her heart was to

She Had Been Excellently Brought Up to Marry One of the Great Fortunes of America

dedicate herself entirely to that work and direct it from the city headquarters all day long, but that she could not feel justified in leaving her three children, the oldest not yet seven, to the care of servants.

"Think, only think!" she cried, throwing out her arms with an impassioned little gesture, "think what I could do for this wonderful work of ours if only some one of the hundreds of nice women in New York who are of no earthly use to anybody would come and take care of my children! I don't say wash them and blow their noses for them and tidy their rooms—I can afford a good nurse for that. But my husband doesn't approve of schools for children until they are eight years old, and I've always been with them a great deal; I don't want to leave them with servants. Somebody ought to organize all the women who haven't any special gift and release those of us who have! They ought not to expect any pay"—her smile was half whimsical, half fanatic—"they ought to feel that they're just doing their bit. Don't you agree with me, ladies?"

They laughed and applauded enthusiastically; her ardor was contagious. "Heavens! I wish she could reorganize the office for us!" murmured the woman whose name headed the engraved letter paper of the great charity; "she's a little wonder!"

Then they moved and seconded for a few minutes and went on to the next thing—all, that is, but Elizabeth. She sat staring at the little speaker, and later followed her quietly into a Madison Avenue street car.

"I am Elizabeth Griswold," she explained, "and I wondered if you would be willing to let me take care of your children while you were at headquarters? I could come every day if you liked. Lou Delanoy is my cousin."

"I think that's perfectly fine of you, Miss Griswold," cried the little wonder delightedly. "I should like to be at headquarters from nine till five, except Saturdays, this month anyway. Things are in an awful mess down there. I'll have Dagmar bring the children right down to the park to you on fine days, and then she can address circulars for me and attend to the telephone. I knew there must be hundreds of girls who would like to help me out, but I didn't expect to find one so soon. And you realize, don't you, that you'll be doing every bit as much in your way as I shall be in mine?"

Elizabeth smiled vaguely.

"I wanted to do something," she said. "Shall I come to-morrow?"

Her next step I am almost ashamed to tell you, if you happen to be a sensible, practical person: She went to a most expensive specialty shop on the expensive avenue and asked for nurses' uniforms. Blue ones she purchased, with bib aprons and little caps that stood up in the front; and when the attendant asked "Will you like to look at the capes and bonnets, miss?" she nodded seriously.

"They're thirty dollars—but of course the war ——" murmured the attendant; and Elizabeth, to whom it had never occurred that a coat could be purchased for thirty dollars, said gravely "Of course."

"The nurse will be about your size, miss?"

"Yes—about my size," said Elizabeth.

Now of course you and I would never have been so foolish. We know that one can sit in Gramercy Park and superintend the play of three children in whatever dress she happens to have on at the time—a bathing suit, as far as that goes, were it not for the park regulations. But Elizabeth, you must remember, was only twenty-four, and had, like most people, her own particular little romantic tendencies. They may not have been yours or mine, but they were hers; and, besides, all her friends were fussing about some kind of uniform or other—this was her uniform.

She never, in her wildest dreams, could have imagined what that uniform was to do for her!

At eight the next morning she stood by her mother's breakfast tray.

"I'm doing some work for the Relief Reorganization Committee," she announced briefly; "I'll be busy all day, probably."

"That's good," Mrs. Griswold replied, her eyes on her mail; "there's nothing like an interest —— Oh, what a fool that stenographer is! I shall simply have to have a special one for my department, that's all. Remember, dear, we're dining at seven to-night—your father had to take a box for that Serbian Relief concert. I asked Doctor Henderson."

Elizabeth left the room in silence, with her lips pressed together. She understood perfectly well about Doctor Henderson. He was forty and distinctly baldish and a little tiresome. Adenoids were—or was—his specialty, and he danced painstakingly, with a tendency to perspiration and counting the time under his breath. Nobody had ever suggested that since she was nearly twenty-five and since he was the only unmarried man—at least he was a widower—who had ever shown the least interest in her, and since he was doing very well indeed and would undoubtedly do much better, why, he was a very desirable extra man to sit in the box or go on to a dance later.

Nobody, I say, had ever so slightly suggested it, but Elizabeth understood very well. She was serious; Doctor Henderson was serious. The inference was obvious.

Of course it all seems very queer to me, if you ask me. Why a young person should be brought up like a duchess in order to marry a surgeon at the last, I can't see. He was making, we'll say, twenty thousand a year; maybe a bit less, maybe a bit more. But we all know what rents are in New York, and a doctor must have a decent house in a decent part of the town if he wants to cut out rich children's adenoids. And Elizabeth didn't know whether chops grew in the sheep's cheeks or in its legs. And I told you what her evening slippers cost. She had no idea what wages parlor maids get nowadays or what coal costs a ton. Somebody had always turned on her bath for her, and one day when her little satin bed shoes had not been placed by the side of her bed, she had been obliged to sit on her toes and call to her mother to ring for Katy to ask where they were! It is not that she was lazy at all, I assure you, but it never occurred to her that it was a part of her duty to hunt for her bed slippers.

In other words, she had been excellently brought up to marry one of the great fortunes of America; or perhaps it is only fair to add that she would have been useful to a brilliant young attaché to an important foreign embassy—but even he would have had to be reasonably well off, don't you see?

The three little Gramercy Park children didn't worry over all this, however. They were nice children and they took to Elizabeth promptly.

This isn't a bit like the old novels, you see; there is no suffering governess involved, patiently bearing with the rudenesses and cruelties of the brutal and the rich. No; it is really true that children brought up by their mothers are infinitely nicer and more interesting than children brought up by servants. The names of these children were Marjory and Barbara and Kenneth, and they were as pleasant as their names. Marjory rolled a hoop, Barbara pretended to be an Indian, and Kenneth sat in a sort of infantile bath chair and talked to the birds, having but slight command of ordinary English. Elizabeth sat on a bench and impersonated, alternately, a buffalo and a white captive, neither of which rôles was at all difficult. Her hands were in her lap and she gazed at the spring sky and the feathery trees. She was particularly contented and was enjoying a new sensation; she was looking prettier than ever before in her life, and she knew it!

For that strange thing, artistic setting, had transformed her, and though it might take an artist to have analyzed

this, it didn't require an artist to realize it, you see. Elizabeth had always been dressed by her mother, who had never been able to resist managing everything and everybody round her, and she had never observed that what had suited her in her youth didn't suit her daughter to-day. If she had seen this daughter on her bench in Gramercy Park it would have dawned on her that she should have been sent to fancy-dress balls as Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, and not as a Persian princess. The prim little white collar, like a clergyman's, the clean blue and white of the uniform—above all, the flat little English bonnet, which was nothing but a smooth bow spread over her smooth hair, framing her smooth forehead—all made her type jump out to you. The girl was charming.

Her hair came down in a sharp widow's peak straight between her level brows; her eyes looked large and interesting. As an efficient New York beauty one wouldn't have considered her, of course, but as a nurse in a park she was strongly arresting. She showed every inch of her breeding, every ounce of her education, every minute of the repressions of civilization that had fixed her type and personality. I tell you, she looked like the nurses Mr. Gibson and Mr. Christy draw on magazine covers; and you know as well as I do that men cut these out and frame them. Anyone would have turned to look at her.

It is very ironic that Mrs. Griswold could not know this, isn't it?

At half past twelve they all went in to luncheon, and Elizabeth ate a chop and a baked potato and a large helping of string beans and two pieces of raisin bread, besides a dish of rice pudding with currant jelly and meringue on the top. While they took an hour's nap she lay on a comfortable sofa and read a silly story in a magazine. There seemed to be no books of any particular cultural value about, and the doctor had to have plenty of magazines for his patients, for it is well known that you cannot be a doctor without magazines.

There was no tension in the house—nothing to live up to; that had all been transferred to headquarters. Elizabeth, though she did not know it, relaxed for very nearly the first time in her life. For culture, you understand, is quite as wearing as wage-earning if you go at it as seriously.

By quarter of three they were in the jolly, fenced-in little park again, and other children were playing with them. Barbara was a mermaid this time, and Miss Gizzle, as they called her, a shipwrecked mariner. Later she played a harp on her bench, while Barbara wallowed in the surf at her feet, to the great amusement of the young policeman who tramped round the park.

Dagmar called for them at five, and Elizabeth, her cheek moist from three sincere kisses, walked up Lexington Avenue to her studio, now a really useful room, changed her dress with all the thrill of a heroine in a melodrama, and hurried home.

"That's a pretty frock, dear," said Mr. Griswold at dinner; "pink becomes you."

"I've worn it every night this week, papa," she said, surprised.

The Doctor examined the dress attentively, but he was not given to personalities.

The first day of the next week a slight accident occurred: Dagmar lost her park key. As you probably know, only the favored inhabitants of the borders of this park may enter it, and they have, each family, a key. Dagmar, much flustered, because she had heavy telephone duty that day, could offer no better suggestion than that someone should consult the policeman, who might know what to do; there was not a soul inside the iron fence, for it threatened rain, and they were very early.

"Very well," said Elizabeth, and with her charges hanging to her skirts she went to meet the uniform that meant knowledge and protection.

"Have you a key to the park, officer?" she asked as he hastened his step a little to join her.

She did not notice the quick interest in his eyes; she was not in the habit of noticing policemen's eyes. Are you?

She did not know, naturally, that her method of addressing this representative of the law was not at all the method of nursemaids in general. To her he was a servant of the city, paid to direct her to places she didn't know, to clear the streets for her to cross, to keep from her eyes and ears things objectionable.

To him, as he looked down from his young tallness at the widow's peak on her smooth forehead and listened to her clear, low voice, each word so perfectly cut from the others, she was simply the loveliest thing he had ever seen or heard.

"A key—into the park?" he repeated vaguely.

"Yes, yes—surely you or somebody must have one. We belong here," she added hastily, "only our key is lost."

"Oh, I've seen you here," he said; "that's all right. But—I don't know ——"

He blushed violently through his freckled face up to his curly, sandy hair. He was fearfully embarrassed. Elizabeth, of course, could not know, but this was the first time he had ever been asked for the key, and he simply couldn't remember, for the life of him, whether he ought to have one or not! He was clearly very much upset and she felt amused and sorry for him at the same time. Barbara pranced eagerly at her side.

"Let's get in the first, Gizzle, the very first," she begged.

"Look here," he said abruptly; "I might just as well tell you as let you find out—I'm not very strong on this key business. I'm new here, you see, and if they told me about it I must have forgotten. Excuse me—I'll look in my book."

She waited, smiling, disarmed by this frankness, while he drew a little book out of his pocket and consulted it.

"It gets me," he admitted at length; "I'll have to call up and find out. I'm sorry ——"

"Oh, it doesn't matter," she said; "some of the nurses will soon come along and they can let us in. It was our fault, really."

"But I'm supposed to help you out," he insisted ruefully. "It doesn't look as if I was much good, does it?"

He was quite young and so shy, evidently, that Elizabeth couldn't resist laughing. Barbara laughed with her, and in a moment he was laughing too; and they all laughed together.

"You're good-natured, anyway," he said.

For a moment she stiffened and stared slightly, then, with a sudden recollection, began to laugh again. Why shouldn't a policeman be friendly with a nurse? This was part of the game. "Oh, well, why not be?" she answered; "it's a lovely morning!"

"You're right, it is!"

But he was looking at her and not at the morning; and she knew it.

Her spirits mounted; this was the nearest to an adventure that she had ever been in all her life. What would he have thought if he knew?

Dagmar was waving furiously: encumbered with Kenneth, she could neither leave him nor fly to the house.

"The other nurse wants to tell you something, doesn't she?" he asked. "Shall I go and see?"

"Oh, no, I'll go—just stay here with the children!" she cried, and flew across to the beckoning figure. Suppose Dagmar should call her Miss Griswold. That would spoil it all.

Dagmar had just remembered; the key was on the umbrella stand. Seizing the go-cart, Elizabeth piloted it half way across the street, but only half way, because the young officer ran to her aid.

"Let me take it," he said, and pushed it carefully over.

They stood by the gate, waiting.

"They're nice kiddies, aren't they?" he muttered, still shy, but unwilling to yield to his shyness and go. "I like 'em that age."

"Yes; they're very nice," she replied, amused.

"I've noticed you before," he volunteered; "you seemed kind to them. Some of the nurses—well, you can't help wondering if the mothers know, that's all."

"I know," she agreed gravely.

"Why don't they take care of them themselves, anyway?" he blurted out, still staring at her.

Of course he couldn't have known that she knew he was staring, she reasoned, so she looked the other way

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And Then His Face Came Close to Hers Again and She Saw Nothing

FROM CONSCIENCE TO KHAKI

Being the Confession of a Man Who Objected to War

AN AMAZING thing has happened to me: Within a very brief space of time I have turned one of those mental somersaults that men rarely turn more than once in their lives. I, Ashley Hall, Christian, churchgoer, pacifist, later conscientious objector, am writing this somewhere in France, and—in khaki!

In khaki—the symbol of all that I for long held out against; of all that, during the time when I wallowed in a slough of intellectual and emotional nonsense, I suffered for. I am not in khaki, I am not in France, under protest, silent or otherwise. My mind is easy, my conscience clear. I am not emotional; I detest the melodramatic. The simple fact is that here, in this little French village—even now, as I write—the blood courses hotly in my veins and I am buoyant at the thought of what the khaki I wear signifies. Not many miles from here a murderous battery is banging at the enemy trenches. That, too, thrills me! I am completely satisfied at it all. I have accepted the thing called war. None of this means that I am not still a pacifist. When this war is over there will be no more ardent worker than I to prevent a recurrence of such a horror. But if again a kaiser's cannon shatters our hopes, then again, and with as clear a conscience as now, I shall put on uniform and fight. Briefly it's this—I have come to realize that there may be a time when to make war is not only right, in the sight of God and of man, but a high duty to both; a noble and necessary thing. And now, too, I realize that when such a time does come there can be no such thing as a conscientious objector. I know that the man who in America to-day calls himself a conscientious objector is either hiding his cowardice behind those words or is miserably deceiving himself.

Anti-British Pacifist Meetings

UNTIL not long ago—until I enlisted—I was a business man in New York—the office manager of a prosperous brokerage concern. I am married, have a sister, and a brother who until he, too, got into the thing was pushing forward a most promising career at the bar. We had a most harmonious and affectionate family circle, with no serious differences between us until, in 1914, war became almost the sole topic of thought and discussion. Immediately and instinctively my own personal attitude defined itself. I saw war as civilization's highest, most bestial crime. It shrieked forth to me as something that was against every injunction of the Scripture. My mind and my nature alike revolted from it in all its details. I am—always have been—not only a professing Christian but a constant striver to be in the truest sense a real Christian. The laws of personal conduct—the laws I strive and have striven to obey—have been His laws. I accept and have accepted them implicitly, devoutly.

"Thou shalt not kill."

Those direct, unqualified, mandatory words rose up to me in the summer and fall of 1914 as a cardinal principle of human conduct. I thought, too, not only of the stern Mosaic Law but of the softer and more uplifted teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. "Love thine enemies."

Can you not see how the case spread itself out to me? . . . By winter I found myself very much alone. For the life of me I could not see why my wife and sister should grow strangely silent when I expounded my views. My brother soon began fairly to leap down my throat. But he had always struck me as of an aggressive character and one whose passions, far more than his head, ruled his beliefs and actions. However, the old unity of feeling in our little group was gone. Then came the sinking of the Lusitania. I know now that that was the beginning of my great transformation.

I remember the day, the very hour, when I heard the news of that horror. I recall the shock it brought to me, the queer feeling, the subconscious acknowledgment of the utter futility of argument. I knew the thing was wrong, monstrous; and, entirely unbidden, there were thoughts springing, newborn, in my brain, struggling for recognition. But, clinging to the doctrines I had been so passionately expounding, I began casting about to justify that frightful deed. Yes; I was actually anxious to justify the sinking of the Lusitania! To that point had my revulsion from war carried me! To keep the country out of war at all costs—that was the thing.

Upon the night when word of the murder of the women and children aboard the torpedoed ship had been published we were a very silent party at table. Our only guest happened to be the rector of our church. Upon the previous Sunday he had preached the strongest sort of pacifist sermon. I was sure he would have a calming word for the Lusitania business. My sister Ruth brought up the subject.

"Mr. Martin," she asked, "what's to be done? What are we to think?"

"I don't know—I don't know," replied the rector miserably.

"And you, Ashley," she inquired, turning to me; "what does the pacifist think about it now?"

"It is an act of war," I said; "another example of what war is; a savage inhuman thing; it is but another argument against war. Besides, isn't it—isn't it logical?"

"Logical!" cried Ruth. "Good heaven! What has logic to do with a bloodthirsty slaughter of women and children?"

"But the passengers were warned that the ship was to be sunk. It carried ammunition, they say; and ——"

I did not finish the sentence. It was a look in my wife's eyes that had checked me.

There was more talk about the tragedy that night, but I kept out of it. I believe I reasoned that it was the part of wisdom to wait until the excitement should blow over and calmer judgment should prevail. I know now that I was more than half ashamed of the weakling thoughts which were the only thoughts I then had to utter.

Weeks went by. More and more the word "war" began to creep into every nook and cranny of existence. Theretofore I had confined expression of my pacifist views to my family and those with whom I came in daily contact. So far, with one or two exceptions, I had not known any of the organized pacifists who were writing magazine articles, letters to the newspapers, and speaking at public meetings. Now, however, I decided that the time had come when it was my duty to take an active interest in the cause of peace; the tide of war was rising too fast for silence and inaction.

I resolved to attend a large pacifist meeting, which was scheduled at one of the great public halls of New York. I believed that my very presence at the meeting might help a little in the pacifist cause, and would help more if I could take a few others from my social strata with me. I spent the day visiting friends and acquaintances, endeavoring to persuade as many as possible to accompany me. My efforts met with sorry results. One of my best friends told me not to make an exhibition of myself; several others became angry; others laughed derisively. But the experience set me thinking. I had interviewed all sorts of men, big and little, and had not found one pacifist! Who, then, were the pacifists?

My wife and sister were dining out that evening and I went to a café much frequented by men and women with advanced ideas and bizarre notions. I had hardly seated myself when I noticed, not far away, a man I recognized. His name was Fenelon and he was a professed anarchist. I had met Fenelon once and he remembered me. He was across the room in a moment.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Mr. Hall! The very man I wanted to see. We need you—you must come to our meeting to-night."

"I'm sorry, Fenelon," I replied; "but I'm afraid I can't be edified to-night. I'm going to another meeting—a pacifist meeting."

He looked at me and laughed. "But that is the very meeting—I am to speak there." An anarchist—an advocate of the use of the bomb—a pacifist!

An hour later I was at the meeting. Fenelon espied me and summoned me to the platform. Embarrassed and feeling much out of place, I mounted the steps and sought an inconspicuous seat. Looking about at the others who likewise occupied platform chairs, I discovered a man well known as a rabid anti-British agitator. The chairman of the meeting was likewise an anti-British agitator. Several of the countenances were of unmistakable Teutonic cast. There was but one American face discernible in the group immediately round me. It was that of a minister who had for years been consistently identifying himself with one mistaken cause after another.

In none of the faces of the leaders in this gathering was there either intellectual soundness or tradition of any sort. They were an unkempt, for the most part unclean, and thoroughly un-American-seeming outfit. Turning to the audience, I searched for a genuine American face of intelligence. The hall was crowded, but it was crowded with foreigners. Men talked in foreign tongues; nearly all wore expressions of silly aggressiveness or sullen discontent. If I had for months felt myself alone in my own environment, here, ten times more, a sense of dreary isolation possessed me.

The first speaker was the anti-British agitator seated beside me. He stepped to the front of the platform belligerently and began by stating that the meeting had been called to voice the sentiments of thousands of citizens who saw no just reason why the United States should enter the great war. But he pursued this argument most briefly. Within a very few moments he had launched forth into a most violent denunciation of England. The remainder of his speech was devoted to that, except at the very end, when, apparently as an afterthought, he assured the audience that he was an American, heart and soul, and loved the Stars and Stripes.

The Shabby-Minded Pretenders

OTHER speeches did not greatly differ. One orator confined his talk to a frank and elaborate defense of Germany. Socialism, a defiance of all government, a perfectly impossible assertion of individual rights, meaningless thunderings from Karl Marx and Treitschke, circled madly round and round. Of pacifism, as I knew it and felt it, there was not a word. Nor was there any real protest against the United States' entering the conflict. The evident object of the meeting was to stir feeling against this country's making war on Germany at the instigation of England.

I attended several other pacifist gatherings, only to find practically the same assembly, and the same professional agitators in charge. These experiences left me mentally disturbed, wretched. I could see how these politically vicious and shabby-minded pretenders to convictions upon the matter of peace had cunningly seized on pacifism and twisted it to serve entirely un-American ends.

But my convictions remained unchanged. I believe that it is true that when once an idea becomes fixed in the mind the process of uprooting it is not easy; that, as I now see the case, was my condition. I still firmly believed that war was criminal, unchristian, and that for the United States to enter it would be nothing less than a shocking, cold-blooded setting at naught by a hundred million people of all that the ancient prophets and our Saviour had given us—a denial of the deepest and noblest strivings of all civilization.

How could a man or woman, I continued to ask myself, who professed to follow Christ wish to see our country plunged into the most wholesale, the most scientific, the most pitiless scheme of murder and of hate the world had yet devised? To me it was all revolting, unthinkable, and hence, in my feeble way, I continued to raise my voice against any share in what seemed to me the most monstrous sin in history.

Of course I and my sort were bound in due time to be overwhelmed; at length came the declaration of war. I shall never completely forget the April afternoon when the vote of Congress was proclaimed in successive editions of the newspapers; and I saw, with ever-growing distinctness, the seeming dilemma presented to me of following my Christ or serving my country. News of the final vote shocked me, horrified me. A trifle dazed, I walked home slowly, heavily.

In the sitting room of our apartment, excited, exultant, their faces aglow, were my wife, my brother and my sister. They did not hear me open the door. I stepped in and discovered a scene than which nothing could have more forced upon me a realization of how much a stranger

in a strange land I was. My brother was seated at the telephone, which rested on a small table at one side of the room. Ruth and Margaret stood at his side, pride and happiness in their every attitude. I could not help but hear what Edgar was saying over the wire. He was notifying the head of the law firm by which he was employed that, from now on, they had better count him out, because someway, somehow, he was going to get into the thing.

"The thing!" I repeated, as I advanced into this little circle. "The thing! It's murder!"

"It's honor!" cried my sister, her head erect.

"Don't be an ass!" enjoined my brother.

Not a syllable crossed my wife's lips; but, tense and white, she regarded me with her fine level eyes. I believe I would have given at that moment all the past, the present and the future held for me if she had but spoken. As quickly as I could I left them.

The upshot of the matter was that within a week my brother was enrolled for Plattsburg, and I, after a rereading of the Bible, had told Margaret I could support the Administration only at a price—at the price of my own soul.

"You're wrong! You're wrong!" she cried passionately. "I cannot tell you why, but every instinct in me makes me feel that you are untrue to yourself; unworthy of me." It was a hard knock!

Needless to describe what was happening during those days, in the office, on the streets, everywhere where young men were gathered together. I could not escape the fact that the finest and decentest fellows of my acquaintance—the friends I knew were soundest at their cores—were casting aside every personal advantage and prospect, and piling into what seemed to me the business of slaying other human creatures. I felt the brutality that lay beneath the German philosophy of life. I was not unmindful of their crime. But "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord"; and my conscience, night and day, stalked forth, forbidding me to raise a hand in the unlawful business.

He Thought He Was Loyal

IT IS a commonplace to remark that all this while I was aiding and abetting the cause of the greatest promulgators of war in history. I see my miserable folly clearly enough to-day; but back in that benighted period the only vision I could hold was the vision of peace. I used to maintain stoutly that I was a loyal American. But somehow my most vigorous assertions of patriotism were greeted with incredulity or sneers. My friends would smile; my wife would murmur: "Of course you are, Ashley!" But there was a rising inflection and something like a sigh in her voice. My brother did not answer me. Ruth, my sister, her color mounting to her cheeks, would explode: "Then, for heaven's sake, show it!"

It chanced that one evening, some two weeks after the President's summons "to make the world safe for Democracy," I visited my club. I had not been there for some time, because all talk had been of war and my attitude had found scant welcome. But that night I went there none the less.

I think it was with a touch of defiance that I entered.

In the outer lounging room were half a dozen men, whom I knew well. Four of them were in khaki. One of those in uniform had published, two or three years previously, a book upon international arbitration and peace. All of them nodded to me coolly and I passed on to the smoking room. There I found a sizable gathering, with a generous sprinkling of khaki.

In the middle of the group was a tall, splendid-looking officer in uniform—the uniform of a captain in the British Army. I moved to the edge of the circle surrounding him. Someone whispered that he had been badly wounded on the Somme; had been invalided home; and upon his recovery had been detailed by the British Government for work in America.

He was talking earnestly, his steely blue eyes flashing unutterable things. He was telling of what he himself had seen in Belgium. The tale was of young girls, and of what the Germans had done. He told of other things, too; of young wives taken from their husbands and deported into Germany—or worse. He spoke of Lord Bryce's report upon the German atrocities in Belgium; and he said it was true—all true; every word of it. I shuddered.

"Was it Christ's will that such things should go on in the world?" . . . The question tormented me; and I felt a hand upon my sleeve. Turning I found beside me Judge Bailey, who had been a lifetime friend of my father.

"Well, Ashley?" he inquired, his keen eyes searching me out; he did not have to complete his thought, and I was flustered under his steady gaze.

"If you accept war you must accept the horrors of war," I rejoined, a trifle huskily.

"But," whispered Judge Bailey, for the Englishman was still speaking, "suppose the Germans win—suppose they come over here—suppose your wife—Ruth ——"

"That is a remote supposition," I managed to reply; "and a remote supposition is the very last excuse for plunging a peace-loving nation into a distant war." You may judge from this how I was struggling, floundering.

"A distant war?" the Judge echoed. "Distant in miles—yes; but an attack upon a nation's honor is a very near thing. . . . To be a pacifist now is merely an excuse to let another fellow do your duty, to defend your home, your honor. Buck up, Ashley! Be a man!"

I shifted uneasily from foot to foot and hesitated. A moment of awkward silence followed. Judge Bailey broke it.

"And what about conscription, if it passes?" he asked tensely. "Would you really become an active conscientious objector? Would you refuse to serve if you were drawn?"

"Yes," I replied, a little doubtfully; "I shall refuse! I shall claim my constitutional rights. I shall stand by my conscience. The individual liberty of thought and action, which is the foundation of our country, is mine as much as another man's to enjoy."

The judge led me off to one side.

"Ashley," he said, "listen to me: Don't you know how you got your constitutional rights—your religious rights—every liberty of thought and action under which you live? Don't you know how you came by all the other things which make us proud that we are Americans—which make America the great worth-while country it is? Don't you know why you are permitted to stand here to-night and, unharmed, spout what is little short of treason?"

I am afraid I grinned a little sheepishly. Judge Bailey answered his own question.

The Pacifists' Half-Baked Conclusions

"IT IS because," he said, "men have fought, have made war upon evil. Our forefathers bled and died in 1776 for independence. In 1812 they asserted their rights to a freedom of the seas. Still other things that you hold dear, the benefits of which you are privileged to enjoy, were fought for in the Civil War. War—blood—sacrifice! Without those things we should have no liberty, no nation, to-day."

"But I have my conscience, my religion!"

"Your religion?" he caught up. "You speak of religion! Where would Christianity be now if men had not fought and died for it?"

I left the club and, turning into the Avenue, walked down. My mind was in a turmoil. I thought of that upstanding British officer, and how indescribably he seemed, in his very presence, to breathe all that was best in my race and in my religion. There was that within me which, in spite of myself, thrillingly responded to a nobility of soul that had shone forth in his very countenance. Surely that man, that wager of war, was no stained and contaminated being!

I was hopelessly puzzled—lost. I tried to pull myself together. I adjured myself that I must hold the barriers firmly against the un-Christlike war spirit that was possessing men's souls. . . . Half an hour later I found myself facing Mr. Martin, our rector, across his study desk.

"Mr. Martin," I was saying, "there is something wrong—something wrong with me. You know my ideas about this war. I am sure you do not doubt my sincerity. I have come to ask you a question. I must have your answer."

"Yes, Ashley," said the minister kindly.

"How can I," I put it to him, "as a Christian, countenance this war? How can I aid it or take part in it?"

Mr. Martin swiveled about in his chair. He was thoughtful for a moment before he replied.

"I am writing next Sunday's sermon," he said finally; "and in it I am urging our people to do as Saint Paul would have done. You remember Saint Paul's character. He to-day would be a brigadier general, fighting for the ideals Christ gave us; fighting against hate—cruelty—bestiality. He would be upholding all that our Saviour bade us cherish and preserve; and you may be sure, my friend, that in this day, in this hour, he would be upholding it with the sword."

"But the clear, the simple injunction not to kill ——"

"The trouble with you conscientious objectors, Ashley," Mr. Martin interrupted with a touch of impatience, "is that you are half-baked in your conclusions. The things in the Scriptures you so fondly quote are concerned with individual personal

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The New River Ganges

NOT FOR ORDINARY FOLKS

By Freeman Tilden

From That Moment Until the Day After Labor Day Gilstar Didn't Have an Idle Hour

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY WICKEY

A LOT of unpleasant things can happen to an unoccupied hotel in four years. Grant Gilstar considered this fact as he crossed the Baldwin Center Common that crisp morning in April, and looked up at the Gilstar House, the pride and white elephant of his late father. At first the young fellow, with his hands stuck in his trousers pockets, gazed up at the three-story structure and essayed to count the number of lights of glass that were broken. He hadn't proceeded far before he ruefully changed his tactics and found it easier to count the number of panes that remained intact.

There is a certain amount of protective personality that lingers round a vacant dwelling house for years after the last occupant has quit. These lares and penates—left behind with the cat—speak to the boy brigands in spooky voices, and warn them against excesses—at least, until some state occasion of loot and destruction, like the night before the Fourth. But an unoccupied hotel is as vulnerable as a big corporation in the hands of a Congressional Committee. Its misfortune is to appear like the property of a syndicate. Nobody loves a syndicate.

From the broken windows Grant Gilstar's eyes traveled to the front porch, which swept along the whole frontage of the building. There were big piles of dead leaves in the corners—leaves that had scudded in for shelter and had clung to their refuge in spite of the most furious attempt of winter to whisk them out. A long grimy line, just about dog-high, on the clapboards indicated how the canine population of Baldwin Center got its relief from fleabites. One of the screens on the office entrance had torn loose and flapped itself groggy against the side of the house. Up in a maple tree just over the porch were swinging the skeleton remains of a box kite that one of the summer boarders of four years before had tried to fly.

It had been a two-dollar kite—and a five-cent piece of judgment.

Gilstar went slowly up the steps. He saw many inscriptions chalked and penciled on the clapboards. Sentiments romantic and interesting had been jotted from time to time by transient porch guests. On the left-hand side of the door some lover, aged presumably about ten, had indulged in the following declaration: "i luv minie smith." Then, in the same handwriting, but in another mood, the same person had announced, just below: "enybuddy kin likk ed kelly."

"Not for One T'ousand Dollairr!" Was the Reply, and the Chef Was Gone

There were some faint red splatters on the porch floor just below the inscriptions, and Gilstar wondered with a grin whether "ed kelly" had happened along just as this taunt was being advertised. But of course this was too pat to be true.

The new owner of the hotel put the key in the lock and, after a moment of trouble with the rust, got the door open. A rush of stale dank air, slightly musty, swept out at him. He shivered. The office was just as it had been left that last day in October. The big calendar pad behind the desk showed the date: October fifth. The fireplace was littered with half-burned envelopes, crumpled paper, cigarette and cigar stubs.

All alone, seated on a big armchair in the corner, was a doll with arms outstretched toward the door, still waiting for mother to come back. Mother might come back, thought Gilstar with a little lonely clutch at his throat—but not in those same pinafores. Mother must have a bigger doll now; or perhaps she had given up dolls altogether. He put the doll, with amusing tenderness, into a pigeonhole of the desk. Then he said aloud:

"Gee, this place is a wreck!"

". . . eck!" came back to him through the halls and rooms. It was jarring, that echo. Gilstar shut the desk with a snap, patted the dust from his hands and went out. He didn't lock the door. There was no need now, in Baldwin Center. The hotel was inviolate. The owner had returned.

II

GILSTAR went across the common, turning now and then to look at his property, to another and much smaller hotel at the northeast corner. An old faded swinging sign announced:

COMMERCIAL HOTEL
T. RAUNCE, PROP.

The young fellow went in. It was not so warm, this April morning, that the blazing fire in the fireplace in the plain little office did not seem grateful.

In contrast with his own hotel this one was paltry. It was about as modern as the elm tree that stood sentinel at one corner of it. Yet, like an old pair of shoes, it seemed to have been worn comfortable.

Along one end of the office was a series of washbowls. There was one roller towel, indicating with what common confidence the guests regarded one another. On the other side was the desk, much whittled and scarred, with a three-by-four cigar case at one end. The room had been decorated by those well-known artists, the steamship companies and the soap and cosmetic companies, and by a not-too-adept taxidermist, specializing in owls, name long forgotten. There was a victualer's license, done in handwriting entirely.

An elderly man, big nosed, shaggy haired, with a quaint chin beard, and eyes that were sharper than they appeared at first glance, looked up with subdued interest as Gilstar entered.

"Howdy do!" he said. "Little sharp out, eh?"

"Quite cool," replied Gilstar.

Thomas Raunce retreated into his newspaper delicately. He had never in his life asked a man whether he wanted a room or what his business was—he was proud of it.

"Don't you know me, Mr. Raunce?" asked the visitor with a touch of pique.

The proprietor looked up over his glasses. Then he leaped out from behind the counter and had Gilstar's hands in his in a jiffy. "Why, God bless you, Grant!" he cried, "of course I know you! Know you! I should say! But my land sakes, Grant, how you've changed. You've grown up like a weed. And all togged out like a major. Wait a minute! I'll call the folks!"

Thomas Raunce rushed out to the kitchen, and Gilstar heard him crying as he swung the door open: "Come right here, ma! You too, Chrissie! You don't know who's out here. Oh, that's all right—you don't have to shine up! Come on!"

"Well, if it isn't Grant Gilstar!" said Ma Raunce, wiping her hands on her apron before giving one to the visitor.

"Welcome home, Grant!"

The daughter, a little embarrassed at the long apron she wore in the presence of this stylishly clothed visitor, nevertheless stepped up briskly with outstretched hand and said, "I'm so glad to see you, Grant."

"I'm mighty glad to see you, too, Chrissie," replied the young fellow. "And all of you."

They all sat down. Just for an instant, before the talk began, Gilstar looked curiously at Christine Raunce. His recollection of her was that of a gawky little girl with a pigtail and freckles. Evidently freckles and pigtails disappear with time. She was twenty now, or thereabouts, straight, graceful of figure, with a delicate combination of shyness and poise in her face and eyes that made her seem more than merely pretty.

"How you've changed, Christine," he said, feeling instantly how lame was the remark.

"Well, Grant, you don't look quite the same," she laughed. A good deal was in that retort.

"Your father was taken sudden," ventured Mrs. Raunce.

"Yes."

Raunce shook his head. "By thunder, Grant, your dad was one man in a thousand. You ought to be proud to have had a father like him. He was a mighty good friend to me, when I needed a friend. And he was just the same when I didn't."

"It's fine of you to say that. He spoke of you, his last day."

The other man's eyes lighted up with pleasure. "Sho now, Grant, did he really?"

There was a long silence. The grandfather clock coughed ten times. Then Mrs. Raunce coughed once, and asked shyly, "Are you going to open the hotel, Grant?"

"Yes, Mrs. Raunce, I am. It's going to take a lot of repairing."

"Well, you'll excuse us, won't you, Grant?" said the older woman, rising. "Chrissie and me have our hands full this morning. We've got eleven telegraph linemen to take care of for the next few days. It means some work too."

The Local Tradesmen Had Approached the Young Fellow With Timid Insistence

Gilstar rose and bowed. After the women had gone, the two men sat observing each other a few moments without speaking. Finally Thomas Raunce said: "I suppose you'll run it just as a summer hotel, Grant?"

"Oh, yes; of course!"

"You might think it forward of me to ask," went on the older man thoughtfully; "it ain't really any of my business, in a way. Yes, of course, it is, in a way; I mean, I've got to be interested. But still I wouldn't have a word to say if we was to be right in competition."

It was evident that Mr. Raunce was circling gingerly round the point at issue. Then suddenly he burst out with what he had in mind:

"Perhaps you don't know how much I thought of your father, Grant. Let me tell you just how white a man he was. Your dad, after he quit practicing as a doctor, wanted something to occupy his mind. He sort of had a hankering to run a hotel. Many a time him and me had said what a fine place that corner would be for a summer hotel. One day he come to me and he says, says he, 'Tom, I'm thinking of building a rattling fine hotel on that site. Now Tom,' says he, 'if I thought it would hurt your business the least bit I'd cut my right hand off first. Now, honest and true, Tom,' says he, 'would you rather I wouldn't?'

"'Bless your heart, Charles,' says I, 'you know I don't cater to summer folks. I'd like to see you do it. Only,' I says, 'I'm afraid it'll cost you a good deal, Charles, you not knowing the business.' Your father says, 'I suppose it will, Tom; but I've got to have something to occupy my mind.' So he built the hotel. He ran it one year, you know, and lost a lot of money, and then he went out West.

"The reason I tell you this, Grant, is to show you why I'd be an ingrate if I didn't help your father's son all I could. Not many men would have come to me that fair and square. And I do want to help you all I can, Grant—any way at all, any time. Of course I'll own up I'm glad you're only going to run it as a summer place. There isn't transient business enough for two all-the-year hotels here, and of course with that swell place you could put me out of business if you wanted to. I hadn't ought to be even that selfish, but—well, you know this is our living here."

Grant Gilstar was considerably bored. He drummed on the arm of the chair a while, and then rose. "I shouldn't run it except for a summer hotel, Mr. Raunce," he said. "You needn't worry about that."

The other man, in spite of his attempt to disguise his feelings, was obviously relieved.

"Now, Grant," he went on, "you won't mind my saying this, will you? I want to help you. I dare say you've got a good deal to learn about the hotel business. It looks a lot simpler than it really is. I'd be glad to give you the benefit of my experience. Of course I know your father left you a pile of money. I'm glad he did. You're not one of the kind that gets his head turned, I know. But still, you want to make money, not lose it. Just consider me at your service, day or night, will you?"

"Thank you, Mr. Raunce," said Grant, edging toward the door.

But the older man, thinking of his indebtedness to the father, followed the young fellow with paternal solicitude. "There's a room upstairs, Grant," he went on, "that is yours as long as you want it. There's a place at our table, too, till you get settled. Of course we set a plain table, not like what yours will be. But you're a true Baldwin boy, and I bet you like good plain food. Come early and often, Grant, won't you!"

Grant Gilstar got away at last. "Gee, I thought he'd talk me to death," he muttered as he crossed the common. "He's a good soul, I know, but he talks as if he was the only one that could run a hotel. Hotel! That little dump of his! I bet he just barely makes a living out of it."

When he got back to his own place the young fellow sat a long time at the desk in the office, after kindling a roaring blaze in the fireplace. His thoughts were diffuse. He tried to work out his great plans he had hastily formed for the future. Somehow the Raunces, and particularly the things Raunce had said, intercepted and outshone his plans. He recalled the words, "Of course I know your father left you a pile of money," and Gilstar winced as he repeated them in his mind. His pride had not let him correct Raunce's delusion. He knew that he ought not to let that impression get abroad—and yet he couldn't bear to say, just now, what was the bitter truth: That his father had muddled his affairs in that last two years, and the fortune he had amassed—never so great as imagined by the people of Baldwin, indeed—had gone away along the path by which it came—mining investments.

To-day Grant Gilstar, who had been called to his father's bedside from Coronado Beach, from a little circle of well-to-do people with whom he had been holding up his own end financially, was worth just this much in the world: a run-down summer hotel and forty-seven hundred dollars.

There was need to make money, not lose it, as Thomas Raunce had said. There was need to make every penny count. He ought to go straight back to Thomas Raunce, he knew, and tell him the whole situation. Then at least he wouldn't be overcharged on the coming hotel repairs, the way he would inevitably be if they thought he was rich. He couldn't make up his mind to do it. If he had a great season—and there was no reason why he shouldn't, with Europe all ablaze and vacation money to remain in America—they need never know. It was none of their business.

As for running a hotel, of course there was something to be learned. But Gilstar flattered himself that all the time he himself had been spending money at resort hotels his eyes had not been shut to the mechanism of the business. It was essentially good service and advertising—advertising, and then more advertising. It was making refined people comfortable in a nonintrusive way. It was giving them just that little extra bit of distinctive service that costs the hotel little and means so much. It was charging a good stiff price too. He had paid that good stiff price himself, and he knew that it had intoxicated him. Just so with all people, he figured.

Over all, he had a college education. Let the roughnecks say what they pleased—he would show them that a college education talks in dollars and cents, when it comes to running a hotel! Not in a poor dump like the Commercial Hotel, of course, but in the place he was going to run. Grant fell to figuring on a pad whether it would be better to ask six or seven dollars a day, with an extra charge for all extra service.

Nevertheless, in the midst of these dreams of great profits, which were dreamed while Grant was getting the hotel in shape, the young fellow found it pleasanter than he had imagined to take advantage of the hospitality of the Commercial Hotel. The transients were not his people, to be sure. They were mostly traveling salesmen, peddlers, week-end visitors, telegraph linemen and such. People without polish—and yet rather decent chaps after all. In a few days Grant found himself taking a hand of whist with them—and was a little alarmed to discover that he looked forward to joining the crowd in the bare worn office of the Commercial after supper.

The repairs on the Gilstar House happily didn't cost anywhere near what the young fellow had roughly figured. When the last light of glass was replaced and the rusty boiler mended and the laundry room put in shape and the entire building painted and varnished, the whole bill was a little less than eleven hundred dollars. He got some delight out of paying cash on the nail when the jobs were done—and observing the tinge of envy in the eyes of some of them when they gazed on his check book.

Gilstar had sober minutes, though. He saw his checking account dwindling, and he murmured, "Good Lord, what if it should be a cold, rainy summer!"

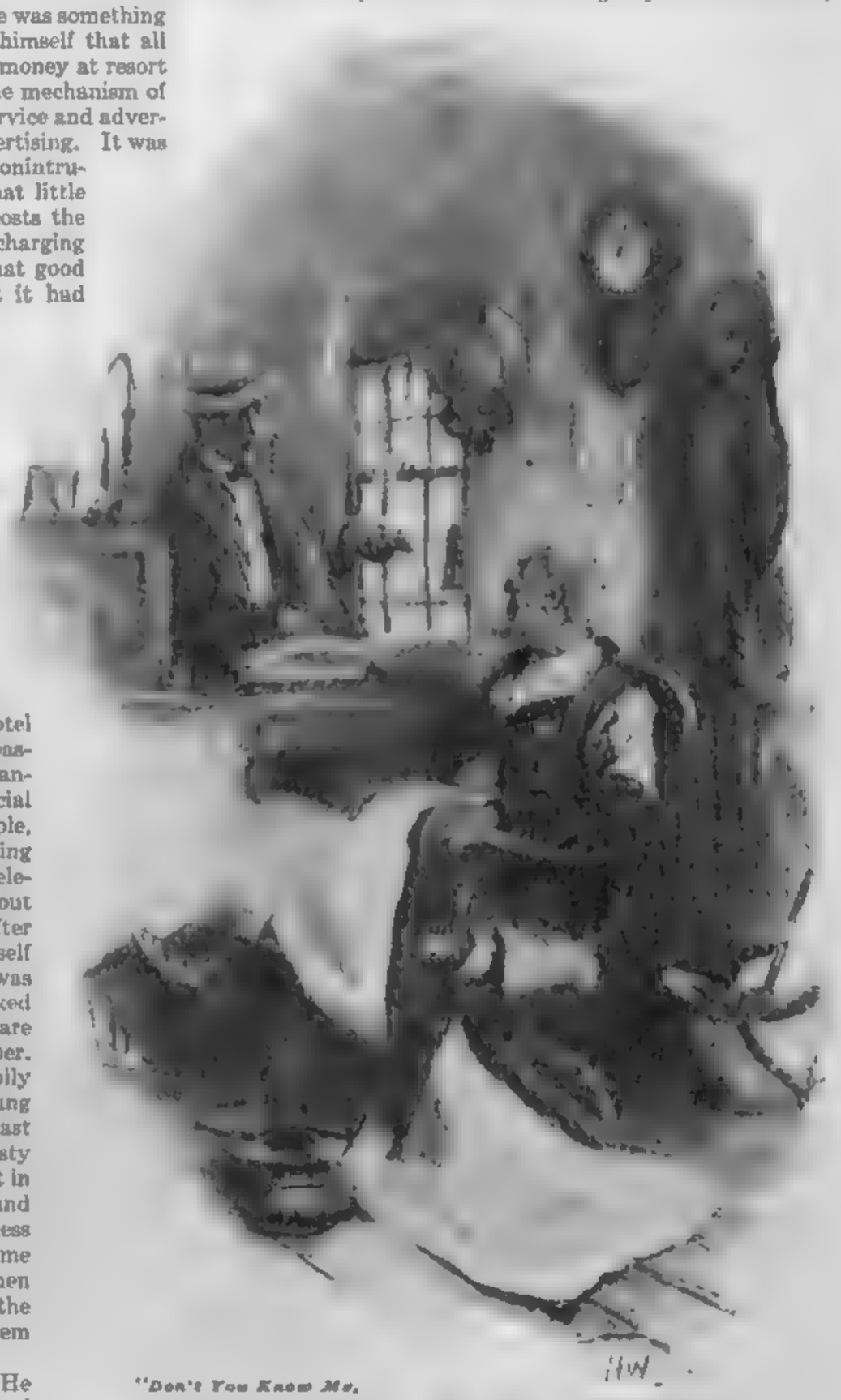
These sober reflections didn't last long. Grant was twenty-three years old. The grass became green and velvety on the common. A few robins came round and sang cheeringly outside the window. The chances of a cold and rainy summer diminished.

When the repairs were done and the hotel, except for a final last-minute cleaning, was ready for the summer business, Grant Gilstar went to New York to arrange for advertising, help and supplies. The local tradesmen, keen on the scent of glorious new business, had approached the young fellow with timid insistence, offering a reasonable discount for his trade. Grant had good-naturedly put them all off without blasting their hopes by a final negative. But really he had far other plans.

The stock argument, to trade at home, didn't count with him. Why should it? Were they going to contribute business to him? Not a cent's worth. So then, to carry out that argument to its logical conclusion, the place for him to buy was in that city from which perhaps most of his guests would come—New York. Besides, he must have the best of everything—meats, fish, fruits, delicacies. Milk, eggs, cream, fresh vegetables, firewood—these things he would buy in Baldwin, naturally. The local people should be satisfied with that.

Two great immediate needs were a head clerk and a chef. He found an experienced clerk almost miraculously—a young, sparkling fellow in the hotel where he put up, who was willing to take the job, not for the salary in it, but for the sake of spending the summer in the country. This young fellow, Albert Fitz-James Barriden, who wore neckties of a rapturous hand-woven Italian make, told Grant that had it not been for a bit of favoritism—he went into the matter with loquacious and rapid details—he would now be managing the Corona-Majestic at Nassau-in-Bahamas in winter, and the Clermontel in the White Mountains in summer. As it was, he said he liked Gilstar from the moment he set eyes on him and would create out of his special genius a vast hotel property for him.

It was remarkable, too, Grant considered, when he visited the special and cultured agency of hotel chefs,



"Don't You Know Me, Mr. Raunce?" Asked the Visitor With a Touch of Pique

what rare talent was in the market unexpectedly, usually because of vendetta or misfortune in which the chef under interview—who had been four years with M. le Comte de Kléber-Duroc and had to leave because of the unfortunate susceptibility of Mme. la Comtesse—you will understand, monsieur, one cannot go into details—*pardieu*, the lady was *ravissante, mais si—là, là*. . . .

Gilstar acquired one of these things at a mark-down, Monday-morning-drive-on-white-goods price. [Ah, the lovely Baldvinn! *Petit village en pleine campagne*, like one's own dear Picardy, was it not?]

The comparatively unimportant matter, as it then seemed to Grant Gilstar, of arranging for the other necessary help for the season, was left to the astute Mr. Barriden, with instructions to obtain only the deftest and gentlest-bred creatures available for domestic service. From that moment of delegation Mr. Gilstar lent all his powers of imagination and construction to the advertising campaign.

He had already made up his mind how this campaign should go. In the first place the young fellow patronized the best engraver in the metropolis. The announcement was done most exquisitely. It began:

Mr. Grant Gilstar announces the opening for the season, on July the Fourth, of Gilstars-in-the-Hills, a resort for the most exclusive. . . .

This was the keynote—exclusive. Grant debated for a long time whether he should put an apostrophe in the word Gilstars, but finally decided against it on the ground of lack of distinction.

The same idea was carried into the advertising:

BOOKING NOW

GILSTARS-IN-THE-HILLS

Not for Ordinary People

Not for ordinary people! That was the big idea. Surroundings of the highest refinement and exclusiveness, *le dernier cri* in aloofness from the common mob, at prices below which the really important people in the world cannot afford to go, regardless of the vulgar notion of getting one's money's worth.

As soon as Grant returned to Baldwin he had the sign, GILSTAR HOUSE, taken down. A really refined and exclusive caravansary cannot bear a sign. One should not indicate such a hotel, any more than one would place a sign over the Louvre or Notre Dame. Those who are bred to exclusiveness and refinement need no sign; others do not count.

III

GILSTAR came back to Baldwin a little nervous in the region of his check book, but inflated with the idea of exclusiveness that he had planted in his own mind as well as in his advertising. He was a little proud of the fact that he had not used the newspapers or the common run of periodicals that carry resort advertising. He had bought space liberally in such exclusive publications as Tally-Ho, Brooks' Comment of the Four Hundred, and La Vie New York. These were the prints, he figured, to reach people who were not ordinary in any of their attributes—especially in their bank balances. These were the clients for him.

Thus Grant Gilstar himself, unconsciously or not, became personally more and more a victim of the exclusive idea. He still went over to the Commercial Hotel, for he was about the loneliest soul in the county when his day's work was over, but he began to regard the convivial voyagers who gathered in the worn little office as the peasantry of the country. He liked to sit back and think of the coming triumphs and listen eagerly for any little comment that was made on his venture. His lower lip dropped in deprecation, but he couldn't conceal a great joy when he heard Gilstars-in-the-Hills referred to as "that swell place."

But there was one person in Baldwin with whom Grant was not exclusive. He tried it several times, and then gave it up. This person was Christine Raunce. He saw her many times a week during those weeks of preparation. He saw her in gingham aprons; he saw her with a broom in her hands; he saw her with a dust cloth; he saw her in the evening, dressed in some simple fluffy summer stuff; he saw her—and went with her, when he was lucky—going to church on Sunday morning, with an added touch of finery to her becoming clothes—that added feminine color which makes church services so interesting. And day after day Grant wondered—a number of things. He wondered, for instance, how plain old Tom Raunce happened to have such a charming daughter. He wondered why it was that he felt so bitterly disappointed and out of sorts when he arrived at the Commercial Hotel to be told that Christine had gone out. He wondered a lot of things—but perhaps chiefly he wondered what Christine really thought of him.

His exclusiveness had failed to work any spell at all on the girl. She had looked roguishly into his eyes and laughed at him. At first he had recounted to her the marvelous adventures of himself and his friends of the upper classes, and she had seemed to be enthralled with the dazzling pictures of elegance. She had said very demurely at the proper times, "How wonderful, Grant!" or "Just think of it, Grant!" and had looked a little bit like a Cinderella being led into the parlors of the king. But one day she threw the young man to the mat with this bit of verbal jiujitsu, and left him gasping for breath:

"Oh, Grant, do you know I think it was splendid the way your father worked up from nothing! I remember his telling father and mother over at the hotel one night that when he came to Baldwin he had only three dollars and a suit of clothes he had borrowed from his brother."

And Christine spoke with such clear enthusiasm for Doctor Gilstar's rise from poverty, her eyes lighted up with such admiration, there was such an utter absence of malice in what she said, that Grant found himself feeling grateful for the tribute, though his exclusiveness was rolled flat like pie crust.

Gilstar remarked apologetically after a moment's thought: "You know, Christine, I'm playing this exclusive game in the hotel business because it pays big. You know that's what I'm thinking of."

"I wonder," she replied, "if it will really pay—in Baldwin."

The young fellow found, too, that the girl had a keen, shrewd business insight. She startled him with her clarity of practical judgments. When, for instance, Grant showed her one of his expensive announcements of the opening of his hotel, Christine looked at it carefully and said:

"It's beautifully done, Grant, surely. I love engraved things. And I'm anxious to see you make a big success of your hotel. But I wonder ——"

She checked herself suddenly, as though afraid he might be discouraged by what she was about to say.

"Yes, Christine, you wonder ——?" he insisted.

"Oh, of course you know so much more about those people than I do. I don't know anything about them at all. But I did just wonder if, no matter how exclusive you make your hotel, they might not turn up their noses at Baldwin. For you see we poor folks here aren't at all exclusive, and there's nothing here except the lovely hills and woods—and I didn't imagine your kind of people cared much for those."

Gilstar went deadly sober at the idea, which was rather new to him. But in a moment he cheered up and said, "Oh, but of course there is always a more thoughtful and quieter class that do care for places like Baldwin. Don't you see?"

"Of course," she replied.

But without meaning to do so Christine had sowed the first seed of wholesome apprehension in the young fellow's mind. The other seeds were planted rapidly in the next two weeks. From five hundred announcements that Gilstar mailed to a select list of names he had painstakingly compiled, he received, up to the twenty-third of June, one reply. This was from a friend in Philadelphia, who wrote:

Dear old Grant: Just fancy your being a regular hotel man! You're not joking, are you, old top? If you don't charge too much for dinner, we'll stop off when we motor through your part of the country about the first of August. Any discount to old friends?

That was all—one reply; and that was too absurd even to call a reply.

From the advertisements in the exclusive society journals Gilstars-in-the-Hills received eleven replies. Of these Grant booked three parties—seven persons in all—who took accommodations for one to two weeks, with privilege of renewal for the remainder of the summer if they liked the place.

Between the twenty-third of June and the first of July, when the chef arrived with a retinue of servants, Grant Gilstar walked the hall of the hotel like a caged beast. He went over to the post office five or six times a day, and shadowed round hungrily while the mail was being sorted. He even peevishly charged the postmistress with mislaying important letters. But the young fellow knew well enough, down deep in his heart, that the letters he hadn't received were the letters that hadn't been sent.

The hotel help, after making the place ready, sat round and grinned broadly. They scented disaster, and, being floaters and assured of at least one month's pay in any event, rather enjoyed the humiliation of the young boss. The masterful young clerk, Albert Fitz-James Barriden, seeing the horrible fiasco coming, dropped a good deal of his humility and actually scolded Gilstar for letting him into the affair. His reputation meant something to him, he said. How would it look, and so on, and so on? Gilstar clenched his fists silently, and thought, with a leaden weight in his stomach, that at the rate the money was going the middle of July would find him scrambling for a mortgage on the property.

The hotel opened on the Fourth of July with seven guests, who spent the first day in loud and unexclusive disparagement of the hotel, the surroundings, the proprietor, the food, and the day they engaged accommodations. Gilstar had arranged an elaborate and really worth-while Fourth-of-July dinner for automobile parties. He had put the price at two dollars and a half a cover—and it was, from the resort point of view, well worth it. But of all the several hundred automobilists that stopped in front of the hotel during the afternoon only fourteen stayed for the dinner. The rest bawled loudly about robbery, grand larceny, breaking and entering, and other crimes—and most of them went over to the Commercial Hotel, where Tom Raunce was packing them in like sardines, at one dollar—almost identically the same dinner he charged fifty cents for on ordinary days.

The final blow came on the afternoon of the Fourth, when Gilstar was sitting disconsolately on one of his porch chairs. A big touring car, driven by a chauffeur in uniform, swept up in front, and the occupants gazed silently for a few moments at the hotel.

"Is this Gilstars-in-the-Hills?" asked the

(Continued on Page 70)

"You Can't Send People Away Hungry, You Know. That Isn't Possible, Is It, Grant?"

Russian Wheat Fields and Bread Lines

Officer of the American Mission Watching Russian Women Clean the Train

Welcoming Mr. Root on the Arrival of the American Mission at General Headquarters

By William T. Ellis

TO GET aboard a train amid plenty of food and fertile fields of promise to the whole world, and then, a few days later, to leave that same train and find bread lines and hunger—such is the striking experience of the traveler over the Trans-Siberian Railway to-day. One need not even cite the extreme terminals of the journey to get the same effect; three days out from Petrograd are great grain fields, the crop heavy-headed with ripeness, and huge herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and butter and eggs and milk, and small fruits in abundance. Nevertheless, at the capital even wealthy and influential families are unable to secure butter for their daily dole of black bread, wrung from the bread line by patient servants; while eggs, also, are disappearing into the oblivion whither beefsteak betook itself long months ago.

The most civilized and æsthetic of people are tethered by a very short rope to the primal needs of the body. The Fifth Avenue mansion and the troglodyte's cave are really not far apart. Raptures over music and art and literature quickly give way to solicitude about food. So, in Petrograd, it is not to be remarked if a tea guest at the most aristocratic hotel gathers up carefully and bears away with him the fragment of black bread that is left—undoubtedly by design—at the close of the frugal meal. Distinguished citizens do not disdain to bear about the streets the brown-paper parcels that spell food of some sort. The line in front of a chocolate or tobacco shop may contain representatives of Petrograd's Who's Who.

As for the shoe line, there is no deputizing a position therein to a servant; so one may find a cross section of the population of Russia's capital waiting on the sidewalk all night for a chance to buy a pair of shoes in the morning, at from thirty-nine to a hundred rubles the pair, the lower price being that fixed by a famous American shoe dealer. Normally a ruble is worth fifty-one cents; but it is now down to less than half that sum.

A Land of Contrasts

RUSSIA is a land of contrasts; but none of them is more noteworthy than this one between the resources of the country and the need of the cities. Siberia alone, it is estimated, could feed Russia and a large proportion of the inhabitants of the globe. It has been a heavy exporter of wheat, rye, oats and butter; it makes Petrograd's mouth water in these butterless days to recall that one hundred thousand tons of butter were shipped in a year from Siberia.

Northern Manchuria, which is Russia's sphere in China, is one of the earth's garden spots; an agricultural possibility of immediate availability—thanks to the Japanese railroads—in remedying the world's food shortage. These two vast expanses of fertile land—forty times the size of Great Britain and Ireland—are practically untouched. They are the Out West of the world. I once crossed Siberia with a man who built railroads through Argentina, and he said:

"I did not think it possible anywhere on earth, but Siberia beats the Argentine!"

Some truths have to be visualized to be made impressive. Here is a lesson nine days long on the food possibilities of Siberia and Manchuria.

It is said of this sort of soil, "If you tickle it with a hoe it will laugh a harvest"; and if you entertain it with a performance by modern American agricultural machinery, it will burst its granaries. That sections of these well-watered meadowlands, which one sees for hundreds of miles on end, have never added a pound to the world's common store of foodstuffs is a condition that this war will doubtless remedy.

Everything about Siberia spells something yet to be. Providence has kept this empire fallow for the new day now dawning upon the earth. Kipling's Explorer runs in the traveler's mind as he reads for days upon the unfolding book of the landscape the wonderful tale of expansive prairies, green with succulent grass; imperial rivers and lakes, with the fish leaping; forests illimitable and full of fur-bearing game; hills packed with all the minerals and precious stones; and the whole laid down midway between the most populous sections of Europe and Asia.

. . . . White man's country past disputing—
Rolling grass and open timber, with a hint of hills behind
Here I found me food and water as I lay a week recruiting;
Got my strength and lost my nightmares. Then I settled on my find.

Thence I ran my first rough survey—chose my trees and blazed and ringed 'em;
Week by week I pried and sampled—week by week my findings grew.
Saul, he went to look for donkeys; and, by God, he found a kingdom!
But, by God, who sent His whisper, I had found the worth of two!

Some millions of Americans still entertain the notion that Siberia is a bleak and desolate waste of perpetual winter. It would be illuminating to gather for all those persons nosegays of Siberian wild flowers such as riot along the railway tracks—and there would be enough to go round. Roughly speaking, Siberia approximates Western Canada in its weather—a long, cold winter, and a short, productive summer. The whole land is marked for fruit and wheat, and beans and other vegetables.

Russia's Living Wall of Slavs

A STRANGE sensation comes over the traveler as, for thousands of miles, he crosses virgin soil on a railway that impinges upon a really incredible expanse of hinterland. And he finds himself repeating: "And a spade has never touched it!" Such stretches of earth's surface are growing ever fewer. Hungry humanity is not content nowadays to let any productive soil lie idle. Even the waste lands of antiquity are being reclaimed; the right to Mesopotamia's possibilities was one of the goals that lured the Kaiser into this war.

Here in Siberia and Manchuria, though, is no made-over land, soiled by the débris of fallen civilizations. Save for having been scratched by the sticks of the Tartar nomads, this is good rich earth—just as it was in the days of Adam. Patiently it has waited for settlement and use; and now, in this time of a reorganized world, its hour seems to have come. Civilization cannot neglect this potential pantry.

Old Russia was slowly settling Siberia. The Japanese War accelerated her activity in the immigration department, for it became her policy to interpose a living wall of Slavs against possible future incursions from the East. This decade of intensive settlement, plus the descendants of the old political exiles, who never cared to return from this land of promise, is responsible for the

No Other Question to Them Is So Important as "What Shall We Eat?"

greater part of the occasional villages, towns and cities along the railway, though some date back to the Tartar period.

In 1910 the population of Siberia was eight millions. Within the six years that have elapsed since my previous journey across Siberia there have appeared many new signs of increased stability and prosperity. Sod houses and log houses are giving way to red wooden dwellings of the Swiss-German bungalow type. Good schools have appeared, with thoroughly equipped playgrounds adjacent to them. A large area of land is under cultivation. Stock and tools have grown better. Siberia is no longer an experiment—which is a point of real importance to a world that, for the first time, is systematically taking account of its stock of food and of food sources. Here is arable land in plenty; and hard by, in China, is labor without limit, needing only direction—toilers who are already the most successful intensive farmers on earth.

Vigorous, upstanding folk are the Siberian settlers, with the virtues of pioneers. Their mettle is displayed by the fact that nowadays they are refusing to supply food to disorganized soldiers returning from the Front, but only to the men bound thither. They have the sanity that springs from the soil. Siberian soldiers are a virile lot, and are said to have acquitted themselves better than others in the recent tragic débâcle. After education has done its work with these sturdy flaxen-haired boys and girls, who traffic in food with passengers like men of affairs, Siberia will make her voice heard in the councils of mankind.

One finds it pleasanter to dwell upon Siberia, which is another name for Possibility, than to take up the tale of the bread line at the Petrograd end of the journey, or of the conditions between which are its cause. He comes to it by degrees; for the nine days spent between Harbin, that disheveled and inchoate city of abundance, and the hungry capital are dominated by two major ideas—speech making and food. On the Siberian Express travelers are rather expected to have "little breakfasts" in their compartments, even as in Russian hotels. Bread and tea form the staple first meal of the day. Many passengers have all three meals either in their compartments or at the stations rather than in the dining car.

Nowadays, when the famous triweekly International Express has dwindled down to merely one sleeping car attached to the weekly Russian courier train, the fashions are predominantly those of the land itself. An American finds these at least interesting—the heaped-up piles of baggage and the clutter of food in the compartments; the startling habit of putting men and women together indiscriminately in the same compartments; and the practice of sleeping through the greater part of the morning. In the International Car, however, the usages of Europe obtain.

Several times a day the Russian trains remain at stations long enough for passengers to buy food; though the duration of the stop is uncertain amid present conditions. My neighbor, a Moscow merchant, who had given me valuable cautions and counsel upon travel in Russia, was left behind at one station, without hat, coat or baggage. While the trains wait, the passengers scurry to the food stalls to lay in a store of provisions.

The Land of the Samovar

DELICIOUS white bread—which, in common courtesy, one may not mention when with Petrograd friends, who are sated with soggy black bread, even though the allowance of the latter is but three-quarters of a pound for each person daily—is heaped up on the counters of the village women; and butter, in great piles, that is like memories of home and mother; sausages, which impart fond recollections of the delicatessen stores; big raspberries and tiny wild strawberries the size of a pea; cucumbers, joy of every Russian and Oriental heart; and young chickens, still hot from the fire; with other foods, varying according to the local supply and taste. It is easy for a man in Petrograd, with the flavor of black bread still on his tongue, to recall the gustatory delights of Siberia.

Most of all, though, these halts by the way were used to get hot water, which is on tap at all stations.

The story of Siberia is a tale of tea. The samovar is Russia's contribution to civilization; and Holland claims that! Hot water—"honorable hot water," as it is said in Japan—is the staple of travel in Russia; for hot water means tea. Morning, noon and night, and two or three times betweenwhiles, the Russian drinks *chai*, served in a glass.

There are no soda fountains in Russia and no barrooms; but there are samovars beyond count, each singing its song of hot water. My breakfast this morning, and every other morning since reaching Petrograd, like the breakfast—and luncheon and dinner too!—of myriads of others, consisted of a small portion of black bread, with a tiny teapot of strong tea, and another teapot, four times the size of the first, filled with hot water.

Now even tea is scarce and soaring in price. When tea is gone, then Russia will surely collapse; a German victory would not affect the people so intimately. Sugar is already such a luxury—two pounds a month, at fifty cents a pound, is the present allotment, and that is diminishing—that on the stage the hero is rewarded with a lump of sugar. This impairment of essential food supply in Russia has not yet produced famine; but the bulk of the people are not getting enough to eat, even though there is plenty within the nation's own borders. It strikes a stranger that the bread lines are more menacing to the peace of the country than the hordes of soldiers who swarm everywhere.

As I have studied the composition of these patient groups—there is one outside my window as I write—it seems as if they must be fundamental foci of discontent. Workingmen's wives, some with babes in their arms; wives of clerks and small business men, who have no maids to send to represent them; shawl-clad servants; elderly men; little children—these are a sort of food parliament that is in continuous session. They are not philosophers or parliamentarians or politicians; they represent the more primitive passion of food lust. No other question to them is so important as "What shall we eat, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

Everywhere I have been able to penetrate the baffling barrier of the Russian language I have found people talking about the worse times coming as winter draws on. The very solicitude with which the patient ones in the bread line cherish the small fragments of the loaf upon which they have insisted, to make up full weight for their three-quarters of a pound, is eloquent of the deeper meaning of present conditions.

Bread is the great leveler. All classes are affected by its lack. Humanity is bound together by some sort of bread line. An American banker gave a dinner a few evenings ago at the finest restaurant in Petrograd. Money can still do many things, and we even had beefsteak at that repast; anent which one clever woman remarked: "I do not think we should talk while eating this." There were a dozen Russian hors d'œuvres, the first of which—the caviar—exhausted the tiny square of light-brown bread at each plate; but no more bread was to be had, even at that sumptuous dinner.

Shopping for food is a Petrograd pursuit that takes precedence of even the life-or-death political situation. Some staples, as canned goods, are to be had for a price. A can of sardines of inferior grade sells for two rubles and a half. An indication of prevailing prices is given by the fact that a luncheon which cost two rubles before the war now costs sixteen; and the ruble, remember, is the Russian standard of value. For three pounds of poor candy, of the sort the children buy at the corner store, I saw a man pay sixteen rubles. A few days later I paid twelve rubles for a single pound. And vodka-less Russia must have sweets. A jar of jam costs from twelve to twenty rubles. Condensed milk is more than an American dollar a can.

A hospitable American took me to a popular outdoor restaurant one evening for a dinner without any frills; and his bill—I could not help seeing—was fifty-eight rubles. Is it any wonder that all wages have increased twofold, threefold, and even fourfold? Consider the plight of the family, native or foreign, with an income fixed in the old days before the ruble fell and prices rose! I know a college professor who is existing through this summer dearth by traveling with an American merely for his subsistence.

The Women Workers of Russia

IN PETROGRAD one sees huge piles of cordwood, especially along the Neva and the canals. It is hard to believe that wood, which is the city's winter fuel, is scarce and has gone up in price from seven rubles a fathom to ninety-three rubles. In Siberia there seemed enough sawed white birch wood to supply fifty Petrograds; the whimsical notion struck me that I was seeing fuel enough to stoke Billy Sunday's hell for a generation. Nobody ever saw in America at one time so much firewood as the Trans-Siberian traveler passes in nine days.

Of uncut wood there is enough in Siberia, it has been estimated, to supply the whole world for five hundred years. Much of this timber is within two days of Petrograd, where thousands of husky soldiers are loafing. This is but one of countless illustrations of the big, staring fact that Russia's lack is not food, but administration and transportation. There is no doubt about her loyalty to the Allies; the danger is solely one of absence of strong leadership and overwhelming inadequacy of organization.

Should Germany get Kiev and Odessa, and the wheat fields of Southern Russia, as she seems at this writing in a fair way to do, she could administer them with bitter efficiency. Hordes of idle soldiers would be once more turned into farmers and the six-hour workday that prevails in parts of Petrograd would no longer be observed.

At present the women are the workers in Russia, and good workers they are! It was a sight to delight the heart of the New Woman to see how a female baggage smasher, pushing a truck yesterday in the Nicolai Station, hustled a clumsy man out of her way, giving him a parting punch to enforce the language she had been bestowing upon him. But the force of women is inadequate to harvest the crops and do the other manual labor of the land, especially since so many husky young women are now entering the overfull army.

The Austrian and German prisoners who have been put at work upon the farms have been hired at too high a price, since they have been skillful propagandists among the simple-minded peasants of the disrupting doctrine of a separate peace and of a Made-in-Germany internationalism. One has only to think of the dread possibility of the Central Powers in possession of Russia's resources to realize what a potential asset this country is to the Allies. The critics who consider Russia as only a liability to the cause are far aside from the mark; this is the hugest possible resource, in man power and in raw materials, for the armies of liberty and justice. At present it sorely taxes the patience of the alert and efficient West; but it may yet be brothered through to its full valuation.

In the problem of the reorganization of Russia the largest single item is that of transportation. The wonderful waterways of the land are being used scarcely

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Russian Peasants at Work in the Fields

A CASE OF MUTUAL RESPECT

These Stood Higher Out of the Grass, Looking as Tall, Indeed, as Zebras

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

SIMBA, gunbearer to Kingozi, the Master with the Beard—alias the Fighter of Elephants, alias John Culbertson—sat taking his ease on the veranda of the inn belonging to that Somali publican known as Suleimani the Blind. He sat in a real chair, and near his right hand stood a cup of real tea. Simba had just returned from an eight-months trip into the French Congo—eight months of heat, thirst, fever, cruel marches, wild savages, sleepless vigilance, utter patience, and the cold long fear of the elephant forest. Only the day before the caravan had marched into town, inconceivably ragged, but with heads up, voices chanting, *safari* sticks tap-tap-tapping the burdens, each man bedecked with ostrich plumes, bits of skin, bright ornaments, carried hidden all these months.

It was a wonderful moment! The chant swelled grandly; the oryx-horn trumpets blared. Little naked children ran alongside shouting, men of all tribes came to the street, and the women made eyes from the doorways. A grand moment!

Bwana Kingozi had marched ahead, his heavy shoulders stooped, as always; his eyes staring, apparently sightless, straight ahead; his beard thrust forward by the aggression of his jaw; the field glass swinging rhythmically across his great chest; the light rifle resting in the hollow of his arm.

And then he, Simba, gunbearer, with *Bunduki M'Kubwa*, the great elephant gun! After that, of course, the *safari*.

At the corner of the bazaar another *bwana* addressed Kingozi, and the parade halted. Simba understood not one word; but he knew passionately that high converse was forward.

He stood proudly at attention, his head high, his fierce eyes rolling.

"Hello, Culbertson!" the white man had said. "Are you godfather to this bally circus parade?"

"These are my special pet lunatics," Kingozi had replied. "They had a hard trip and I can't begrudge them this fun."

"I know," said the other sympathetically; "makes a man feel like a silly ass just the same. My sympathy. You've got a topping lot of ivory. Where you been?"

"French Congo."

And the procession had resumed its triumphal course.

In the big tin godown the well-wrapped tusks and the battered camp equipment had been deposited. Then, from an incredible sack of silver rupees, each man had been paid his due and an appropriate *baksheeshi*, and had eagerly departed for the alluring bazaar.

So it is the whole world over—miner, cowboy, lumberjack, trapper, prospector, *safari* man—wanderers of the wild and lonely places. When they hit town they go out for a "time." The reaction is exactly proportionate to the strain that has been. With the eager lust for celebration burning in their hearts, the Africans scurried away.

And their idea of the most gorgeous, soul-satisfying, extraordinary contrast, corresponding to the roulette-whisky-woman combination of their wilderness brothers elsewhere, was this: They who had squatted on their heels, to sit in a white man's chair; they who had looked up from the lowly places, to look down lordly upon the passing throng from the elevation of a bona-fide raised veranda; they who had eaten of straight corn-meal *potio* and saltless wild meat, to drink that unattainable daily desirable, symbolic, forbidden, unhoped-for tea just like a white man! Debauch is usually violent reaction against the monotonous accustomed. This was the *safari* man's debauch.

Supply follows demand. A lumber or mining or cow town is often little more than a collection of saloons, gambling dens or disreputable houses. So the Somali quarter of the bazaar consisted largely of wide, high and open verandas, backed by mere apologies for houses, furnished with lounging chairs and tea tables. Here, dressed in snow-white *kanzua*, the professional *safari* man lolled—at a price like unto the price of forty-rod whisky out West. When his last cent was gone he looked for another job. Which is all rather childlike and a little touching, is it not?

II

SIMBA, fresh from his eight months, was unbelievably wealthy. Gunbearers' wages are very high. But then gunbearers form a caste, with an especial and cunning knowledge of game, of tracking, of the proper cleaning of guns, skinning of specimens, butchering of meat, pitching of tents, and a hundred other such matters. They are called upon to risk their lives rather frequently. Such matters as staunchness, loyalty and absolute courage are taken for granted. To fail in any of these things is not only to disgrace oneself but one's professional mates, who are a proud, heavy-handed and vindictive lot. One may not lightly become a gunbearer even by the taking of thought, for there are a dozen requisites that have little to do with thought—such as passionate loyalty, for example.

Simba was one of the best. He commanded the equivalent of eight dollars a month. Even at the prevailing cost of high living, *chez*-Suleimani the Blind, this would last him some time. So he smoked and sipped his tea and chattered with the other gunbearers, and cast glances of scorn at the passers-by respectfully adoring of his high estate. He felt, after the terrible days of the French Congo, he could stand quite a little of this.

But now came to him a Kavirondo boy, very black, his bullet head shaved to a kinky skull cap. Having gone stark naked all his life, he here looked on clothes as merely ornamental, and so wore his own mainly round his neck. He gazed fixedly on Simba until that exalted personage deigned to break his discourse.

"What is it, *shenzi?*" inquired Simba at length, in Swahili.

"A white man at the hotel has sent out for you."

"I am taking my rest. Why should I go because some white man sends?" demanded Simba, for the benefit of the others on the veranda. "What white man?"

"I do not know him. He is strange here. He is a man who walks so; and he wears a black beard."

"But you are indeed a *shenzi!*"* cried Simba, scandalized. "And you have not been long from the jungle. The very dogs know Bwana Kingozi, the Fighter of the Elephant. It is true," he told the other gunbearers, "that he and I are as the fingers on one hand."

"A-a-a-a!" they murmured politely.

Simba rose, a commanding figure in his snow-white *kanzua* and lacelike skull cap, his ugly, honest face, with its fierce eyes, informed with savage dignity. The Kavirondo, his message delivered, had promptly disappeared.

III

THE one-storied stone hotel was set back from the shaded street. It, too, possessed a veranda, but near the level of the ground. Europeans in cool-looking tropic white sat in teakwood lazy-chairs. Simba made his way through the mob of noisy, chattering rickshaw boys. A monkey sprang from before his step; he avoided carefully the snuffing nose of a dog; he cast a glance at a chained baboon and a strolling month-old lion cub. Catching sight of his master's black beard, he came to a halt and waited. After a few moments Kingozi called him and he approached.

Kingozi sat between a man and a woman. They were both young and very good-looking, though Simba would not have acknowledged the second point. To him they looked anæmic, bloodless, like grubs dug out of a log. The woman's opinion of Simba's appearance may be gathered from her first remark.

"This is the man," Kingozi said.

The woman's slender elegantly gowned form shivered slightly.

"But he is so ugly!" she protested in a clear, penetrating, domineering voice. "He looks positively evil! Are you certain of him? I should say he is a robber and a thief and a murderer—and all that."

"I say!" protested the young man in his turn. "Perhaps the blighter understands English!"

"What of it? Does he?" she asked Kingozi.

"No," replied the latter dryly. "I assure you, Lady Clarice, he is none of the things you name, but the most reliable man I could get you in all Africa."

"Jolly strong praise, that," said the man. "But you should know, Culbertson. However, I'm frightfully dashed that you can't go with us yourself. Glenmore led me to believe, you know, that you did that sort of thing occasionally—don't you see? And ——" He hesitated. "If a matter of a hundred pounds or so a month might stand in the way ——"

"It does not," broke in Kingozi curtly. "I assure you, Lord Kilgour, if it were possible I should accompany you. But Simba, here, knows the country better than I do. He is thoroughly competent to handle your men, and a trained gunbearer in the bargain. I will, however, assist you with your outfit and supplies, and will direct you to good country."

He turned to Simba and began to talk Swahili.

"Listen carefully: This *bwana* and this *memsahib* are very great rulers in their country. They have come to kill meat. The one who is my *Bwana M'Kubwa* has told me that they must have good hunting. Therefore it is necessary that you go. Get Cazi Moto for headman. That this is hard, I know well. Money is hot and the pouch is thin. This is not a command I lay on you. But I wish it."

From before Simba's eyes faded the dreams of luxuries that had grown during long months. Nevertheless, he replied steadily:

"I will go, *bwana*."

"*Vema!*" Kingozi uttered the simple word of highest possible praise. "Come to-morrow in the third hour."

"How many men, *bwana?*"

"Who knows? But speak in the villages, that many may come; for I think many may be required."

"I say!" broke in Lord Kilgour. "And be sure to tell the blighter to take us where there are plenty of lions. I'm frightfully keen on lions, you know."

"Lions are chancy beasts for an unaccustomed man to hunt without backing," Kingozi suggested doubtfully.

"Rex is a topping shot and as cool as ice," the woman interjected with a faint trace of pride.

"You yourself will find the work rather rough," Kingozi hinted to her.

"I fancy not," she replied idly.

Kingozi rose abruptly.

"Well, get your luggage together, please. Have it all ready for my inspection to-morrow morning at nine. We shall then go into details."

He bowed first to one and then to the other.

"*Baasi!*" He dismissed Simba and turned in to the bar.

There he encountered the white man who had met him in procession that morning.

"I want another. Join me?"

They sipped at their drinks.

"Mac," said Kingozi, "I am a brute and a dog. Old Glenmore recommended to me some people on their wedding trip who are out here shooting, and I'm dodging the job. They want to start right out; and I feel I need a breathing spell after this last trip. So I'm turning 'em over to Simba and am staying home in idle luxury."

McCloud's eyes twinkled.

"I've seen them," he remarked dryly. "Naturally you need a rest."

As they raised their glasses their eyes met. An unwitting and shamefaced grin parted Kingozi's lips.

IV

SIMBA did not return to the bazaar. He walked at once to the villages of round beehive huts in the environs of the white man's town. There, various polite and polished youths, after listening calmly to what he had to say,

* *Wild man; savage.*

suddenly broke into extraordinary activity, running from hut to hut, shouting *"Cazi! Cazi! Cazi!"* at the top of their lungs.

The immediate result was an outpouring of would-be bearers, men who had shown their brief wage-possessing hour at the bazaars and now, stony-broke, were awaiting in eclipse for a new job. Simba lined them up and looked them over. He examined their muscles, their joints, their teeth, and especially their feet. In this manner he weeded out the unfit, and instructed the others to report at the godown on the following morning.

Meantime other agencies, through Kingozi, had been at work. Horses were brought in and inspected; tents laid out and repaired; utensils of all sorts collected. By the time Lord Kilgour, the following morning, sauntered to the meeting place, a *safari* was well under way.

And the following day it took the field. It was such a *safari* as Simba approved. There were seven tin officer's boxes of private effects; and two loads of ammunition; and twenty chop boxes containing the rare and mysterious viands peculiar to the white man; and a four-load green tent; tables, chairs, folding baths. The white man and the white woman each rode a bona-fide horse—not a mule; and each horse had its personal attendant.

Besides Simba there were also two lesser gunbearers and skinners. Then there were the Goanese cook and his helper, and in the rear wizened wise little Cazi Moto, with his rhinoceros-hide whip; and other carriers—many, many carriers—bearing sacks of *potio*—ground corn meal—with which to feed all the rest. Each man wore a brand-new jersey and carried, turbanwise about his head, a bright new blanket. They strung out across the landscape, nearly two hundred of them, in a long, imposing, colorful and noisy procession.

From the top of a rise Simba looked back upon them, with approval swelling his barbaric heart. This was a *safari* worthy of a great *bwana*. The rifles he and his companions carried were also worthy; and the general gorgeous row and cumbersomeness of it all appealed to him as entirely fitting and significant. This unreconciled with the fact that Kingozi was, with him, an article of religious faith, and that Kingozi generally traveled with about thirty ragged men.

No mention has been made of two youths who walked free and unencumbered, save by a lantern apiece, immediately behind the gunbearers. They were high-headed, sleek, suave young men, dressed in neat khaki tunics and shirts, and sporting red tarbooshes with silken tassels. Ordinarily Simba liked the very efficient citizens known as tent boys; but these were different. It had, of course, been necessary to find intermediaries who could talk English, and the mission school proved the only source. Simba hated mission boys in general; and he particularly despised these two. They called themselves Josef and Tom.

As yet Simba had not seriously considered the white people who were the necessary cause of all this prideful display. They rode ahead and were satisfactorily gorgeous in sports clothes; and that was sufficient. He headed across the undulating veldt toward the Maji Quenda.

V

IT WAS four days' march through native cultivation before the edge of the game country was reached. In that time Simba came in for a number of adjustments, and learned that pomp and vanity must often pay the costs.

For example, it was impossible to get started near sunrise, as is desirable. The porters' camps were struck and packed, the loads made up, the men squatting on their heels. But within the tent of the *memsahib* long and mysterious rites went on.

The sun came up; waxed in strength. And only at the long last did she emerge. Privately urged, Josef said that he duly awakened her before sunrise, as is the custom; that her hot water was promptly delivered; and that he, Josef, a model of virtues, was not to blame.

But it threw the march into the heat of the day; it finished the journey so late that necessary tasks were awkwardly timed. Several men, with souls beneath pomp and pride, dumped their loads and deserted. Simba and Cazi Moto, after consultation, took aside the deserters' friends and gave them ten apiece with the *kiboko*. The justice of this was obscure; but the results were admirable.

Between them Simba and Cazi Moto managed to keep things going, though such complication as the necessity of stopping at noon for a lunch brought wrinkles to their already furrowed brows. The men grumbled, but stuck; for they had been promised a permanent camp on the Maji Quenda and much meat.

So it happened, at the end of the fourth day, that the double green tent was pitched on a height overlooking the long, sluggish, picturesque reaches of the stream. In a semicircle at a discreet distance stood the tiny porters' tents, each with a little flickering fire burning in front of it. Men were dumping down armfuls of wood for the night guard fire. Two motionless figures, their heads bedecked with ostrich plumes, leaned on muskets. In the gathering twilight the veldt stretched wide and mysterious; and from it came multitudinous sounds of beasts.

The *safari* had, as usual, arrived late; but, even so, after crossing the river Lord Kilgour and his Lady had seen small herds of game grazing in the distance down through the trees. Lord Kilgour had become immensely excited. He was keen to start right out; but Simba shook his head, and even Lady Clarice saw the point.

"Don't be silly!" she said. "It's going on to dusk, and very presently it will be quite dark. You'll get yourself eaten, or something absurd."

As soon as the evening meal was over Kilgour called Simba, and Josef to interpret.

"Tell him," said Kilgour to Josef, "that we shall go hunting in the morning."

"He says," replied Josef presently, "that to hunt in the morning it must be that you rise very early." Josef was justly proud of his English.

"How early?"

"He says when the light comes."

"You will not be going with us, then, my dear," suggested Kilgour deprecatingly.

"I certainly cannot be expected to get up any earlier than I do now," replied Lady Clarice. "I begin to dress by candlelight as it is."

"But if, my dear—for the especial occasion—you could a little abridge your toilet ——"

"If you expect me to ruin my complexion on account of this rather absurd expedition ——" began Lady Clarice. "Why in the world cannot you do your shooting in the afternoon?"

"I'm frightfully keen to get out ——"

"So am I," said Lady Clarice, smothering a yawn.

It was arranged that the first hunt was to take place the following afternoon.

"And I wish you'd leave that ugly brute," requested Lady Clarice, referring to Simba. "He gives me the shivers."

But Kilgour became suddenly obstinate.

"Oh, I say!" he cried. "That's a bit thick, you know. This chap is my stand-by! Culbertson especially recommends him. He knows the game, and I don't. You must remember that, my dear."

"Why not the two other gunbearers?"

"I don't know a blessed thing about them. You must remember, my dear, that this is a dangerous country—highly dangerous. Things pop out at you right and left. It's jumpy business!"

She looked at him curiously.

"Very well," she agreed at last.

They rode out across the veldt the following afternoon—the two whites—followed by the gunbearers, and then, at a distance, a dozen porters, to bring in the meat. Game was everywhere in sight, but none too easy of approach. After a time Kilgour dismounted and, followed by Simba, attempted a stalk. The white woman and the *syces*, and the other gunbearers, watched from an eminence; the porters squatted in a compact little group a hundred yards back. The object of the approach was half a dozen hartebeeste. Kilgour had shot stags in Scotland, and made a rather good stalk. At about forty rods' range he missed clean.

The shot was not difficult. A dull red overspread his countenance and he glanced covertly at Simba. Simba's face was inscrutable. The miss meant nothing to him. He had seen many *bwanas* do exactly that same thing at first in this country; in fact, he had never seen any newcomer do anything different. Sometimes it took the best shots several days to become accustomed to the strange light. Simba reloaded the rifle and handed it back.

The hartebeeste had run half a mile and had joined a herd of zebras and wildebeests. Kilgour began a second stalk. He did very well; but the animals were more alert and the cover none too good. It is more difficult to stalk fifty animals than a dozen. At two hundred and fifty yards, warned of imminent flight by growing uneasiness, Kilgour was forced to shoot—again unsuccessfully.

There is no use going into painful details. The little procession returned at dusk unburdened.

Kilgour was savagely irritated. His many misses, barring the first, were readily excusable on account of the ranges. He had been unable to make nearer approaches. And that, he had persuaded himself, was Simba's fault.

"If that blighter would quit dogging my heels!" he cried to Lady Clarice. "I tried to send him back, but he paid no attention to me. How can two men expect to get near ——"

"I told you to leave him in camp," said Lady Clarice in a faintly amused voice.

Simba, at the gunbearers' fire, cleaned the rifle philosophically. No meat was a great disappointment to everybody; but to-morrow ——

VI

KILGOUR improved his shooting. Shortly he had no difficulty whatever in getting enough meat to keep everybody happy. Life fell into a routine. Each day they rode abroad in a wide circle. Sometimes they explored the wide undulating plains, resembling a great sea, with wild beasts resting like gulls in the hollows of the waves. Again they crept afoot down the game trails through the forests, where the rope vines swung, the parrots and bright-colored birds flashed, and the monkeys and the colobus chattered. Or perhaps, again afoot, they made their way down the narrow river jungle, where they heard the queer cry of the bush buck or the hollow bellowing of the hippopotamuses. Then, toward sundown, they swung back to their camp, bathed and changed, and had tea. When one section of the country had been thus well ridden they moved the camp five or ten miles.

The white man hunted diligently and keenly, his interest and confidence increasing day by day. The woman rode out on every hunt. She rarely dismounted, save where the forest or jungle forced on her such a course; but sat her horse, erect, faintly smiling, as though with hidden amusement, offering lightly congratulations on success, whose faintly ironic quality was lost on the perceptions of her spouse. She still manifested a scornful, careless hostility toward Simba.

"He is a sullen brute," she had decided.

Simba was not sullen, however. He was merely doing his duty as thoroughly and conscientiously as he knew how. His interest in this *bwana* was professional, not personal.

Game there was aplenty. Kilgour acquired some quite respectable heads. But by one of those strange freaks of hunter's luck he failed to encounter either elephant, lion, rhinoceros or buffalo—the Big Four of dangerous wild game. He saw tracks of them all; and every night the lions roared grandly. As is always the case, his eagerness grew with the postponement of his desires, until he was fairly aquiver to try his mettle.

And, again as is usual, the first encounter was totally unexpected. From apparently a perfectly flat plain, without cover enough to conceal a rabbit, there materialized the bulk of a rhinoceros, not thirty yards distant. He had been sleeping in an unexpected hollow, filled with deeper grass. Lowering his horn he promptly charged.

Kilgour and Simba were afoot and some twenty yards ahead of the others.

A rhinoceros charging at close range is a terrifying spectacle to one who has never seen it before. The beast is larger than one has expected and very much quicker. It utters a series of loud snorts like steam escaping from a locomotive's exhaust; its great weight seems to jar the earth; and its momentum appears irresistible.

The porters unanimously took to some very spiky thorn trees. Lady Clarice tightened the reins of her terrorized horse and sat more erect than ever. Simba, shoving ahead the safety catch, held the heavy double rifle next Kilgour's right elbow. Kilgour, paralyzed by the suddenness and unexpectedness of the onslaught, stood, with his mouth open, and did nothing.

"Piga, bwana!" urged Simba; then, as Kilgour still stared, helpless, he darted ten feet to one side and waved his arms.

The dim-sighted rhinoceros, abandoning the still figure, swerved toward the one in motion. Simba waited bolt upright until the huge beast was within a few feet, then twisted sidewise and dropped into the long grass. It was a very near thing. The rhinoceros blundered on through; and then, as is often the case, kept on going, straight ahead, until he had disappeared over a near rise of land.

The porters, with groans, began gingerly to come down from the spiky trees they had so blithely ascended. Lady Clarice rode forward. Kilgour seemed to come to with a start.

"By Jove!" he muttered; and again: "By Jove!"

He drew a deep breath and looked about him as though bewildered. His hands were trembling slightly; but the color came back to his face in a surge.

"You're not a pretty sight!" said the woman in her high, clear voice. "Why didn't you shoot the beast?"

"It was so deuced sudden," said Kilgour deprecatingly. "Who'd have thought one of the bally beasts would be out here! Why, it's as flat as your hand! I was startled out of my senses. I never thought of my gun at all, I give you my word!"

She examined him for a moment and then relented.

"I dare say it was rather a facer, the first off," she said carelessly. "I dare say you'll pot the next one right enough."

"You're right," Lord Kilgour assured her fervently. "Won't catch me napping again! What?"

"Where's the other fool?" she asked abruptly. "No excuse for him. Why didn't you shoot?"

She asked the question of Simba in a pantomime not to be misunderstood.

"Hapana distauri yangu," replied Simba.

She did not understand the words, but she stared at the man with a faint but real respect. His ugly face was transformed by an inner fire of dignity; for in the brief phrase he had voiced the fierce pride of caste that made him what he was.

Immediately on the return to camp she summoned Josef to interpret.

"He says that it is not his custom to shoot the gun."

"Cannot he shoot?"

Simba's nostrils widened and his eyes flashed.

"He says he was taught the shooting by Bwana Kingozi, the one who fights the elephants."

"Well?" demanded Lady Clarice sharply.

But Josef took upon himself the burden of explanation.

"*Memsahib*," said he, "it is forbidden ever that the gunbearer should shoot the gun he carries unless it is that the *bwana* lies upon the ground and is chewed upon by the animal. This is *distauri*—custom. And if the gunbearer ever shoots the gun, then all gunbearers call him *m'buzi*. I do not know that word in English; it is a bad word."

"Suppose," suggested the white woman, "the rhinoceros had caught this man—would he not shoot?"

A rapid interchange followed in Swahili.

"Simba says," translated Josef, "that it is the business of the gunbearer to load the gun; it is the business of the *bwana* to shoot the gun and to kill the beast."

"That will do," Lady Clarice said abruptly.

VII

SIMBA made nothing of it, one way or another. His respect for white men, as a race, and his experience with new hunters, as a class, minimized the incident for him. The unknown is always startling. Soon a man learned what to expect.

But as time went on it became evident that Lord Kilgour belonged to that unfortunate class of hunters on whom the mere presence of dangerous game reacts badly. His minor coördinations were beyond his control. It was not excitement; it was certainly not fear. It was just nerves! No longer did sudden and gigantic eruptions of hostile creatures startle him to impotency; and never did he fail to walk courageously up to any animal that awaited his more deliberate attack. But always in such circumstances he was supernormal. His weapon was unsteady, his frame atremble, and his reactions in an emergency utterly instinctive. That is all very well if a man's instincts have been trained by experience to react in the most efficient directions.

For a long time no real emergency developed. One day they followed fresh buffalo spoor until they came up with a little band resting through the heat. Then they crawled painfully down the bed of a *donga*, the sun beating them unmercifully on the back, and lay for three hours awaiting the evening movement of the beasts. Half an hour before sundown the great black bulks stirred, emerged from the thicket, and filed leisurely by, broadside on, about sixty yards away. Kilgour, lying belly down against the slope of an ant hill, took an elbow rest—and missed clean, with both barrels of the heavy rifle. It was incredible! A buffalo bull presents a shoulder mark nearly five feet square! And a rhinoceros, head on at not above forty yards; and a leopard, winding sinuously through the river jungle! The woman watched these performances without comment. Simba, his expression unchanged, fulfilled all his duties.

Kilgour was no analyst. He merely knew that he was not afraid. His emotion of shame was expressed in disgust at the poor quality of his shooting.

"I can't understand it! Rotten luck!" he complained. "I seem to get any amount of this common trash; but when anything worth while comes on I make the most awful ass of myself! Too keen, I suppose. Can't seem to steady down when I really want a thing a lot."

His wife said nothing. As yet they had not caught even a distant glimpse of a lion. Then, one day, while riding leisurely along the high slopes of a thin bush veldt, they saw in the middle distance four strange animals rise from the grass and gallop slowly and rather lumberingly away. They were lions; but the idea of lions occurred to neither of the white people. These stood higher out of the grass, looking as tall, indeed, as zebras—carried themselves differently; ran queerly—in short, were not in the least leonine. Kilgour sat staring after them, his mind paralyzed by a chaos of surprise. He was roused by Simba's dragging from his grasp the light rifle and thrusting at him the heavier weapon.

"*Simba, bwana! Simba!*" hissed the gunbearer.

Kilgour knew this Swahili word. A sudden fit of excitement seized him. He clapped spurs to his mount and dashed away in pursuit.

Now Kilgour had been carefully coached in the proper method to run lions. He must not follow directly behind, but on a parallel course of one flank; for when the beast turned suddenly he must have room to step and swerve. He must keep at least a hundred and fifty yards away—for the same reason. When the lion whirled and charged, as he would certainly do, the rider must turn and run away at the best speed of his mount. Only when the lion, angered at this futile game, sat down in the grass to await the next move, must the rider dismount; and then never nearer than two hundred yards.

The flame of Kilgour's wild excitement swept his brain clear of this knowledge. He saw the lion running away and he chased it as hard and as fast as he could.

The country was rough. Thrice his mount nearly fell. He was hardly aware of it, or of the fact that he had jerked it roughly to its feet. His whole attention was fixed on the tawny bodies of the lions, rising and falling steadily as they loped through the scattered bushes. They were not going very fast and he quickly shortened the distance.

A lion is no great hand at running away. He soon becomes both short of breath and angry. Then, without warning, he whirls and charges his pursuer.

One of these lions did precisely that. And Kilgour, instead of fleeing as fast as his horse could carry him, pulled up his mount and leaped to the ground.

A lion in full charge covers ground at about the rate of a hundred yards in seven seconds. He does not bound along, but runs like a very eager dog in pursuit of a thrown stick. Also, he roars loudly. Kilgour consumed time in bringing his horse to a stop, in dismounting, and in coming to the position of ready.

He emerged from the hasty confusion of these activities to find the lion coming strong and very close, so much closer than he had expected—or, indeed, than seemed possible—that the surprise and flurry of it paralyzed him for three seconds. Then he hastily raised his rifle; whereupon his horse—which, of course, he should have abandoned—jerked back on its reins. Kilgour received a tremendous blow on his chest and found himself lying beneath a crushing weight.

Before Simba, at the beginning of all this, had passed up the heavy rifle, he had reached for the lighter in exchange. Kilgour, however, in the concentration of pursuit, had held his grip just long enough to drag the smaller rifle from Simba's grasp. It fell to the ground. Simba, running alongside the moving pony with the other rifle, was forced to leave it. When Kilgour, armed, had at last dashed away, Simba looked back to see the second gunbearer pick up the abandoned weapon. Therefore he kept on.

Simba was a good runner. He managed for fifty yards to keep close to Lady Clarice's horse. She motioned with her

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Simba's Nostrils Widened and His Eyes Flashed. "He Says He Was Taught the Shooting by Bwana Kingozi"

The German Lamb and the Swiss Wolf—By Will Irwin

GENEVA, August 29, 1917.

LOSE or draw—she cannot really win—Germany at this moment faces a hard and black ten years. One who, from across the Swiss border, has heard echoes, has watched shadowings of her affairs, draws that impression out of the very air. Neutrals, passed by favor out of that land of silence which is Germany, report that the heads of the empire are thinking more closely and anxiously about that perplexing future than about the war itself. Swiss bankers and merchants, in touch with the situation across the Rhine, report the same fact.

Even if she keeps her national domain intact, even if she retains her merchant fleet, even if she begins with equal trade privileges, Germany will find herself hard pressed—faced with a task that will call for all she has of organization, of technical skill and of discipline. She knows this even better than do her enemies. That is one reason why her ruling class, composed of privileged aristocrats and predatory magnates, cling so desperately to a desperate cause. They fear almost equally the enemy in arms and the future mood of the people at the period when, released from military discipline, the young manhood of the country begins to gird against hard conditions. It is better to keep on with the war, hoping by some fluke for the conquests that will bring indemnities and borrowing power, than to face the certain ruin of kingdoms, duchies and all vested interests.

Swiss Nurses Ready for Service, at the Geneva Railroad Station
General Wille, Head of the Swiss Army

The Myth of Hoarded Goods

MUCH foolishness has been written and believed concerning the piling up of German goods for sale after the war. A not entirely neutral American writer reported from Germany last autumn that the Hamburg warehouses were choked with manufactured products awaiting the moment when a lifted blockade would release an intact merchant marine. This, I think, is characteristic German advertising—mere camouflage. The informed Swiss merchants and bankers to whom I have mentioned this story only laugh. They know that Germany has manufactured almost nothing since the beginning of the war, except necessities for her internal life, and munitions. As you range along the Swiss border, picking up gossip and information, the signs multiply.

Take machinery—Germany's best and most valuable product for export. Since the war she has filled no orders for machinery. A Swiss publisher of my acquaintance used to get his linotype machines from Germany. In the first year of the war he was informed that the German house with which he used to do business could send no more. He tried other companies; they made the same report. He had to get his new machines from the United States. For a time he could get repairs and spare parts from his old German dealer; last year that also stopped.

For lack of available machinery, of tools, of laborers, the German railroads are going to seed. Flat wheels make torture out of travel. In peacetime the railroad system ran like a watch. Now everyone expects a train to be from one to three hours late; engines are always breaking down, owing to the strain on overworked parts. This summer all passenger schedules were cut to the bone. The merest local train is crowded to its standing capacity. One must not only obtain permission to travel, but he must prove real necessity for the journey.

Even if the machinery could be kept up, Germany would be hard pressed for machine output, owing to the want of oils. Last winter the oil supply was so bad that trains were always stalling in stations because the water in the inferior axle oils had frozen.

The butter ration of a people suffering from malnutrition has been cut down again and again because the butter was needed for aëroplane oil and gun oil—the Germans have found a practical way to reduce butter for fine lubrication. Worn-out railroad machinery and want of oils may yet conquer Germany.

In such circumstances how can they spare the machines, the oils, the raw material and the labor to pile up for after-the-war trade?

Take other famous German products—textiles, for example. They are getting no raw textile materials except a little native linen and wool. Such cotton as they receive has run the blockade and is vitally needed for explosives. At present wool garments for civilian use are unpurchasable in many parts of the empire. In more favored regions the purchaser must show his worn-out suit or overcoat to prove that he needs another. The new garments are of the poorest shoddy. Cotton is so scarce that even dish towels are rationed—usually one dish towel or one washcloth a month to each family.

Machinery, raw materials, textiles—these are the staples of any great exporting nation, the overwhelming bulk of its business. Raw materials, of course, are ruled out of this calculation. Of machinery and textiles Germany is not making a ton for future export—nor has she since the first autumn of the war.

Germany Threatened From Within

HER great minor specialty, dyestuffs, shut up shop long ago—the chemists and expert workmen are badly needed to devise and manufacture poison gases, liquid fire, new explosives. Certain minor industries may be turning out a very little product for piling up. I think of toys as an example. This industry, as the Germans practice it, requires little or no machinery, and the laborers are people unfit for other work, like old women, children and mutilated soldiers. Lambskin gloves kept going for a time; the machinery is special, the operatives are mostly women, and the raw material was not at first needed for the war. Now, however, lambs may not be slaughtered in Germany and the machinery has largely worn out. That industry came to a halt nearly a year ago.

No; if this war ended now with the status quo ante, Germany would begin at a handicap. Her financial situation is so tangled I shall touch only lightly upon that subject. However, the awful burden of internal debt—the bonds held by the prosperous classes, the interest paid in the last analysis by the working class—furnishes a first-class basis for the kind of revolution that will wipe out property values altogether. She will have to refrain from many things she would like to do because of this situation at home.

Passing from the question of finance to the very heart of industry, Germany will have more to do than any competing nation in restoring her machinery, in reshaping it for peace uses; and she has proportionately less man power left. Believe, in these days, no German official figures; least of all those that relate to her losses. I know that she has lost in killed at least two million soldiers. A million more are so mutilated as to make them only half useful. These were the very flower of her industrial class—men whose physical force and technical skill cannot be reproduced for a generation. Among the great nations, only France has lost so great a proportion of her industrial class. And France, maker of fine products that no other nation can duplicate because none other has the same art sense, is aside from direct competition with Germany. England and the United States among great nations, Sweden and Switzerland among small ones, are her direct competitors.

Another handicap of industrial Germany I consider important. For more than two

A Swiss Guard and Two Italian Soldiers at the Boundary Between Switzerland and Italy

years now the whole population has been undernourished. If the blockade beats her it will be through malnutrition, not starvation. A multitude of facts, which come across the border into Switzerland, prove how far this malnutrition has gone. Typhus is breaking out, sporadically but regularly, in such diverse parts of the empire as Saxony, German Poland and East Prussia. Typhus is a filth disease. When it occurs in a cleanly community it has only one occasion for being lowered resistance through malnutrition. Hunger typhus they call that type of the disease in Europe. Dysentery goes by somewhat similar rules, and there is dysentery in all parts of Germany. The tuberculosis rate is rising fast—so fast that many German cities now suppress or fake their regular health statistics.

No one, I think, goes through a long period of malnutrition without having his inner strength impaired for life. In this generation the survivors of the German working class will never again show the same force and power.

If we look at the question from the purely materialistic point of view a draw is a defeat for Germany. Thank heaven, we Americans do not look at it from that point of view! We are not fighting this war for markets; elimination of the German peril in industry is not our objective. We are fighting to win democracy and to kill militarism, not only for ourselves but for the world. And that objective, unhappily, is not yet won.

With their systematic cool-headedness, the leaders of Germany, who regard men as they do ingots, bricks, slabs of wood, are laying their plans for the rehabilitation of their commerce after the war. Of the handicaps I have described, of others concerning which I may be quite ignorant, they are fully aware. Against this they have one trump card, which they are playing now—German teamwork. By means of their magnificent industrial organization they are preparing to fight the industrial world of the Entente when the guns of Armageddon are stilled.

Swiss Soldiers Constructing a Path in the Mountains of Tessin

A swarm of German agents has flown to the neutral countries, where they are toiling, scheming, intriguing, under directions from Berlin. At home the chambers of commerce are working overtime, perfecting their part in the machinery. The heads of the organization are drafting laws and rules which that docile debating club, the Reichstag, will, they expect, approve when the time comes. Among those measures is that daring proposal to buy staple imported raw materials not as a mass of competing individual firms, but as a nation—wholesale purchase instead of retail. To this end, and to other similar ends, new bureaus have sprung into being.

An Unparalleled Campaign of Slander

THE strategy of industrial Germany at this moment considers three main battlegrounds of foreign trade. The first is the Balkans and the near East. Here the German plans and plots with considerable uncertainty. At present the Balkan countries and Asia Minor have low purchasing power; but after a German victory of arms there would follow the Middle-Europe scheme—an alliance or a sphere of influence running from the Austrian border almost to the Indian Ocean, and under German direction.

Given all this, German colonists will be rushed to the new sphere of influence and an enslaved desert will be made to bloom like the cabbage rose. In a generation of Teutonic colonization and domination everything in these lands, except the original inhabitants, would multiply and take on value. Purchasing power would increase enormously. So would it be a most valuable market, almost exclusively German. This fortunately is a dream unlikely of fulfillment; but the forehanded lords of Germany are working on the theory that it may come true.

The second fighting front, and an important one for our consideration, is Spain and South America—the whole Iberian world. I have already described in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the German designs on South America; here I recapitulate briefly. Spain is the undeveloped country of Western Europe. In the next generation, barring the unforeseen, she is fated to progress; her purchasing power will grow enormously. Germany had perceived that before the war and was rapidly acquiring the Spanish market. In doing this she had her eye on the larger field of South America, since all Spanish America looks to the mother country for its cue in fashions and methods.

The war cut off German exports to Spain. Faced with this break in trade relations, the German commercial bodies opened a hot press campaign, whose main object was not so much political—though it seemed so to many heated imaginations in the Entente countries—as commercial. They were trying to keep the commercial asset of good will. At the same time fifty thousand or more Germans, dumped into Spain when the war began, were set to work systematically knocking the American, French and British goods, which had been substituted for German goods—a campaign of slander for which I do not know a parallel. German military and civilian prisoners in the Entente countries, getting from somewhere a mysterious cue, began to occupy their enforced leisure with the study of Spanish.

The Balkan and near-Eastern field, therefore, is speculative; while the Spanish field is a future, and requires much nursing and development before it will yield returns. What Germany will want most at the end of this war is immediate returns to keep her going through the first hard four or five years. The great purchasing power of this world remains where it was before the war—in the Entente nations of Western Europe and in the United States. Here Germany had, before the war, her greatest trade. This will be the third great battlefront of Germany's commercial strategy—for a long time the greatest.

Truth Pierces the Mist of Lies

HERE, however, she faces her great, her special quandary. "Commerce," we said once in our folly, "knows no sentiment." The war has changed that—if it was ever true. Knowing the feelings of France and England, as I think I do, I cannot conceive that the people will, for a long period after the war, buy German goods when others are to be had. When I think on this subject I look into my own soul. Here am I, pro-Ally from the beginning, but trying to be reasonable in the matter even now. To most Frenchmen and Englishmen of my acquaintance I appear, I think, a little lukewarm. You see I have not yet suffered, except in sympathy, through Germany's assault on our world. But I know that, to the end of my days, I cannot see the Made-in-Germany mark without remembering Louvain and the Lusitania, Gerbéviller and the Belgian deportations—the whole lot of cold-blooded outrages. If I feel this, how much more the man whose cousin has been shot as a hostage, whose sister has been violated, whose mother has been wounded in a frightfulness raid, whose brother has died of poison gas!

Now the Germans, who face, weigh and measure a practical fact with utter cold blood, while throwing intellectual poses before a sentiment, understand this feeling thoroughly. Through the mist of lies that German officialdom has thrown about the facts of this war, the German people perceive one truth—the hatred of humanity. The very German peasants peer into the faces of neutral visitors and ask pathetically: "Why does the rest of the world hate us so?" This and the possibility that discriminating tariffs may be levied by a victorious enemy are the great practical questions confronting German trade. Solutions have doubtless been made, weighed and rejected; finally German leadership has hit upon a splendid and subtle policy.

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Peasants From the Northern Part Sent to Southern France by Way of Switzerland

Nursery Where the Children are Bathed and Freshly Dressed by Red Cross Nurses

THE FALSE FACES

A CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF THE LONE WOLF

Following That First Mad Thrill of Contact With It Underfoot, He Was Lifted Swiftly and Irresistibly Into the Air

By Louis Joseph Vance

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

VIII

UPON the authors of that commotion Lanyard wasted no consideration whatever. Let them knock and clamor: he had more urgent work in hand, and knew too well the penalty were he stupid enough to unbolt to them. Their bodies would dam the doorway hopelessly; insistent hands would hinder him; innumerable importunate inquiries would be dinned at him, all immaterial in contrast with this emergency, a catechism one would need an hour to satisfy. And all attempts would be futile to make them understand that, while they plagued him with insistent futile questions, a murderer and spy and thief was making good his escape, being afforded ample opportunity to slough all traces of his recent work and resume unchallenged his place among them.

No; if by any freak of good fortune, any exertion of wit or daring, that one was to be apprehended, it must be within the next few minutes; it could only be through pursuit.

Nor did the adventurer waste time debating the better course. With him, whose ways of life were ceaselessly beset by instant and mortal perils, each with its especial and imperative demand upon his readiness and ingenuity, action must ever press so hard upon the heels of thought as to make the two seem identical.

For that matter the whole transaction had been characterized by almost unbelievable rapidity. And that square opening of the window port was hardly vacant when Lanyard sprang to his feet; the fugitive had barely time to find his own upon the outer deck before Lanyard leaped after him; the first thumps upon the panels of his door were still echoing when he thrust head and shoulders out of the port and began to pump the automatic at a shadow fleeing aft upon that narrow breadth of planking between rail and superstructure.

Then, at the third shot, the automatic jammed upon a discharged shell.

Exasperated, the adventurer cast the weapon from him, shrugged hastily out of his unfastened coat and waistcoat, hitched tight his belt, and clambered through the port.

Dropping to the deck, he turned in time to see the fugitive rounding the superstructure.

As Lanyard gained the after rail of the promenade deck a man standing on the boat deck at the head of the companion ladder greeted him with pistol fire. He dodged back, untouched, behind the shoulder of the superstructure and instantaneously devised a stratagem to cope with this untoward development, since it now appeared the spy had carried a spare clip of cartridges for the weapon he had emptied in Stateroom Twenty-nine.

Overhead, at the side, a life boat hung on its davits, ready for emergency launching; the gap in the rail that it filled when normally swung inboard was spanned only by a length of line. And the darkness in the shadow of the boat was dense—an excellent screen.

Climbing upon the rail, Lanyard grasped the edge of the deck overhead and drew himself up undetected by his quarry, whom he espied still holding the head of the companion ladder, hidden from the bridge by the after deckhouse, standing ready to shoot Lanyard should he attempt to renew the pursuit by that approach.

At the same time Karl seemed mysteriously occupied with some object or objects in whose manipulation he was hampered to a degree by the necessity under which he labored of holding his pistol ready and dividing his attention.

A man of good stature, broad at the shoulders, slender at the hips, he poised himself with athletic grace—the lower part of his face masked by what Lanyard took to be a dark silk handkerchief.

Lanyard heard him cursing in German.

Then a brisk little spray of sparks jetted from the flint and steel of a patent cigar lighter in the hands of the spy. And as Lanyard rose from his knees after ducking beneath the line a stream of fatter sparks spat from the end of a fuse.

The man leaned over the rail and cast a small black object to which the sputtering fuse was attached down to the main deck.

As it struck midway between superstructure and stern it burst into brilliant flame, releasing upon the night an electric-blue glare that must have been visible from any point within the compass of the horizon.

A yell of profane remonstrance saluted the light, and throughout the brief passage that followed Lanyard was conscious that pistols and rifles on the after deck were making him and his antagonist their targets.

Before the German could face about, Lanyard, moving almost noiselessly in his bare feet, had covered more than half the intervening space. In another breath he might have had the fellow at a disadvantage. But the distance was too great. Twice the automatic blazed in his face as he closed in, the bullets clearing narrowly—or else he fancied their deadly cold breath fanned his cheek.

Then the spy's weapon in turn went out of action. Half blinded, Lanyard clipped the man round the body, exerting all his skill and strength to effect a throw.

That effort failed; his onslaught was met with address and ability that all but matched his own. The animal he embraced had muscles like tempered springs and the cunning and fury of a wild beast in a trap. For a moment Lanyard was able to accomplish no more than to smother resistance in a rib-crushing embrace; no sooner did he relax it than his attempts to shift his hold were anticipated and met halfway, forcing him back upon the defensive.

Yet he was given little chance to prove himself the master. The first phase of the struggle was still in contest when the rear door of the smoking room opened and a man stepped out, paused, summed up the situation in a glance and seized Lanyard from behind.

The adventurer felt his arms grasped by hands whose strength seemed little short of superhuman, and wrenched back so violently that his very bones cracked. Fairly lifted from his feet, he was held as helpless as an infant kicking in the arms of its nurse.

Released, the other spy stepped back and swung his left fist viciously to Lanyard's jaw. Something in the brain of the adventurer seemed to let go. His head dropped weakly to one side. The man who had struck him said quietly "Let the fool go, Ed," and, as Lanyard reeled away, followed, striking him repeatedly.

For a giddy moment Lanyard was darkly conscious—as one dreams an evil dream—of blows raining mercilessly about his head and torso, blows that drove him back athwartships toward a fate dark and terrible, a great void of blackness. He felt unutterably weary and was weakened by a sensation of nausea. Beneath him his knees buckled. There fell one final blow, ruthless as the wrath of God.

He was falling backward into nothingness, into an everlasting gulf of night that yawned for him. . . .

As he shot under the guard rope and into space between the edge of the deck and the keel of the life boat, the spy rounded smartly on a heel and darted to the smoking-room door. His confederate was in the act of stepping across the raised threshold. He followed and closed the door. The first officer, charging aft from the bridge, rounded the deckhouse and pulled up with a grunt of surprise to find the deck completely deserted. . . .

The shock of icy immersion reanimated Lanyard.

He felt himself plunging headlong down, down, and down, to inky depths unguessable. The sheer habit of an accustomed swimmer alone bade him hold his breath.

Then came a pause; he was no more descending; for a time of indeterminate duration, an age of anguish, he seemed to float without motion, suspended in frigid purgatory. Against his ribs something hammered like a racing engine. In his ears sounded a vast roaring, the deafening voices of a thousand waterfalls. His head felt swollen and enormous, on the point of bursting.

Without warning expelled from those depths, he shot a full half length out of water and fell back into the milky welter of the Assyrian's wake.

Instinctively he kept afloat with feeble strokes. The cold was bitter, sharp as the teeth of death, but his head was now clear; he was able to appreciate what had befallen him.

Already the Assyrian, forging onward unchecked, had left him well astern, her progress distinctly disclosed by that infernal bluish glare spouting from her after deck.

She seemed absurdly small. Incredulity infected Lanyard's thoughts: nothing so tiny, so insignificant, so make-believe as that silhouette of a ship could conceivably be the great liner Assyrian.

Temporarily a burning pain in his left shoulder drove all other considerations out of mind. The salt water was beginning to smart in the raw superficial wound made by that assassin's bullet—back there in the stateroom—long ago. . . . Then the cold began to bite into his marrow, and he struggled manfully to swim, taking long, slow strokes, at first comparatively powerful, by insensible degrees losing strength.

Just why he took this trouble he did not know; for some dim reason it seemed desirable to live as long as possible. Withal he was aware he could not live. Whether careless or utterly ignorant of his fate, the Assyrian was trudging on and on, leaving him ever farther astern, lost beyond rescue in that weird, bleak waste. Even were an alarm to be given, were she to stop now and put out a boat, it would find him, if it found him at all, too late.

The cold was killing. He felt very sleepy. Drowsily he apprehended the beginning of the end. His senses, growing numb with cold, presently must cease to function altogether. Then he would forget, and nothing would matter any more.

Yet the will to live persisted amazingly. Had Lanyard wished it he could not have ceased to swim, at least to keep afloat. Vaguely he wondered how people ever managed to commit suicide by drowning. It seemed to pass human power to resist that buoyancy which sustained one, to let go, let oneself go down. Impossible to conceive how that was ever done.

Why should he care to go on living? No reading that riddle!

On obscure impulse he gave up swimming, turned upon his back, floated face to the sky, derelict, resigning himself to the cradling arms of the sea. The gradual, slow rocking of the swells soothed his passion like a kindly opiate. The cold no more irked him, but seemed somehow strangely anodynous. Imperturbably he envisaged death, without fear, without welcome. What must be, must.

For all that, life clutched at him with jealous hands. More than ever sleepy, before he slept that last, long sleep he must somehow solve this enigma, learn the reason why life continued so to allure his failing senses.

Athwart the drab texture of consciousness wild fancies played like heat lightning in a still midsummer night. Death's countenance was kind. That wild field of stars, drooping low and lifting away with rhythmic motion, would sometime swiftly dip down to the very sea itself and, swinging back, take with it his soul to that remote bourne. . . .

The deeps were yielding up their mysteries. Past him a huge pale monster swept at furious pace, hissing grimly as it went, like some spectral Nemesis pursuing the Assyrian. Indifferently he speculated concerning the reality of this phenomenon.

The heave of a swell enabled him to glance incuriously after the steamship. She seemed smaller, less genuine than ever, a shadow shape that boasted visibility solely through that unearthly light on her after deck. Even that now had waned to a mere glimmer, the flicker of a candle lost in the immensities of that night-bound world of empty sky and empty ocean—even as he who had been named Michael Lanyard was a lost light, a tiny flame that guttered to its swift extinction.

Why live when one might die and, dying, find endless rest?

Like a blazing thunderbolt one word rent the slumberous web of sentience: *Ekstrom!*

Galvanized by the flood of hatred unpent by the syllables of that name, Lanyard began again to swim, flailing the water with frantic arms as if to win somewhither by the very violence of his efforts.

This the one cogent reason why he must not, could not, die. . . . Unjust to require him to give up life while that one lived; unfair . . . It must not be!

Across the sea rolled a dull, brutish detonation. The swimmer, lifted high on the bosom of a great swell, saw a vast sheet of fire raving heavenward from the Assyrian. It vanished instantly. When his dazzled vision cleared he could see no more of the ship. He imagined a faint, wild rumor of panic voices, conjured up scenes of horror indescribable as that great fabric sank almost instantaneously, as if some gigantic hand had plucked her under.

What had happened? Had the accomplices of the dead Baron von Harden set off an infernal machine aboard the vessel? In the name of reason, why? They had got what they sought, that accursed document, whatever it was, that page torn from the Book of Doom. Then why?

And to what end had they exploded that light bomb on the after deck? To make the Assyrian a glaring target in the night—what else? A target for what?

Of a sudden all rational mental processes were erased from Lanyard's consciousness. A wave of pure fear flooded him, body, mind and soul. He began to struggle like a maniac, fighting the waters that hindered his flight from some hideous thing lifting up from the ocean's ooze to drag him down.

He heard a voice screaming thinly, and knew it was his own.

The impossible was happening to him out there, alone and helpless on the face of the waters. A thing of horror was rising out of the deep to engorge him. He could feel

A Brilliant Glare Settled Suddenly Upon the Deck of the Submarine and Was Welcomed by a Gust of Frightened Oaths

distinctly the slow, irresistible heave of its bulk beneath him. His feet touched and slipped upon its horrible sleek flanks.

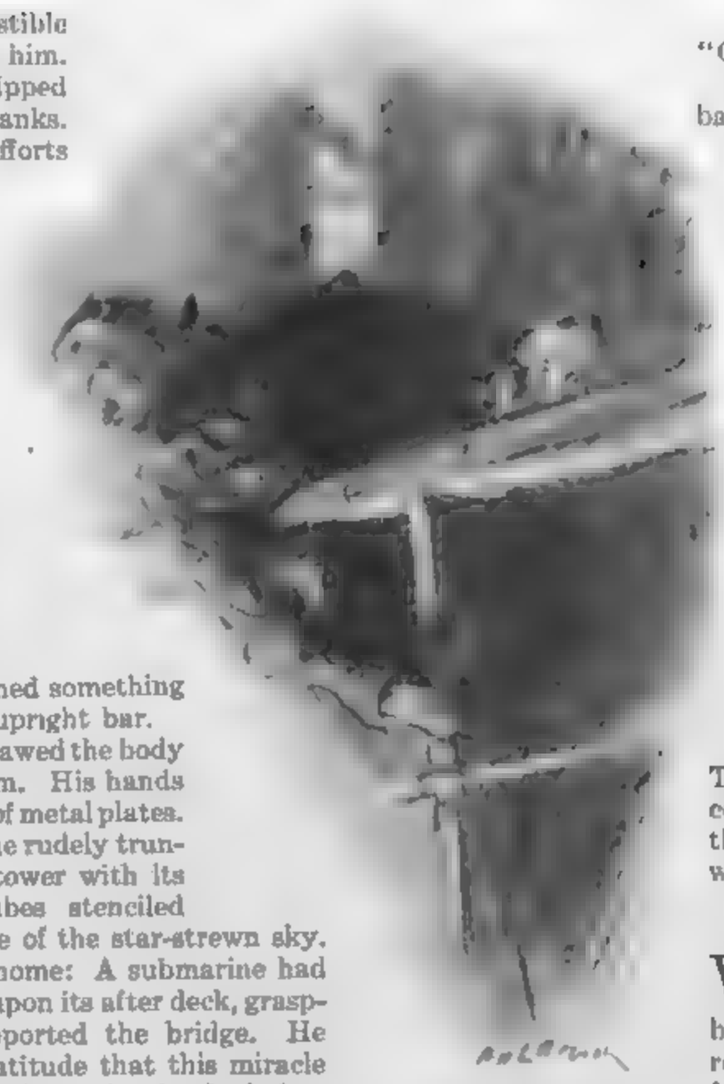
His most desperate efforts were all unavailing. He could not escape. The thing came up too rapidly. Following that first mad thrill of contact with it underfoot, he was lifted swiftly and irresistibly into the air. Almost instantly he was floundering in knee-deep waters that parted, cascading away on either hand. Then, elevated well above the sea, he slid and fell prone upon a slimy wet surface.

His clawing hands clutched something solid and substantial, an upright bar.

Incredulously Lanyard pawed the body of the monster beneath him. His hands passed over a riveted joint of metal plates. Looking up he made out the rudely truncated cone of a conning tower with its antennælike periscope tubes stenciled black upon the soft purple of the star-strewn sky.

Slowly the truth came home: A submarine had risen beneath him; he lay upon its after deck, grasping a stanchion that supported the bridge. He sobbed a little in sheer gratitude that this miracle had been vouchsafed unto him, that he had thus been spared to live on for his hour with Ekstrom.

But when he sought to drag himself up to the bridge he could not; he was too weak and faint. Ceasing to struggle he rested in half stupor, panting.



A Man Leaned Over the Rail and Cast a Small Black Object Down to the Main Deck

With a harsh clang the hatch was thrown back. Rousing, Lanyard saw several figures emerge from the conning tower. Men uncouthly clothed in shapeless, shiny leather garments straddled and stretched upon the bridge, filling their lungs with the sweet air. He tried to call to them, but evoked a mere rattle from his throat.

Two came to the edge of the deck and stood over him, fixing binoculars to their eyes, their voices quite audible.

A pang of despair shot through Lanyard when he heard them conferring together in the German tongue.

Death, then, was but delayed for a little time.

Thereafter he lay in dumb apathy, save that he shivered and his teeth chattered uncontrollably.

Through the torpor that rested like a black cloud upon his senses he caught broken phrases, snatches of sentences:

". . . sinking fast . . . struck square amidships . . . broke her back . . . "

". . . trouble with her boats. There goes one over now . . ."

". . . fools jumping overboard like cattle . . ."

"What's that rocket? Do the swine want us to shell their boats?"

"Why not? They're asking for it!"

One of the officers lowered his glass and barked a series of sharp commands. The crew on deck leaped to attention. One leaned over the conning tower hatch and shouted to his mates below. A hatch forward of the tower opened and a quick-firing gun on a disappearing carriage emerged smoothly and silently from its lair.

The other officer, looking down, started violently.

"What's this?"

The first rejoined him. "Impossible!"

"Impossible or not—a man or a cadaver!"

"Have him up and see."

By order two of the crew came forward and dragged Lanyard up on the deck, holding him up by main strength while the officers examined him.

"At the last gasp, but alive," one announced.

"How the devil did he get out here?"

"Overboard from the Assyrian ——"

"Impossible for any man to swim this far since our torpedo struck!"

"Then he went overboard before it struck—or he was thrown ——"

A cry of alarm from the men grouped about the gun, awaiting final orders to open fire upon the Assyrian's boats, interrupted the conference. The officers swung away in haste. "Hell's fury! What's that searchlight?"

"A Yankee destroyer—in all likelihood the one we dodged yesterday afternoon."

"She'll find us yet if we don't submerge! Forward, there! House that gun! And get below! Quickly!"

During a moment of apparent confusion one of the men sustaining Lanyard caught the attention of an officer.

"What shall we do with this fellow, sir?" he inquired.

"Leave him here to sink or swim as we go down," snapped the officer—"and be damned to him!"

With a supreme effort the adventurer sank his fingers deep into the arms of the two seamen.

"Wait!" he gasped faintly in German. "On the Emperor's service ——"

"What's that?" The officer turned back sharply.

"Imperial secret service," Lanyard faltered—"personal division—Wilhelmstrasse Number Twenty-seven ——"

A brilliant glare settled suddenly upon the deck of the submarine and was welcomed by a gust of frightened oaths. The other officer had already popped through the conning-tower hatch, followed by several of the crew. There remained only those supporting Lanyard, and the officer.

"Take him below!" the latter ordered. "He may be telling the truth. If not ——"

In the distance a gun boomed. A shell shrieked over the submarine and dropped into the sea not a hundred yards to starboard. The men rushed Lanyard toward the conning tower. He tried feebly to help them. In that effort consciousness was altogether blotted out.

IX

WHEN he opened his eyes again he was resting, after a fashion, naked between harsh damp blankets in a narrow low-ceiled bunk inches too short for one of his stature.

After an experimental squirm or two he lay very still; his back and all his limbs were stiff and sore, his bullet-seared shoulder burned intolerably beneath a rudely applied first-aid dressing, and he was breathing heavily, long, laboring inhalations of an atmosphere sickeningly dank, close and foul with unspeakable stenches, for which the fumes of sulphuric acid with a rank reek of petroleum and lubricating oils formed but a modest and retiring background.

Also his head felt very thick and dull. He found it extremely difficult to think, and for some time, indeed, was quite unable to think to any purpose. His very eyes ached in their sockets.

In the ceiling glowed an electric bulb, dimly illuminating a cubicle barely big enough to accommodate the bunk, a dresser and a small desk with a folding seat. The inner wall was a slightly concave surface of steel plates, whose seams oozed moisture. In the opposite wall was a sliding door, open, beyond which was a narrow alleyway floored with metal grating. Everything in sight was enameled with white paint and clammy with the sweat of that fetid air.

Over all an unnatural hush brooded, now and again accentuated by a rumble of distant voices and gusts of vacant laughter, once or twice by a curious popping. For a long time he heard nothing else whatever. The effect was singularly disquieting and did its bit to quicken torpid senses to grasp his plight.

Sluggishly enough Lanyard pieced together fragments of lurid memories, reconstructing the sequence of last night's events scene by scene to the moment of his rescue by the U-boat.

So, it appeared, he was aboard a German submersible, virtually a prisoner, though posing as an agent of the personal intelligence department of the German secret service.

To that inspiration of failing consciousness he owed his life or such of its span as now remained to him, a term whose duration could only be defined by his ability to carry off the imposture pending problematic opportunity to escape. And assuming that this last was ever to be afforded him there was no present possibility of guessing how long it might be deferred.

Its butcher's mission successfully accomplished, the U-boat was not improbably even now en route for Helgoland, beginning a transatlantic cruise of weeks that might never end, save in a nameless grave at the bottom of the four seas.

His Nose Was Thin and Overlong, His Small Black Eyes Set Much Too Close Together

Only the matter of impersonation failed to embarrass in prospect. A natural linguist, Lanyard's three years within the German lines had put a rare finish upon his mastery of German. More than this, he was well versed in the workings of the Prussian spy system. As Dr. Paul Rodiek, Wilhelmstrasse Agent Number Twenty-seven, he was safe as long as he found no acquaintance of that gentleman in the complement of the submarine; for, largely upon information furnished by Lanyard himself, Dr. Rodiek had been secretly apprehended and executed in the Tower the day before Lanyard left London to join the Assyrian.

But the question of the U-boat's present whereabouts and its movements in the immediate future disturbed the adventurer profoundly. He was elaborately incurious about Helgoland; and several weeks' association with the *Boche* in the close quarters of a submarine was a prospect that revolted. Well-nigh any fate were preferable.

Uncertain footsteps sounded in the alleyway, paused at the entrance to his cubicle. He turned his head wearily on the pillow. In the doorway stood a man whose slenderly elegant carriage of a Prussian officer was not disguised even by his shapeless wreck of a naval lieutenant's uniform, a man with a countenance of singularly unpleasant cast, leaving out of all consideration the grease and grime that discolored it. His narrow forehead slanted back just a trace too sharply, his nose was thin and overlong, his mouth thin and cruel beneath its ambitious mustache à la Kaiser; his small black eyes, set much too close together, blazed with unholy exhilaration.

As soon as he spoke Lanyard understood that he was drunk, drunk with more than the champagne of which he boasted.

"Awake, eh?" he greeted Lanyard with a mirthless snarl. "You've slept like the dead man I took you for at first, my friend—a round fourteen hours, my word for it! Feeling better now?"

Lanyard's essays to reply began and ended in a croak for water. The Prussian nodded, disappeared, returned with an aluminum cup of stale cold water mixed with a little brandy.

"Champagne if you like," he offered as Lanyard, painfully propping himself up on an elbow, gulped like an animal from the vessel held to his lips. "We are holding a little celebration, you know."

Lanyard dropped back to the pillow, the question in his eyes.

"Celebrating our success," the Prussian responded. "We got her, and that means much honor and a long furlough to boot when we get home; just as failure would have spelled—I don't like to think what. I shouldn't care to fill the shoes of those poor devils who let the Assyrian escape off Ireland, I can tell you."

Something very much like true fear flickered in his small eyes as he pondered the punishment meted out to those who failed.

Lanyard nodded.

So the U-boat was homeward bound! Strange one noticed no motion of her progress, heard no noise of machinery.

"Where are we?" Lanyard whispered.

"Peacefully asleep on the bottom, about five miles south of Martha's Vineyard, waiting till it is dark enough to slip in to our base."

"Base ——?"

The Prussian hiccuped and giggled. "On the south shore of the Vineyard," he confided with alcoholic glee; "snuggest little haven heart could wish, well to the north of all deep-sea traffic; and the coastwise trade runs still farther north, through Vineyard Sound, other side the island. Not a soul ever comes that way; not a soul suspects. How should they? The admirable charts of the Yankee Coast and Geodetic Survey"—he sneered—"show no break in the south beach of the island, between the ocean and the ponds. But there is one. The sea made the breach during a gale; our people helped with a little trotyl; tides and storms did the rest. Now we can

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The World and Thomas Kelly

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XXX

TOM KELLY'S mother was buried in Mt. Auburn Cemetery on an Indian-summer day with big cumulus clouds floating slowly across an expanse of peerless blue. Tom had lived through the intervening period in a sort of dream—a dream that had had something of delirium in it—for he had caught a severe cold on the train and had been running a high temperature for several days. Just how he had got through these days he did not know. But they held many surprises for him regarding his mother.

At the funeral in St. Agnes', the church was crowded with hundreds of people of every social grade who had respected and loved her and who felt real pity for him now that she was gone. Many wrote him letters of sympathy that showed plainly how little he had really understood or appreciated her. Apparently she had supported, or at least assisted in supporting, dozens of worthy but indigent persons, including widows and aged clergymen, as well as girls and boys trying to secure an education. All this she had done out of an income so attenuated that it could hardly have paid the gas bill of one of Tom's recent friends. He read the letters in bitter contrition of spirit, for these recipients of her charity had evidently valued her far more than had he.

When It Was Over He Closed His Eyes and Gave a Great, Shuddering Sigh of Relief

Yet alone he followed the little coffin up the aisle, and alone he followed it down again, with the words of Saint Paul echoing in his ears and thrilling his heart. He had boasted of being a materialist—was, he still told himself, a materialist. But with the rolling of the organ, the mellow light filtering through the stained-glass windows, the scent of the flowers and the rows of tender faces filling the church, he could not acknowledge that his mother was gone from him forever. Indeed, he felt, curiously, as if she had never been so living before; for he saw her in a new aspect as she really had been, as she always would be to these hundreds of beneficiaries, old and young—a protectress of the poor and of the fatherless, beloved by them all despite her homely limitations of speech and manner.

How trivial these now seemed to him! That spirit of love that had manifested itself in his mother would never die. The little flower-covered shell that was being carried on ahead of him was not his mother, any more than the steel engraving of the Madonna in her room had been the real Madonna. He could tear the picture up or burn it, but her eyes would remain forever looking down upon him, as he knew they were at that moment, in sweet compassion. There was no analogy in the thought, he knew perfectly well; but in a mysterious, sad, yet half-happy way, the idea of immortality and the eyes of the Madonna and his mother were somehow, as he walked with bent head slowly down the aisle, all mixed up together. He didn't feel that his mother was dead at all. He thought of her now as he remembered her as a child: young, with brown hair and smooth cheeks and with such loving eyes—eyes just like those of the Madonna in the picture. Tom no longer felt alone. He felt that his mother was nearer and dearer to him than ever before—would always be so. In spite of himself, he had found her at last.

There was only a handful of people at the grave to witness the laying to rest of the earthly part of the self-effacing woman who had never in her life been the recipient of so much attention as was being accorded to her now. It was a beautiful spot, overhung with willows and surrounded by golden oaks and scarlet and yellow maples. He noticed that there were some women there—some of his mother's relatives, he supposed—but they stood back upon the path and left him at the grave beside the clergyman, who briefly read the interment service.

As the coffin was lowered Tom fully realized for the first time that his mother was actually gone, and he experienced a benumbing sense of his bereavement. He felt an almost uncontrollable desire to throw himself upon the grave and cling passionately to the earth that was about to separate her from him. But his New England heredity restrained him, and tearless, yet with parched throat, he listened quietly until it was over. Well, his dear mother was at rest at last beside the only other man whom she had loved.

Thomas Kelly—his own name. Some day he, too, would be lying in a grassy plot beneath a similar marble stone, marked with these precise words; and perhaps still another Thomas Kelly would be gazing at it! It gave him a strange feeling, as if the Thomas Kelly already there were in reality himself or that, in some part at least, they two were the same person. He stared stupidly at the grave while these and a thousand other thoughts danced in his brain.

Presently he was aware that the clergyman was extending his hand and expressing his sympathy. Tom took the hand and mumbled some perfunctory words of thanks in reply. Then the clergyman moved away, and Tom was alone at his mother's grave. It was time for him to go and leave her, just as he had always been leaving her—only this time he would not find her waiting for him on his return. There would be only a mound of faded grass and a headstone like the others, marked Caroline Maria Kelly. And this thought bred its converse, that now it was not he who was leaving her, but she who was leaving him. He would now suffer as he had made her suffer. Involuntarily he half stretched out his arms toward the grave—then he let them fall and stood motionless.

He stood thus a long time—so long that the few mourners who had been present silently departed, and the grave-diggers moved about uneasily among the neighboring tree trunks. He seemed to see his mother's eyes looking down upon him from somewhere—or were they those of the Madonna? Did every mother—every woman—have eyes like the Madonna's?

"Tom—dear Tom!"

He felt a light touch upon his arm and discovered those same eyes—full of infinite pity—gazing into his own—Evelyn's!

"Poor Tom! Dear Tom!" she whispered. On her own lashes hung tears of sympathy. He sought her hand and held it. After a little while she said softly: "You must come away. I know how hard it is, but you must come away." She moved back a few paces, and he sank on his knees beside the grave for the last time. Then he rose resolutely and crossed to where Evelyn stood with her father, and waved aside the hack that had been waiting.

"May I walk along back with you?" he asked. "There's nobody at home now but Bridget."

He smiled a pathetic smile.

Silently they followed the grass-bordered paths of the cemetery until at length they came out upon Mt. Auburn Street and could see the River Charles winding among the autumnal reds and yellows of the salt marshes. A couple of gulls flickered high in the air, specks of white against the infinite blue, and a cool, fresh breeze drew in from the unseen harbor. Along the road the big elms bent friendly heads, letting fall a scattering tribute to the coming frost. There was a bite in the air—the eager nip of the east wind that Tom had known as a boy, and he filled his aching lungs with it in deep breaths. Countless times had he walked before along that very road.

It seemed incredible that he could have been away—even more incredible than that his mother was dead. Both seemed incredible. Yet he knew that he would not find her on his return to the little house on Newbury Street; and he knew in a way that what now seemed to him like a strange, oppressive, noxious dream had been an actual experience—not in his own existence, but in that of another and different Thomas Kelly, as distinct as the Thomas Kelly lying behind there in the cemetery beside his mother. He felt physically weak and limp; all confidence had gone from him. He was like a child willing to be led, timid, distrustful of its ability to think or do for itself.

The shadows were lengthening as they turned up Ash to Brattle Street. At the corner he bade them good night and with set teeth strode on alone, staring straight ahead of him. His heart was like lead; his mind a gloomy cavern of regrets. So he stalked on through Harvard Square and down Cambridge Street and out upon Harvard Bridge.

One by one the lamps broke out against the brick sky line of the Back Bay. He recalled those countless evenings when as a small boy he had lingered out beyond the time allowed and had returned home to find his mother anxiously awaiting him. There would be no mother waiting for him now. The little home would be empty—save for its crowded memories. There would not even be a light in the window. Must he go back to that silent house? He bit his lips and hurried on. Yes; he must go back. It was but the beginning of his penance.

It was dark when he reached the Beacon Street end of the bridge, and as he walked along he could look through the lighted windows into comfortable reception rooms, libraries or front parlors, where by shaded lamps sat men and women, girls and boys. In some of them he could see the firelight flickering upon the walls. Bitterly he turned away, that he might not see the happiness of those inside. If he had been kinder to his mother perhaps she might have still been waiting for him beside just such a fire! That was the thought that pursued him and crushed his heart.

As he neared the house he could hardly persuade his feet to enter. To open the door would be like entering his

mother's tomb. For a fleeting moment he had a vague idea of taking the midnight train back to New York, but the thought sickened him. He was through with all that, at any rate! He had shaken the dust from his feet. The prodigal had returned, too late, perhaps, but still he had returned to his own—to his inheritance, whatever it was. This was his home—shabby, prosaic, but still his home—where he belonged.

Automatically he followed the curbing round the front grass plot that led to the steps. They seemed to him higher than when he had climbed them as a boy. In the lane of sky between the roofs hung a little crescent moon—the same little moon he used to see when lying in his mother's arms. He did not feel a day older than when he had thus lain there so happily. Poor mother! Then with an effort he gathered himself together. He could read the name Kelly quite plainly by the light of the street lamp. His name—Kelly. That was he—Kelly. This was his house—his place—his earth! "You are now Kelly," the plate seemed to say to him. "Here is where you belong. Here you are exactly what you are and nothing else. No pretense will avail you!"

He pulled the bell, just as his father had done so many thousands of times before him, and heard its faint jangle in the distant recesses of the kitchen. Again he felt that it would be impossible for him to enter that silent, empty house. He would go to a hotel—anywhere—and return in the morning. But the door was almost immediately opened by Bridget.

"There's a gintleman waitin' for ye, Tom," she said expectantly. "He was on the steps whin I come home."

"A gentleman!" repeated Tom, astounded.

"He's from Noo York, he says," the old cook answered. "A frind, he says, and that it will be all right. So I lighted the gas fer him in the parlor!"

There was a strange derby hat lying upon the walnut rack and an unaccustomed silk umbrella in the stand. Tom hurried up the narrow stairs, mechanically avoiding the pie-shaped trap on the landing—which had been the cause of Mrs. Trollop's débâcle—and entered the parlor.

Parradym rose to greet him.

"Oh, Parry!" cried Tom, and then he choked. It was kind of the old boy to come all the way on to Boston.

"I only heard this morning," he explained, taking Tom's hand, "or I should have come before. I thought you might be a bit lonely and that if I could be of any help ——"

Tom perceived that there were tears in the bachelor's eyes. Good old Parradym! How he had misjudged him! Hardly conscious of his act, Tom put both arms round his friend and laid his head on his shoulder.

"Oh, Parry!" he repeated over and over again. "Why did I ever leave her?"

The older man patted him on the head.

"I did the same thing. Every man does. And some day each of us drinks the waters of repentance, just as you are doing now. You're not the only man, Tom, that has neglected somebody who loved you—even if that is small consolation. You'll pay your debt to her to someone else—your debt of honor."

As he made ready for supper it occurred to Tom that only a few people—a dozen or so friends like Allyn—knew the real Parradym. The rest of the world accepted the old fellow for a selfish parasite, not suspecting that that bland, noncommittal exterior concealed a generous, kindly, sympathetic nature. There weren't many men who would do that kind of thing for a friend! How easy it would have been for Parry to send him a telegram and let it go at that. Yet he had not waited, had come on the impulse to stand by a lonely boy to whom he owed nothing and from whom he could expect nothing in return.

In the Kelly dining room, at the old black-walnut table, surrounded by the dying stags upon the walls, Parradym and Tom ate supper together, waited on by faithful Bridget. It was the same sort of supper that Tom had always eaten in that room, and it brought back to him vividly his mother's absence. He had never before sat there without her. Cold meat, baked potatoes, sliced bread, cake, apple sauce and cocoa—even the animal crackers, from the remote corner of the biscuit box, were there on their particular plate.

"Animal crackers!" murmured Parradym. "I haven't had one for twenty years!" And he helped himself to a hippopotamus with as much gratification as was proper under the circumstances.

Before the end of the meal Tom had persuaded Parradym to stay on with him, at least for the present, for the thought of continuing to live there in the house, alone save for Bridget, was intolerable; and accordingly a messenger boy was dispatched to the station for his friend's bags. Then before the sea-coal fire in the library, where Tom had sat every evening at his lessons when a boy, the two smoked and talked. Every corner of the room held some recollection for Tom. There stood the grotesque statuette of Daniel Webster against which, at the age of four, he had fallen and bruised his eye; here was the spot on the table where his father had accidentally burned the green baize cloth with his cigar. There was the old clam-shell ash receiver, with the two black comic figures done in silhouette; here the very mousehole once inhabited by a small rodent addicted to the delectable binding of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

Parradym examined the rows of books—many of them in handsome bindings—with critical interest.

"Your father must have been a bookish man, Tom," he said at length. "I haven't seen as well selected a lot of volumes in some time. I fancy you haven't either. I'm sure old Selby didn't have any weakness for Walter Pater; at any rate he didn't disclose it to me. I wouldn't exchange my own taste for books for anything else in life. I should say you had a pretty fine heritage."

She Looked Exactly as She Had the First Night He Had Seen Her There in His Freshman Year

Tom shook his head dejectedly. "I sold my birthright for a mess of pottage," he answered. "I'm just a rotter. I don't think my mother suspected it though—that's one comfort. But you know it, and I know it—everybody else knows it. And nothing I can do now can ever make up for what I've done!"

Parradym did not laugh or even smile, but laid his hand affectionately on Tom's knee and said:

"I know how you feel. I don't blame you. I shouldn't think half so much of you if you didn't. But you're all wrong, lad! To me you're nothing more than a child—a child who's taken a fall or two in learning to walk—and who hasn't entirely learned how to walk yet. Life's all before you! If only I were twenty-two again! How I envy you! Envy you your sorrows, your disappointments, your failures—as well as your joys, your achievements, your successes. Envy you the love of the girl who will some day help you to pay the debt you owe to your mother and to the rest of mankind—and make you the home I haven't got."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"If you were my age, you young jackanapes, you might have some excuse to grumble, but at yours ——"

"But," expostulated Tom, "do you think any decent girl would marry me if she knew what a cad I'd been?"

Then Parradym smiled.

XXXI

OLD Squire Mason's law office was at the top of a dark and winding flight of stairs in Barristers' Hall. Tom had been there as a child with his father and had dim recollections of bookcases with glass doors lined with green silk, a little bronze paperweight in the shape of a horse, and a very old man with a parchmentlike face behind a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. The morning that he went to Barristers' Hall to ascertain the extent of his mother's estate he found nothing changed in the fifteen years since he had last visited the lawyer's office. Squire Mason was sitting now just where he had been sitting then, his nose buried in a pile of papers.

"Oh—come in!" he wheezed, squinting at Tom. "Tom Kelly? Of course! Sit down! About your mother's will, I assume?"

"Yes, sir," answered Tom, feeling like a very small boy, and hardly daring to sit down, which he finally did in a corner.

Squire Mason removed and wiped his spectacles and then unfolded a foolscap paper that he removed from a pile of similar papers surrounded by a piece of broad green tape.

"Your mother was a very remarkable woman!" he announced suddenly and rather severely. "I never understood how she managed to get along on her income. Under your father's will she had a perfect right to spend the principal of the trust he created for her, but she never would. On the contrary, she not only gave away a great deal but managed to save quite a little sum."

"I hope she had everything she wanted," said Tom in reply.

"Her only thought was for you," answered the old lawyer. "She didn't need much for herself, and she wanted less. All she wished was to keep a home for you and give you a good education. I hope you deserved it."

"I didn't!" Tom confessed. "I didn't appreciate her."

"Um!" remarked Squire Mason, looking sideways at Tom and seeming to take slightly more interest in him, for he added in a kindlier tone: "You could hardly be expected to appreciate fully all the sacrifices she made for you—at your age. I shall not offer her will for probate, for you are her only heir at law and next of kin, and your father's will is of course already a matter of record. She left you everything she had saved—a little over three thousand dollars."

He turned squarely to Tom. "Now, don't make a fool of yourself and throw this money away!" he said gruffly.

Tom let his eyes fall before Squire Mason's searching gaze.

"The money is mine?" he asked hesitatingly. "To do exactly as I want to with?"

"Certainly—of course it is!"

"And you are my lawyer—just as you were hers?" asked Tom.

"Why, yes—I suppose so."

Squire Mason pushed his spectacles up over his forehead and peered curiously at the lad from beneath them.

"Then," announced Tom, "as my lawyer I want you to send a check for three thousand dollars to Joseph Wertheim, of the firm of Wertheim & Wertheim, at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York."

Squire Mason's face grew grim. "Been gambling?"

His jaws closed with a snap. Tom nodded.

"Yes; but not exactly the way you think. It's a debt I think my mother would want me to pay," he said quietly.

During the next few days Tom passed many sad and lonely hours going over the contents of the Newbury Street house, deciding what he should destroy or give away and what he should keep. Parradym, appreciating that this was a task that no one could do for his friend, absented himself on long walks, leaving Tom to perform those duties that took on almost the character of sacred rites. There was his mother's little wooden desk, for instance. For a long time he could not bring himself to touch it, full as he knew it to be of tokens of her care and affection. Yet, at last, one bright morning after Parradym had gone out, he entered his mother's bedroom, and under the eyes of the steel-engraved Madonna unlocked the desk and one by one pulled out the drawers.

His eyes filled with tears of contrition as he discovered in neat little packages every letter that he had ever written to her, beginning with one in his fourth year addressed "Darling Mummer" and signed Tom with a tiny "T" and a very big "m" that trailed off in zigzags down the page. Again and again as he came upon the evidences of her love—the little keepsakes he had given her, his first little pair of white kid shoes, his childish knitting done through a spool, a marble or two—perhaps the very ones his father had picked up the day of his birth—a small rubber doll—he laid his head down upon his arms and gave way utterly to his grief.

When it was accomplished he left the chamber with a new realization of the sacred character of his mother's devotion. He perceived the real depth of her instinctive religious feeling—however illogical and petty some of its outward expressions might have been—the truth of her homely, oft-repeated phrase that she would rather have him good than great. Grimly he told himself that he should never be either, and yet, nevertheless, already felt himself stronger for her unseen influence. As he raised his eyes to those of the Madonna above his head, before crossing the threshold for the last time, he caught sight of the old worsted motto bearing the well-remembered legend of "Look unto me, and be ye saved."

How often as a child, as a boy, and later as a man, he had asked himself what there was to be saved from. Now he knew. His mother's death had taught him the depth of her self-sacrifice, had saved him from the complete consequences of his own selfishness. Again there came to him the thought that had hovered in his brain that feverish morning four years before as he lay in bed after his episode with Peters, that some people were perhaps saved by music, and some by the thought of their mothers, and some by the love of Jesus Christ—and that, after all, perhaps it was all a

part of the same thing. He had been saved, he knew that; and he knew also that it was by her love alone that he had been saved—a love that was nothing less than divine, the love that is the gift of the Madonna to all mothers and is the salvation of men.

XXXII

"THAT was my room!" said Tom, pointing out to Parradym the entry of Gray's Hall, upon the steps of which he had loitered during so many comparatively recent hours. "Those two windows on the left."

A lank youth was sitting upon the cushioned sill, his legs propped against the wall, smoking a long meerschaum pipe. He had a book upon his knees, but his gaze was concentrated upon a couple of very busy gray squirrels that were scampering round the grass under the nearest elm. Tom felt a pang of jealousy at the sight of this other chap who now occupied the room where he had frittered away his time in idle ease.

They had walked out one afternoon from Boston, for Parradym was also a Harvard man and had expressed a desire to revisit the scenes of his youth.

"Wonderful period—college life!" sighed Parradym.

"I wish I thought so," replied Tom sincerely. "I know that I got precious little out of it. First I was sore because I thought I was left out of everything, and didn't have sense enough to know that the reason was because I ought to have been left out. Then I got in by accident, and it went to my head. If I hadn't got in I might have discovered what it was that kept me out and taken pains to change."

Parradym chuckled. "Well, you seem to have found out!" he said good-naturedly.

"At a price!"

"It's a lesson well worth the cost, isn't it?"

Tom uttered an expression of disgust.

"When I think of the opportunities I chucked away ——"

"My dear boy! That's precisely what you came here for, wasn't it? You've learned that they were opportunities! You can't expect to learn everything out of books! Some people say that you can't learn anything out of them. The opportunities are still yours. You haven't even begun to get ready for the battle of life. By the way, what are you going to do, anyhow?"

They had crossed Harvard Street and could see Dane Hall, the building devoted to the Harvard Law School.

"I don't know," answered Tom slowly. "I don't feel as if I were good for anything. I haven't said much about it—but frankly it makes me sick to think of myself!"

"Come, come!" retorted Parradym almost angrily. "That's no way to talk. What do you suppose your mother would want you to be?"

"A lawyer—like my father," admitted Tom.

"Well ——?" hazarded Parradym.

At that moment the tall form of Professor Russell appeared swinging across from Jarvis Field, and as he approached he waved at them.

"Hello!" he called. "We were speaking of you only today. Are you thinking of entering the law school this autumn? If you are, you ought to register!"

Tom presented Parradym, and the three strolled along Harvard Street together.

"Kelly has an idea that he fooled so much at college that he isn't fit to undertake a serious job like studying law," suggested the bachelor.

"Rot!" replied Russell. "There's a curious thing we all notice out here, and that is that once a man enters a professional school he sloughs off all the foolishness that characterized him in college and gets right down to business; in fact the chaps that were the laziest in college often make the hardest grinds afterward—particularly in the law school. Perhaps it's because they're not all worked out before they get there.

"Everybody works. If I had a son I believe I'd send him there just as a piece of mental discipline. I don't know a surer index of ability than to get an A at the law school over there.

"Besides, if a fellow hasn't done his best before perhaps he ought to try and show that he's got the stuff in him after all," added the philosopher.

"Come and see us soon!" said Russell. "I've got a lecture." He nodded and turned down a path, while Tom and Parradym continued on.

"Wonderful face—that fellow has!" remarked Parradym, looking after him.

"If I had only had sense enough to appreciate what he told me in my freshman year I shouldn't have been the fool I have," admitted Tom.

"Don't be too hard on yourself," commented Parradym. "Experience is the best and, generally, the only teacher. You're not so different from other fellows of your age."

The afternoon sun had turned the yellow leaves of the elms about Memorial Hall to glittering gold as they mounted the steps and entered the cool and shadowy transept. On every side Tom could read inscribed in marble the names of the Harvard men who had died for the cause of liberty in 1861. How many times he had hurried by unthinkingly in his early college days! The names had seemed then only a part of the mural decorations of the great refectory. Now they had a deep significance. These men had paid their debt of honor with their youth, had unhesitatingly thrown away their lives to perpetuate the ideals of the college that they loved. Silent, Tom removed his hat, and Parradym did the same.

"For us!" murmured Parradym.

They climbed into the gallery and looked down upon the silent hall with its row upon row of empty tables, deserted save for a solitary scrub woman. Through the great windows poured the autumn sunlight, softening the features of those other Harvard men whose portraits hung upon the walls—uniformed officers of the Revolution and the Civil War, judges in their robes of office, high-stocked dignitaries of an olden time, students, professors, former presidents of the college—sober, stern, solemn, most of them, but worthy sons of a great mother.

"A fine lot," said Parradym. "They believed in something; and they lived up to their belief."

They slowly retraced their steps across the yard past Holworthy Hall, Hollis, Stoughton and Massachusetts; and in the square they separated, Parradym to walk back to Boston and Tom to look for Francis True, whom he had not seen since the spring. He did not know where his friend was now living, but opposite his name in the college catalogue was a near-by address upon Brattle Street with the information that he was studying music in the graduate school.

Tom found the number upon a white gate in front of an old Colonial house withdrawn from the street at the end of a leaf-strewn lawn, and as he approached the half-open door he could hear the sound of a piano. In the plaintive, fluttering notes he recognized Nevin's Autumn, one of Frank's favorite pieces. It was played so wistfully that Tom wondered. Frank had always been gladness personified. The piano stopped and Tom stepped across the threshold.

"O-o-oh, Frank!" he called.

There was a sound of awkward footsteps, and a door opened above.

"Hello! Who is it?" came Frank's voice.

"Me! Tom Kelly!"

Frank gave a cry of delight.

"Come up! Come up!" he shouted. "I'm terribly glad to see you!"

Tom leaped up the stairs and grabbed his friend's hand.

"You've moved, you old sinner!" he said. "I had to look you up in the catalogue!"

"Yes," answered Frank. "I'm taking an advanced course in music. It's what I really care for, you know. I haven't much else."

He smiled faintly.

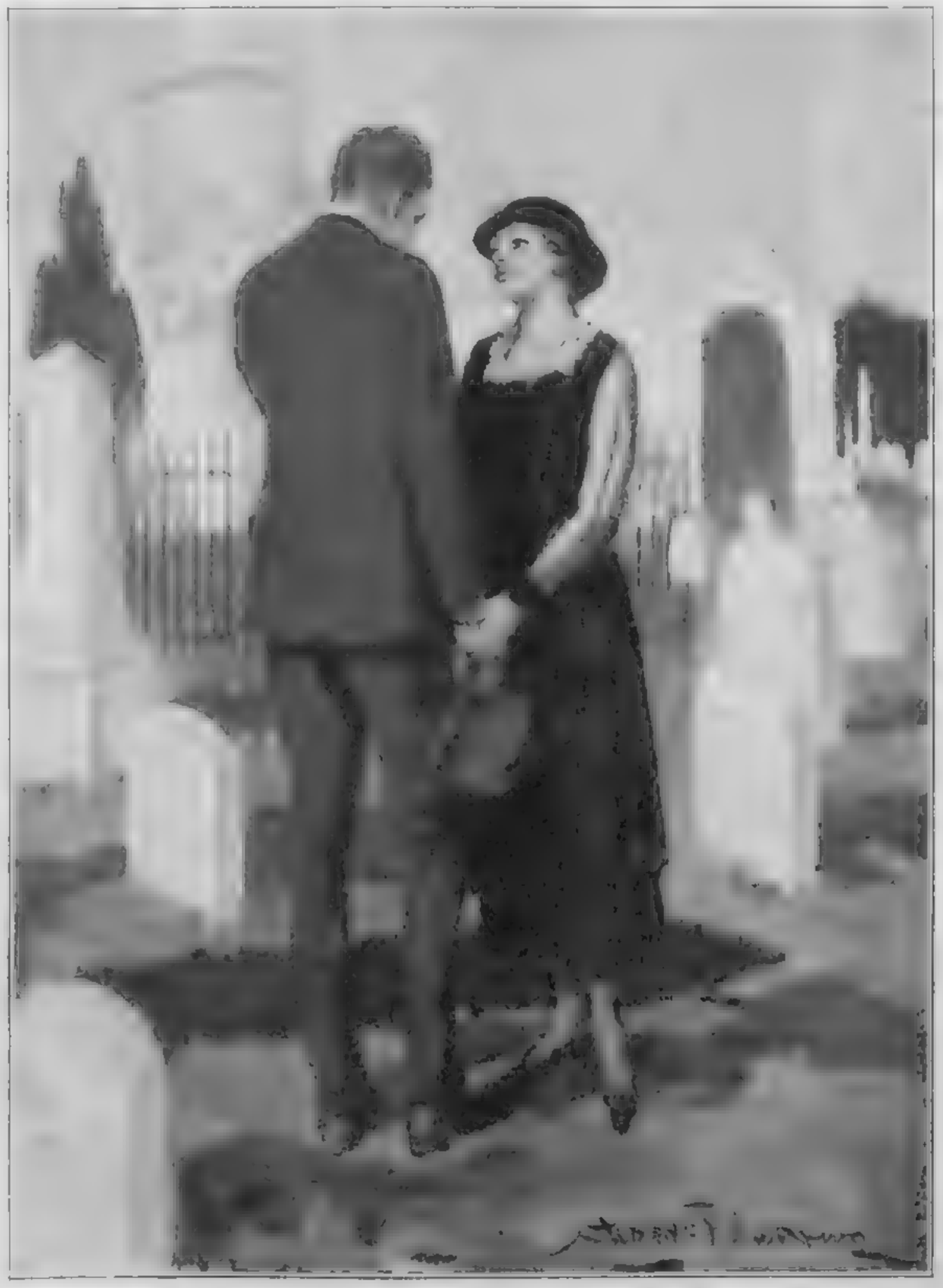
Tom looked at him quickly. The words had been uttered quite unconsciously, were not a bid for sympathy, but for Tom they unexpectedly opened wide the doors of hope, doors that he believed to be tightly locked. He did not, however, immediately follow the lead thus given. He had to adjust himself to this new idea—that Frank had nothing but his music. He had always supposed that Frank would some day marry Evelyn. Certainly she had always shown him the greatest favor. There was no doubt about their friendship, and then that night—Class Day —— There was something he evidently did not understand. By and by he came back to it.

"But, Frank," he said, "aren't you going to marry Evelyn?"

Frank stopped in the act of poking the fire and looked at Tom with a half-surprised expression.

"No," he replied simply. "She doesn't care for me—in that way."

(Continued on Page 55)



"Poor Tom! Dear Tom!" She Whispered

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German Peace Talk

THE ruling powers in Germany earnestly desire peace, not because they are at the end of their military resources, but because they see progressive industrial deterioration. Such evidence as we get indicates that Germany can keep on fighting at the present pitch for a while longer; but the economic wreckage would be appalling, even to a Junker.

The Confederate States showed what fighting to the last man and the last dollar involves industrially. At the end of the war the wreck was almost complete. Yet Southern industry was mostly of the simple agricultural sort

Disintegration of Germany's complex industry has no doubt already gone far. The foreign trade, upon which the empire so largely depended, was cut off at a stroke at the beginning of the war. At the end of three months or six months it could have been resumed with little difficulty; but every month now adds to the difficulties of resuming it. The machinery is disorganized; rivals are intrenching themselves in the markets. Shut down any given plant or shop for a quarter or half year; if the business is vigorous it may be resumed rather easily. The longer it is shut down, the harder resumption is.

The great economic superiority of the Allies counts in a strictly military way; but it counts even more heavily in the way of keeping the industrial plant alive and vigorous for after the war. They can match Germany's military effort without spending the last man and the last dollar, and emerging an industrial wreck.

That view to after the war is what makes the ruling powers of Germany earnestly desire peace. Even with no important change in the military situation, that motive will operate with progressive force until the Kaiser is compelled to offer peace on acceptable terms. Those who are downcast by the absence of decisive military events should remember that, as the situation stands, we are winning. Every important military gain by the Allies will bring an acceptable peace offer that much nearer.

Soldiers' Insurance

THE Government proposes to insure the lives of enlisted men at a premium so small that there is hardly an imaginable case in which any man in any branch of service could not take and pay for a policy.

What the Government will undertake to do beyond making the simple offer we do not know; but insurance under this scheme ought to be urged upon every man in the service. Compulsion is not desirable; but there will be scarcely an enlisted man who is not beholden to somebody within the insurable degree of relationship for whose comfort he can now make provision at so slight a sacrifice that he will scarcely feel it.

The intention of the bill under which the Government will write insurance—besides assuring benefits to families and compensation for bodily injuries—is to supplant the logrolling, vote-catching pension system. We have not the slightest doubt that an overwhelming majority of enlisted men prefer this scientific, forthright, businesslike scheme to the political pension scheme. Incidentally they can give a sign of their preference by availing themselves of the insurance feature.

We are hoping to see the insurance taken by nearly every enlisted man.

City Government

FOUR years ago our largest municipality chose for mayor a young man who had served an apprenticeship in managing city affairs and demonstrated a marked ability in that field.

That was a refreshing novelty. Among big American cities the rule has been to select for mayor somebody who knows nothing in particular about the immensely important duties he is to undertake—and who usually proves so unsatisfactory at them that after a single term he is cordially ousted in favor of some other unknown quantity.

New York's experiment of putting at the head of affairs a man who had proved his capacity to handle them turned out very fortunately. Mayor Mitchel gave the city the best administration it has had in many a year. With the added value of four years' experience as chief executive, he was obviously better fitted for the position than ever.

When his renomination was proposed, only a minor fraction of the Republican voters of the city were sufficiently interested in the matter to take the trouble of stepping round the corner and marking a ballot for him.

We have no doubt that a decided majority of Republicans—as well as many Democrats—preferred that the city should be directed by the man of tried and proved ability rather than by the virtually unknown quantity set up in opposition to him. But that preference was not sufficiently keen to send them a hundred yards out of their beaten path on a given morning, and the mayor was defeated by a handful of votes.

Then there was a quite convulsive awakening, with large and enthusiastic public demonstrations to induce the mayor to run as an independent—but if he and a Republican nominee have to divide the non-Tammany vote between them it seems painfully probable that the Tammany nominee will win.

The basic fact about big-city government is that only a minor fraction of the people care enough about it to vote twice in the same year. Until they do care at least that much, reform will be in a precarious state. For further illustration of the effects of indifference one might point just now to Chicago and Philadelphia.

Goodwill as Capital

NO DOUBT it will take experts, lawyers and courts considerably longer to find out what certain provisions of the new war revenue law mean, or exactly how they apply, than it took Congress to enact the law.

The obvious intention was to tax, at rates running from twenty to sixty per cent, all profits above nine per cent upon the actual tangible capital invested. But for a great many businesses—and this applies especially to comparatively small concerns—the actual money invested is less important than the investment of exceptional skill and ability, as evidenced by what is commonly called goodwill, or by inventions covered by patent rights or trade-marks.

Congress recognized the solid value of such investment by providing that, where a partnership or corporation has purchased goodwill, trade-marks, and so on, the price it actually paid therefor may be included in its capital investment; or, if it bought goodwill, and like intangible assets, by issuing shares of its capital stock therefor—not to exceed one-fifth of the total number of its shares—it may count that as an actual investment. Thus, apparently, goodwill is recognized as a legitimate source of profit in the hands of a man who has bought it for cash from its creator; but not in the hands of its creator.

There is not any question that the imponderable assets of business, as a whole, are more valuable than its ponderable assets. That is often exemplified. The Chicago fire, for example, wiped out most of the ponderable assets of the business of a whole city—save for a meager salvage of insurance. The ability that had created it in the first place speedily recreated it. It is exactly with those elements in business which Congress scarcely recognizes that the whole future of business lies.

The basis of the bill is wrong. We predict that after some experience of its working Congress will go back to the Senate's original and right plan of taxing war profits.

War Fakes

WAR gives the congenital liar an extraordinary opportunity. Newspapers and newsgathering associations receive grotesque tips of happenings that would be sensational in the superlative degree if they really happened.

The newspaper man is able to spot the fake at sight; or if there is any uncertainty the network of press wires will bring a trustworthy report from the scene of the alleged event within a few hours. Hearing that fifty men were killed in a riot at such and such a training camp last week, he knows it is not so, for a score of reporters are covering that camp day and night. Confidentially advised that such and such a well-known officer committed suicide last Tuesday because documents that showed him to be a German spy were found in his trunk, he sends a query and learns that the officer in question was tranquilly consuming corned beef fifteen minutes ago. But a great many credulous people, who do not understand the conditions of news gathering, have a grossly exaggerated idea of the extent to which domestic news is censored, and swallow inventions whose falsity would be apparent to their simple horse sense if they would exercise that faculty.

Sometimes there is a disloyal intention behind the fake. Usually it is only a naïve outcropping from that root impulse which makes novelists and dramatists. Every smoking car will contain at least one crude artist of the romantic school for whom an emotional reaction on the part of the audience is more important than truth.

When there is hardly a household but has some interest in some young man under arms, these orally circulated war lies must cause considerable distress. Remember that, as to any sensational allegation you get orally, but have not seen in print, there is barely one chance in a thousand of its being true.

A Comparison

FOR war purposes the Government limits business gains in two ways—first, by fixing prices at which commodities shall be sold and services rendered; second, by taxing the profits. Put this proposition to any business man: "Which would you consider the more important, fixing your prices or taxing your profits?"

He would certainly answer: "Fixing my prices; for unless the prices are tolerable I shall have no profits to tax. A wrong price would put me out of business entirely; whereas if my business yields a profit it can live, even though the Government takes a large percentage."

The less important function was performed by Congress. It took five months of pretty continuous exertion, with tremendous friction all along the line. Only with the greatest difficulty could the two Houses be brought to agree among themselves or with each other. At the very last, after five months' effort, it was reported two or three times that the conferees were deadlocked and the Houses might have to take up the whole job again. The net result of this great expenditure of time and energy is a compromise, which in detail pleases hardly anybody, and which leaves a good deal of ill feeling.

The more important function of fixing prices was handed over to the Executive. A comparatively few men, who knew what they were about, gathered at a table in a thoroughly businesslike frame of mind, examined the evidence, heard significant witnesses, threshed the matter out, and quite promptly fixed prices for wheat, coal, iron, steel, copper, and other commodities. Naturally there was some grumbling; but the prices so fixed were accepted with general satisfaction. Still, there are simple souls who view with alarm the general tendency of the executive branch of Government to gain power at the expense of the legislative branch. As a broad proposition, such a gain is necessary if the Government is to do business at all.

Involuntary Deserters

THE sailorman gets a leave that expires at a certain hour. He meets with misfortune—generally in the shape of deleterious company. At the appointed hour he is penniless and cannot get back to his ship. Thereupon he becomes a deserter. Any policeman or other civil authority who apprehends him will get a reward of fifty dollars. The deserter will be tried by court-martial and almost invariably sentenced to penal servitude for several years. In one month eighty deserters were tried by court-martial, and all were convicted.

Officers with extensive experience of the service believe that in a great many cases convicted deserters had no intention of deserting. They found themselves stranded; there was no one to whom they could apply for transportation back to their station; fearing punishment, they then sought to keep out of sight; but the stigma and penalty of desertion would have been avoided if any person or body had stood ready, upon investigation, to supply transportation back to the station.

Of course this applies to soldiers also. Courts-martial are not lenient, and they should not be. War and Navy Departments are naturally and properly indisposed to smooth the path for deserters. But they would probably welcome an intelligent volunteer effort to befriend enlisted men, absent on leave and stranded, who really want to get back to their stations and keep an honorable record. There is no doubt that the fear of returning overdue has made many deserters. With a million and a half enlisted men, and with the penalty for desertion as severe as that for burglary—to say nothing of the harm to the service that desertions involve—an intelligent volunteer effort to prevent desertions by furnishing stranded men with transportation is well worth while.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Elsie Janis

ACCORDING to Miss Janis her first steps toward her present successful career were taken in the nursery, where she spent many happy hours amusing herself by imitating her French governess and her parrot. Whether her early audiences proved appreciative ones has not been recorded.

To-day she is still amusing herself imitating people and things, and the world laughs with her.

Between laughs she has found time to write more than one hundred poems—some good, some bad, she says—and three books.

Otis W. Caldwell

THE Lincoln School, in New York, has decreed that our old friends, the classical languages, shall have no direct representation on its curriculum, while history, civics, science and industrial and domestic arts are finally to come into their own. This school was established by the General Education Board under the auspices of the Teachers' College for the purpose of working out by careful experimentation a course of study adapted to modern conditions. There is no doubt that our system of education has failed to keep pace with our increasing ideals of what our education ought to do, but it looks very much as though the Lincoln School, under the direction of Doctor Caldwell, were going to help bridge the gap.

Cameron Mackenzie

MR. MACKENZIE desires us to assure our readers that the unhappy expression below is not habitual. He has moments of positive gayety, such as, for example, when it comes over him that, unlike all ministers and servant girls and most contributors to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, he has never written a play. The difficulty when this snapshot was taken was that just before the camera clicked he began to wonder how the life story of a man who has been a reporter, a theatrical press agent, a gold prospector, a surveyor, a school-teacher, a news-photograph peddler, a lawyer—for about twelve days and six hours—a telegraph editor, a publisher, a magazine editor, and now at the age of thirty-four cherishes fond hopes of becoming some day a writer—how so stupendous a record could possibly be compressed, even by the most unappreciative pen, into any such grudging, pusillanimous limits as the prescribed space of two hundred words.

James G. Harbord

BELOW is shown a snapshot of one of General Pershing's friends, who is now his chief of staff. A graduate of Kansas Agricultural College, he started life as a farmer, but did not long remain one. In 1889 he enlisted, and his present position is sufficient proof of his success in the army.

Henry Milner Rideout

HENRY RIDEOUT, who is here exhibited as looking down on a well-hidden village in the Maritime Alps, is a native of Maine. His father and mother

(Concluded on Page 82)

ZANOZA

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

"Zanoza," She Whispered, "You Love the Baby, Don't You, Sweetheart?"

RADYIKK OLNOVSK unslung the long, slim horn that hung beneath the armpit of his thick hunting tunic and lifted it toward his lips. From what his experienced ears told him of the excited baying of the *guanchi*, deep in the forest back of him, he would need the help of that thick-headed Mastov Borloff, and of the great White Falcon, and of the smaller but more terrible Tersai, and of Zanoza, the sweet-hearted little bitch. Also, the Master would, of course, be with his favorite trio; and old friend knout would see to it that some kennel huntsman slept on his stomach for many a night, if the Master should miss the wild joy of coursing on this perfect morning. So Radyikk Olnovsk awkwardly pushed aside his mustache and beard with a mittened hand, and tucked his thick lips into the mouthpiece of the narrow, silver arc.

The belling of the trail hounds rose. Back where the snow had been held up from the ground by the interlacing boughs overhead the short-legged *guanchi* sped along, nose to the ground, filling the awesome gloom of the vast tree-columned, snow-arched forest corridor with savage, dolorous, beautiful music.

And far ahead of them, huge, dim gray shapes slunk out of sheltering lairs and started loping easily, far ahead of the pack, toward the forest edges and the open.

Thus it went always. Yet the injustice of it never soured the big hearts of the scent hunters. Each time that the pack of them was unleashed on one side of the Master's wide, dark preserve, they would start fearlessly into the dim aisles, following the quarry through the miles that finally led out on the other side of the wood, into the deep snow of the open; from which point the good old *guanchi* would flounder sturdily and hopelessly in the trail and come at last to a trampled, snow-tossed space, blood-spattered, where the long-limbed borzoi had run down the scent hound's rightful victim. But then what mattered it? Theirs was the plodder's task—performed as nobly, if not so spectacularly, as was the borzoi's. What one of these long-legged sight hunters, anyway, could have ever found a wolf in his dark forest lair? There was a task for a nose! And the good Master knew it; and was prodigal of fine, gruff words of praise and of hearty hand slaps when they came plowing and panting through the snow up to the place of the kill; and denied not even the greenest puppy, running novice with the pack, the privilege of sniffing with nose up tight against the still warm fur—that strong, soul-satisfying scent, which is the natural perfume of the domestic dog triple extracted, the infinitesimal trace of which on days-old footprints had started the glorious chase.

But now the pony of Radyikk Olnovsk started to stamp the snow; and the three borzoi strained and tugged at the leash in Radyikk's hand. For the long, sad song of the *guanchi* was ringing not a verst back in the cover. Suddenly snow scattered from the bushes at the edge of the wood not fifty *sagenes* away. The rough-coated pony's forelock tossed. Rasboi, Kantovla and the little girl Saiga stretched rawhide until it was with difficulty that the kennel man kept his saddle. *Ai*, now! Would that thick-skulled Mastov Borloff—who, by what witchery no one knew, had come into charge of the wolf team that had won the Golden Trumpet at the great field trials at Valdoksiva—would he never come dashing round that forest angle, past which he and the Master had gone on to the next station a half hour ago? Shall a man blow his very lungs out through the bell of the silver horn and still that blockhead not give heed?

The light breeze that swept the steppe was toward Radyikk and his hounds; and it must have brought over the snow, from beyond that woody projection, a strong suspicion of an approaching menace. For one huge, tan-gray shape stole out from under the snow-covered bush, and another followed, and a third—and a fourth, even, came into view, before the first one of that quartet of sharp, inquiring noses turned to sniff into the lee and discerned the danger there.

Too close now was the baying back in the trees to seek again the cover that wolfish instinct knew would let them elude those three long, straining hounds that hunted by sight alone. Better to trust to a speed that had never before been matched. And the four gaunt beasts broke into the loping gallop that had run down every ill-fated creature that had ever crossed their famished way.

But now a mellow death knell blew its bell note out of a golden hunting horn after the fleeting brutes, and, rocking in his high Cossack saddle, the Master came scudding round the bend of the projecting angle of the forest with a speed that whipped out straight the gay black-and-yellow streamers from the bottom of his lance's head. And suddenly out ahead of him a black, flat shadow sped. Almost invisible in the morning sun against the snow was the white hound that cast it. Upon which, all courtesy due the Master having been observed, Radyikk cast loose his triple leash.

Now soared again that ancient Muscovite glee at hounding to the death those enemies that have been taking toll from cattle and horse and man since the first winter came down on the steppes. More feared and hated by mankind than any other wild beast is the wolf. Cowardly and brave, slinking and bold, merciless, evil, strong, terrible and wise, man has woven about his breed a legendry that is sinister and wonderful, and as ancient and universal as the legend of the Deluge; so that one studying it comes at last almost to believe that there must be some basis for it.

And so vindictive rapture surged in the heart of Radyikk Olnovsk when Rasboi, the big brigand, struck the hindmost wolf with his shoulder and rolled him in the snow. Like light the wolf regained his feet and started on; but now the brigand leaped at his left side, just safe beyond the teeth that clicked at him over the lurching gray shoulder; and so they ran until suddenly the swift Kantovla, by a rare burst of speed, came up to the harried beast, along his right flank, and knocked him down again and got away without a scratch. So when the wolf had whirled the deadly circle of his fangs about the center where his rump was seated in the snow and then started off again, he found a great dog running on either side of him. He flashed his fangs to right and left, but the wolfhounds simply leaped along beside him at a safe distance, too perfectly trained to attempt more than the worrying of him yet. And, at last, just as the hunted beast had settled again to his best stride, his white, snapping teeth protecting him on either side, the little girl, Saiga, mild-eyed as the doe from which she got her name, threw herself against his rump.

The doomed wolf never stood on his four paws again. Rasboi, the dashing big brigand, snapped his long jaw shut on the back of the thick-furred neck. Kantovla closed his fangs through the sinews of a foreleg. And the little girl, caring not a cleaned-off bone for the dignity of things, so long as she kept clear of the desperate, cutting fangs, fastened herself complacently at the root of the bushy tail. And the snow still sprayed and leaped like white water in a rapid when Radyikk Olnovsk came galloping up and stood, lance ready, waiting for the chance to thrust.

Thus ran the wonderful team from Radyikk Olnovsk's leash and thus pulled down their wolf gloriously. And thus sat Radyikk Olnovsk on his thick-coated Turkoman pony, breathing broad-chested breaths of the fine, frosty morning air, as he waited with his slim lance poised, gloating over one more squirming member of the accursed race that had stolen the infant son of ruddy Berthe Nicklocheva out of his very village and left her raving till her death, while they had dragged the baby to the forest and there, instead of mercifully devouring him, had suckled him on the milk of hell.

But not thus hunted the champion wolf team of all Russia. One wolf to the standard trio of two dogs and a bitch—that was perfect coursing. But three wolves now raced away into the steppe ahead of the Master's team—and those who win Golden Trumpets in this world are those who take methods approved as perfect by the years, and make of them merely the tools of genius to evolve better things.

Krilatka, the White Falcon, wisest and grandest borzoi of all Russia, stretching his mighty legs over a perfect

(Continued on Page 30)

The gateway of health

When you eat a hearty dinner how much of the food-value "gets by"?

Digestion is the gateway of the system. You may eat food containing a large proportion of useful elements, yet obtain very little good out of it; because it isn't properly digested. The very elements you most need do not get by the "gateway". Right here is the importance of good soup eaten every day, and the particular value of

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It not only contains a large proportion of nutritious elements, but they are in a form that is easily digested. And they distinctly promote the digestion of other food.

The tonic properties of the fresh ripe tomato—so perfectly retained in this tempting soup—stimulate the production of the gastric juice and, when this is deficient, they even take its place to some degree. They render the pepsin of the stomach more active and efficient and thus enable it to do its work of digesting the necessary proteid elements.

According to the old saying "a man is what he eats." But modern science goes it one better, and declares that a man is what he digests.

When you feel that you are not getting all that is rightly coming to you out of your regular meals, try *Campbell's Tomato Soup* as a starter either for dinner or luncheon. Particularly eat it at your evening meal or any time when you are tired or "out of sorts".

Many hearty eaters find that by doing this they can cut out some of the heavier dishes and feel all the better for it. *They eat less but get more nourishment.*

By the dozen or the case is the right way to order this wholesome soup. Then you always have it when you want it.

21 kinds

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 28)

coursing snow, just a trifle too deep for swiftest wolf speed, caught up soon to the hindmost of the three remaining brutes. The click of teeth, a thud of bone, a whirl of snow spray! It was as simple as that to Krilatka; and the great hound, instead of staying with the fallen wolf till Tersai, the hot-headed Tearer-to-Pieces, came to his aid, leaped on ahead after the second wolf, and soon had him also tumbling paws over head; nor stopped with him, but kept right on, without the loss of a stride, until he was running just behind the big, wild leader.

Tersai, the Tearer-to-Pieces, who had not quite the speed of the White Falcon, came upon the third wolf just as he was scrambling to his feet, and upon the second in like manner, and, having knocked down both of them sprawling and snarling with a blow of his galloping shoulder, he likewise left them back of him for Zanoza and the Master to deal with, and went on ahead to help Krilatka hold the last gray devil till Mastov Borloff should come galloping up. Thus the noblest wolfing team in Russia started their bold attempt to do a thing that had been thought impossible up to that day. Despite the fine courage of the borzoi, they are not trained to try to kill, but to delay and harry the game till the arrival of the huntsman; and so are schooled to work in teams of three. Thus no one of them must close with the wolf at the end of the chase. Doubtful would be the issue for any one of the family of the Canidæ that might try conclusions single-handed with the wild progenitor of the race. Therefore, the borzoi is taught to make speed his weapon of offense, courage his shield.

But the Golden Trumpet team of Baron Ladislaus Michaelovitch, of Astronov, worked not by rules—three to a wolf—that day; thus to allow two of that hell breed to make their escape out on the wide stretches of the steppe. On every hunt that wonderful, championship team was wont to meet each new coursing situation with a new solution; and so, because they hunted with brain as well as with eye and leg and heart, they were the pride of Russia.

Krilatka, the White Falcon, had been known to disappear beyond the far white horizon leaping beside a giant wolf, and to bring him back in a vast circle, into the vision of his team mates again, at the end of a half a day, veering his prey ever to left and to left and to left, bumping cautiously, annoyingly and endlessly against his right shoulder. What stands, what angry desperate whirls avoided, what fencing, what bursts of terrible speed the silent white wastes witnessed while the great hound was running fearlessly, alone, on the outside circumference of that wide, lonely, perilous circle, no one could ever know. But after many long hours the two leaping figures would reappear on the sky line; and once in the sight of the waiting team mates, to whom the scent trail he left behind meant nothing, the long chase was as good as done.

Tersai, the Tearer-to-Pieces, had won his name from a berserk hatred of the wolf breed, which raged so mightily in him that no trainer's lash had ever been able to subdue it. Through all his puppyhood, and a year beyond, he had been made to run in muzzle, in order to teach him that it was the huntsman's work to kill.

And Zanoza, the Sweetheart, added to the White Falcon's incredibly keen eye and matchless power of flight and one hundred and twenty-five pounds of cool-headed courage, and to the terrible Tersai's brilliant and savage valor, an adroit shiftiness that made her a very marvel in the mad whirl of the kill; and brought up the sum of the qualities of her team to the total which made these three long hounds the joy of coursing Russia.

But where was the little Zanoza now? What was the matter with the little Sweetheart? questioned the wise brain in Krilatka's long and beautiful skull. All was not well!

Long before the Master's pony had come up to the hindmost of the wolves, that brute, left unmolested by each of the two hounds that had knocked him over, and untouched by the swift bitch that should have struck him again as he regained his feet the second time, loosened his strong legs and started out, wolf fashion, to seek the safety of numbers and to add his strength to the strength of the little pack. The Master had made a terrible mistake of judgment. If, indeed, Zanoza's condition was such that she should not join the chase, she should have been left at home to take her daily exercise beside some peacefully trotting groom. Not that Krilatka and the Tearer could not run down any wolf that ever stole a sheep—not that—but because the Master did not realize how really great a team of hounds he had, nor what they would attempt. And so the leash that held the trembling Sweetheart almost disastrously wrecked the instinctive team play of the three. Sure that she was to go out with them, the two other dogs had set out to treble the record of any coursing team in all Russia's wide extent. But as the last wolf had escaped the Master's spear, so now the second did likewise, and springing unmolested to his feet, joined his companion and soon left the Master far in the rear.

Krilatka the wise heard behind him, after a time, the swish of snow. Suspicious, he left the pursuit to the hot-headed Tersai, and dropped a little to the rear, and took a glance back over his shoulder. Most assuredly all was not well. No Zanoza in sight—no Master—no kennel man, but scarcely half a hundred leaps behind, two lolling tongues, two sets of hungry, long, white teeth!

Here then was matter for thought; and leaping behind the headlong, eager, bloodthirsty Tersai, Krilatka, wisest of all borzoi, menaced close behind by onrushing, ignoble death, coolly planned his shrewd campaign.

Tersai at first would not hear of it. Better to turn at once and let a glorious battle decide the issue. None should ever say of him, Tersai, the Tearer-to-Pieces, that he had ever fled a wolf—or two—or even three of that accursed breed! But at last the counsel of the cool and wise prevailed, and the leaping wolf was suddenly astonished to see his two pursuers jump out ahead of him.

So now began the great White Falcon's masterpiece of coursing, a hunt which will be the kennel talk of Russia for a hundred years to come. Now started the great circle. Side by side the two magnificent hounds leaped out into the desolate steppe, away from the protection of horses and dogs and men, with a speed which told the wolves at once that nothing could run down that game but the endlessness of lupine endurance. And so, with the chase reversed, and the desire for vengeance stronger than the urge of hunger in their hearts, the three wild animals ceased their frenzied bursts of fleeing speed and settled down to the easy lope that had never failed, in the end, to wear down every creature that their rapacious stomachs had ever marked.

All through the morning the wolfhounds ran with never a slackening of speed; and the flat steppe spread away in front of them in endless whiteness. To travel on anything but a straight line meant that the pursuers ran on the chord of the curve and so a shorter distance. Besides, the wolves must never suspect that they were running on anything but a straight line. So for the latter reason, as well as from the necessity of having the difference between arcs and chords as small as possible, the circle had to be enormous; and the White Falcon set his course and his great heart accordingly.

Noon passed and the cold of evening came on, and still the two grand borzoi stretched their long legs in speed that was only equaled by the tenacity of their pursuers.

The moon rose, and the Master's pony, hardly able to walk from fatigue, came staggering in on the long back

(Continued on Page 33)

So Came to a Glorious End the Making of the Astronesia Record, Which Stands Unbeaten to This Day

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LIBERTY SIX

G O O D N E S S

Goodness is everything.

Nothing else is worth a flake of fool's gold.

Applied to a man, or the thing he makes, the law is the same.

Applied, in particular, to the thing he makes, it is an iron law.

Goodness builds a business base of solid stone.

Goodness re-sells and perpetuates itself.

Goodness breaks down resistance.

Goodness does not need to argue. It is accepted.

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Goodness makes even mediocre salesmanship effective.

It renders skilled salesmanship invincible.

Goodness does not wait in the anteroom.

It opens doors, and walks straight into the inner sanctum.

Goodness adds weight to every advertising word that is printed about it.

It makes more effective every effort expended in its behalf.

Goodness dignifies all who play a part in it.

It makes good mechanics, better mechanics.

It makes good manufacturers, better manufacturers.

And it makes better men of both of them.

Should they cease to be worthy, they will pay the penalty.

A business not built on goodness must be periodically built over.

Goodness renews itself—the other has to be renewed.

When goodness is lacking, a business must enlist new expedients and new explanations—it must exert excess energy to overcome its own inertia.

Goodness conserves energy—lack of goodness wastes it.

Goodness is economic—the lack of it extravagant.

Profits may result either way.

But the profits made by goodness endure.

They are coined out of the pleasant and approving thoughts of the consumer.

They replenish themselves, and stay sweet.

The other profits are filched from the unwary and the unwatchful.

They carry bitterness in their train.

Profits made out of goodness are the reward of duty well done.

The others are an advantage taken of the public.

Goodness is true gold.

The other is fool's gold.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

LIBERTY SIX

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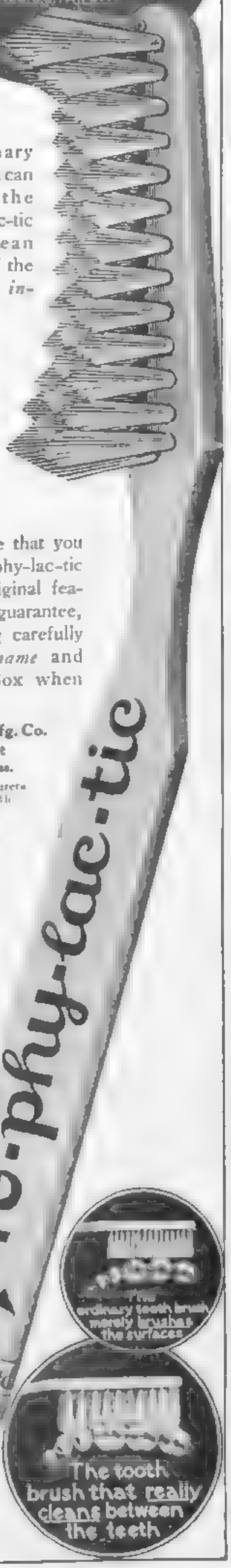

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The tooth brush that really cleans between the teeth

(Continued from Page 30)

trail that led to the forest edge where Mastov and Radyikk, beating their mittened hands against their sides, walked their ponies briskly up and down to keep them and the hounds from perishing of cold. The Master's head hung low. Moisture was frozen upon his beard at a point too high to have come from his breathing.

"We should have died before the sun came up," he said simply, and then started to lead the hunt toward home.

"Master," said Mastov Borloff, "see the Sweetheart."

The beautiful hound was spread out flat on her belly on the snow, the leash from her to the advancing pony stretched taut.

Baron Ladislaus Michaelovitch, of Astronov, one time had started to Siberia with a thousand offenders and with certain orders, the seal of which was not to be broken until he had reached the border town of Bolotova. At Bolotova he had broken the seal and, after reading the orders, had watched them shrivel to a black cinder with a very dreadful expression on his face.

But, nevertheless, two months later, at Gorgievsk, he sent a message to St. Petersburg which said that he had managed to get the guard through safely so far without the loss of a man, but, he regretted to say, every one of the prisoners had succumbed to the rigors of the march. But now the voice of Ladislaus Michaelovitch came trembling pitifully out of his beard.

"There is no warmth in the moon, Mastov, my infant," he said, "and before the night should pass many dead *guanchi* and men would lie quiet in the snow."

So the cavalcade started again; but Zanoza's body merely dragged a pathway through the snow.

"Put her across the horse!" said the Master.

Mastov Borloff dismounted. For the first time in her life Zanoza lifted her lips as a human hand reached down to her.

"I will stay with her, Master," wept the stolid huntsman. "She is waiting for Krilatka. I will stay with her! He will come!"

"After these hours?" asked the Master, impatient of such sentimental nonsense. "Krilatka and the Tearer would have been back long ere this had it been God's will that they should come. You will die and the Sweetheart also; and I could not replace the Sweetheart—especially now, when the saving of her means that we may have another Krilatka. Come!"

"She knows," answered Mastov Borloff with dull Muscovite stubbornness. "I know, too, Master. I will stay. The White Falcon will bring them in—all three."

"Fool!" snapped Michaelovitch, loosening the knout at his saddlebow. "Pick up the bitch!"

But Mastov Borloff merely stooped above the little *psovoi* and laid his protecting body over her. And then suddenly the heavy form of the huntsman was flung up to meet the descending whip. Six of the wire-wound thongs whipped round his hunting cap of fur, and found his flesh, and dragged a half dozen gashes across his cheek and forehead. But he never felt the cuts. He just stood motionless and stiff armed, in the awkward position into which the leaping bitch had heaved him, pointing a blunt mitten in the direction where the slender-legged Zanoza was flitting away over the white steppe carpet. Far, far out in the indistinct silver of the moon five black specks had appeared.

"Hold fast all hounds!" roared suddenly the mighty voice of Baron Ladislaus Michaelovitch. "By Mary's sacred Ikon, those three shall do this glorious thing themselves!"

Mastov Borloff leaped with a single bound into his high saddle.

"Ai-e-e-e-e-e-agh!" shouted he; and he dashed off through the moonlight, while Radyikk Olnovsk sat his pony, and held in leash his trio of straining hounds, and plead with his patron saint to let the horse of that lucky fool Borloff step through the frozen roof of a marmot's burrow.

Far out on the plain the lips of Tersai had begun to lift up, every once in a while, in a snarl that told how the fangs that they uncovered would soon have to take up the work his legs could never finish. But low whimperings of encouragement came to him from the throat of Krilatka, who still leaped steadily on.

"Would not the Sweetheart be waiting for them at the end of this terrible circle?" he asked. "Was she not worthy to be in at the kill?" he reasoned with the terrible one. "Come now," he whined, "another half hour and the great ring will close."

But another half hour's top speed lay not in Tersai's long, flat-boned legs. Many more hours of wonderful speed was in them—true; but only highest speed, such as now they ran, would keep those hot teeth out of his stifles. And he, Tersai, the Tearer-to-Pieces, he would have his wounds in the front! And he was at the very point of wheeling to receive them there, when he heard the falcon-eyed one ask him what he made of the tiny, dim, moving speck approaching them, so far ahead! The Tearer strained his eyes and saw that the wolves had not yet seen, and a mighty overwhelming pride in his team mates blurred his sight, and the mighty joy in teamwork filled up his loyal, ferocious heart! Valiant little Sweetheart! Wise old Krilatka! He looked at the great White Falcon for advice. The grave lips of Krilatka wore a grin!

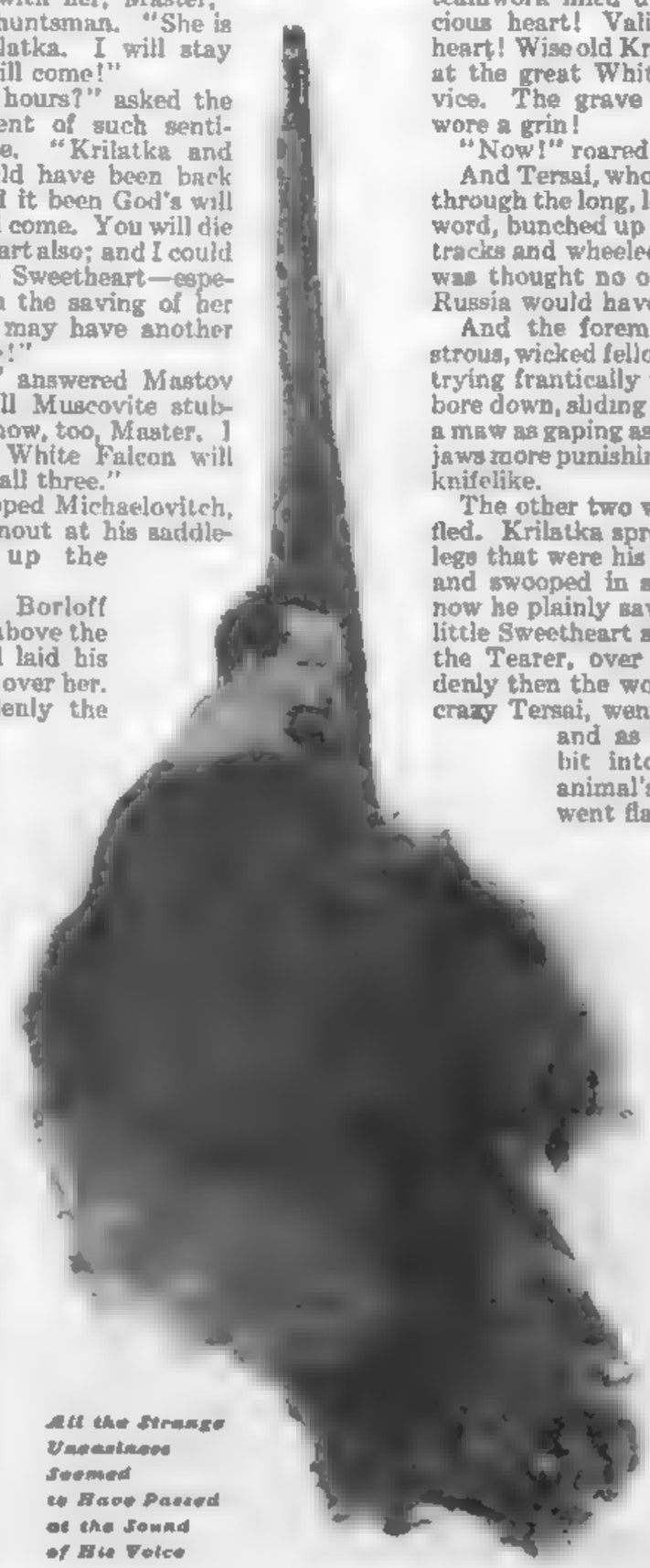
"Now!" roared he to Tersai.

And Tersai, who had been waiting through the long, long hours for that word, bunched up his legs, slid in his tracks and wheeled, and did what it was thought no other borzoi in all Russia would have dared.

And the foremost wolf, a monstrous, wicked fellow, in his surprise, trying frantically to check himself, bore down, sliding in the snow, upon a maw as gaping as his own, and into jaws more punishing and fangs more knifelike.

The other two wolves turned and fled. Krilatka spread the beautiful legs that were his peregrine pinions and swooped in swift pursuit; for now he plainly saw the form of the little Sweetheart skimming, toward the Tearer, over the snow. Suddenly then the wolf, lashing at the crazy Tersai, went down crashing; and as that borzoi devil bit into the overturned animal's jugular, Zanoza went flashing on past, to add her cunning to the cunning of her kennel mate.

The second wolf went down, sprawling and cutting out of sight in a white spray, before Zanoza came up to Krilatka, and instinctively she went on by. Somehow she knew that the wise white dog would never leave this wolf again until it was slain. Too long had been his labor and his peril, and too careful his planning, to risk the work of downing this great hell dog to the



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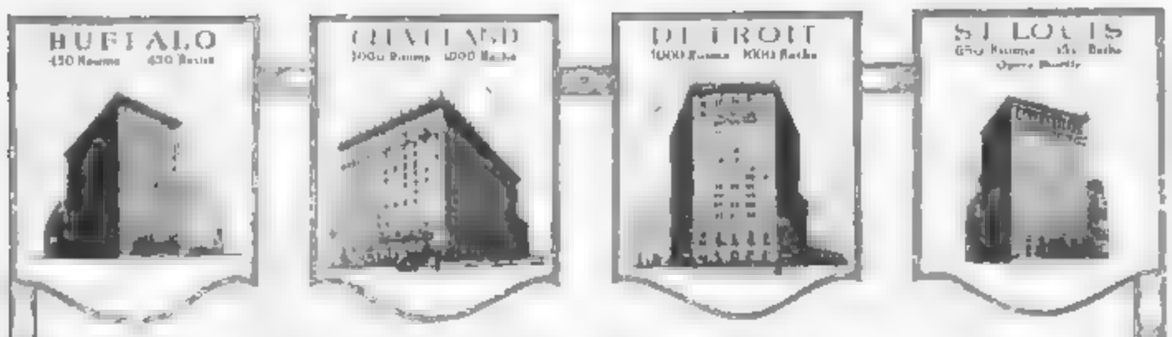


A Sidelight on the Statlers

The first Statler hotel was the one at Buffalo—a 300-room house later enlarged to 450 rooms.

Then came the Hotel Statler at Cleveland—700 rooms, later enlarged to 1,000. Next, Hotel Statler, Detroit—800 rooms, later enlarged to 1,000.

Now there's a fourth Statler, to open next month in St. Louis; 650 rooms. And there is building in New York a 2,200-room hotel (the world's largest) which will be under the same management as these four.

Don't those facts argue that Hotels Statler must be good hotels—that they must satisfy their customers, and give every one his full money's-worth?

And isn't there a hint there as to what hotel to select the next time you are in Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit or St. Louis?

Every—every—Hotel Statler room has private bath; outside light and air; circulating ice water, and numerous other unusual conveniences. Morning paper delivered free to every guest room.

Hotels Statler are unique among hotels of the first class in their reasonable and well-balanced rate schedules. More than 60% of the 3,100 rooms (in four cities) are priced at $3.00 a day and less.

Get it right away

Douglas Fairbanks'

wonderful new book

Laugh and Live

IT'S for everybody—old and young. And there's a reason why you want it. Get it for your boy, if he's going away. It will give him something to go by—something to cling to—something to come back with.

The newspapers are all praising it.

Springfield Union says: "If this great inspirational book does not develop into the finest sort of best seller the American public is losing its taste for good literature."

Argonaut says: "This is a book that only a strong and good man could write."

Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph says: "Thoughtful persons will read this book with interest, appreciation and profit."

St. Louis Globe-Democrat says: "Just to look at Douglas Fairbanks is to laugh and in his book he promotes the doctrine of laughter and how to master care, trouble and worry."

For sale everywhere. *Library edition $1.00 net.*

Get it. Special bindings, Khaki for the boys going to the front (fits the pocket) $1.00 net. Leather (boxed) $2.00 net. Ooze (boxed) $2.50 net. Postage extra 10 cents. *Read it.*

Britton Publishing Company, New York

The Reek of That Pipe Pulled Down Like Leaden Weights Upon My Eyelids

hot-headed Tersai. Right clearly his instinct told him that Tersai's berserk rage, so long restrained, and his pride, so long under the lash of ignominious pursuit, would hold him with his wolf till either he or the beast should be ripped to shreds.

Mastov Borloff, with the sting of the night in the raw cuts under his beard, rode like a devil to win the kill away from his own cruel master, and with his fresh pony outdistanced the baron's exhausted mount with ease. And the thick-haired little horse, proud of the fact that he, and not the Master's beast, made up the fourth indispensable unit of that Golden Trumpet wolf team, pounded to the aid of the three great hounds that were his friends at such a speed that his rider, sticking a skillful lance down into the white whirl that marked the spot where Krilatka had knocked down his wolf for the fourth time, soon ended that mighty combat.

Krilatka paused to vent no Tersai passion on the form that writhed in death agony beside him, but, leaping nimbly from beneath the pony's hoofs, sprang away for the last mad stretch of that long chase. But Mastov Borloff, galloping ahead, cursed vilely and threw away his slender lance. The head of it had snapped off between the ribs of Krilatka's wolf. Half a verst ahead of him two racing forms merged into one.

"Now Saint Methodius save the little bitch; and curse to everlasting fire the Master who would not listen to a kennelman's advice to leave the little Sweetheart home! For she has gone down with the wolf!"

The huntsman grimly loosened the long dirk in the belt about his blouse and kicked his heels wildly into his pony's ribs. The little fellow answered gamely with everything he had. And now the rider was close enough to see the wolf rip at Zanoza as she lay strangely motionless where she had gone down. The Russian groaned. He rose to a stand in his high saddle, as he galloped on, and pulled loose the dirk. Then suddenly his groan turned to a yelp. Past him shot a white form, with a speed that made it seem as though the pony were standing still.

Spent was the White Falcon's flight when he struck the wolf, and none knew it better than Krilatka. But far from spent was the limitless endurance of the wolf; for though to the borzoi is given great bursts of matchless speed that will last through minutes and hours, to the wolf is given a pace which, though less swift, lasts through hours and days. He runs for the first sun and moon on the meat of the last kill; and for the next day on the fat that helps his thick fur coat protect him from the cold; and for that night on the adipose that lies within his sinews; and for the next day on the very motor tissues themselves; and after that for as long a time as is necessary, till he pulls down the kill, on nothing but his will to run.

And Krilatka, knowing about this thing from the wisdom of his long-haired greyhound ancestors that may still be seen hunting with Cyrus on the ancient Persepolitan bas-reliefs at Shiraz, knew also that if ever the wolf got under way again the chase was done; for back in the snow, a verst away, the fool Tersai was still venting his selfish fury on a dead wolf.

And just beside him the little Sweetheart lay, strangely inert and listless, and his own mighty efforts of the day had drained dry the vessels of his speed. But, by the love of men, three wolves should be the bag of his team that day! For such an impossible record he had set out early in the bright morning. For such a record—because some fool had not unleashed the Sweetheart—he had had to lead the rebellious Tersai ahead of three gaunt wolves, on the rim of a great circle, all the long day and deep into the night. And for the completion of the record on which he had set his stalwart heart the royal borzoi, knowing his risk, did calmly and coolheadedly the thing that Tersai did with heart aflame!

He reached the wolf with the last vestige of his speed; but, as the beast went down from the blow of his shoulder, Krilatka made no effort to leap clear of the murderous teeth.

Instead he closed with him. And as the snow sprayed and tossed up in the moonlight, warm, dark splotches discolored the icy spume.

That weird, chilling Cossack war yell, which argues better than any nice deductions of ethnology that the American Indian is no autochthon, wailed cruel-heartedly toward the moon. A lathered pony pounded past the frothing snow geyser, riderless. But a third figure now lashed confusedly about in the white froth. Down from out of the high, swaying saddle it had half toppled, half sprung, in a bone-cracking dive that had landed Mastov Borloff fair on the gray devil's back. And above the wicked snarling rose wickeder Slavish blasphemies; and above the white ferment rose a black arm and a dirk that flashed a moment in the moon before it drove down into the turmoil, and struck again, and thrice and four times, before the snow spray settled down and everything grew still.

So came to a glorious end the making of the Astronovia record, which stands unbeaten to this day; but the greatest wonder of it is not known when, after much thick-shouldered shruggings of Muscovite veneration, it has been told how the Golden Trumpet team of three pulled down three of Satan's *volk* breed that night. The babble of heavy voices about the steaming samovar grows low and awed only when the tale comes to the very end, when they hear again in what condition the little Sweetheart took her part in that epic hunt.

For, at the end of the coursing, the Master stood not over the last of the great gray hell dogs; nor did the bleeding Mastov Borloff stop to gloat over his kill. And Krilatka, even, put off the licking of his stiffening wounds and joined the men where they stood; and with them he looked commiseratively down at the spot where the sweet Zanoza nosed three quiet little forms close in against the warmth of her thick-furred body.

"Two weeks before their time," sobbed the Master broken-heartedly.

But Mastov Borloff, who had the kennelman's instinct in such matters, suspected—hoped for, rather than detected—an infinitesimal stir among the huddled three.

"Master!" he called in a voice of awe. "See! The one marked black and tan and white, like her!"

The Master kneeled hastily in the snow beside Zanoza. And Krilatka rubbed his long, warm tongue across the Sweetheart's eyes. Then Mastov Borloff stooped and gathered her in his arms. It was the Master himself who helped his man to mount. It is said that the kennelman carried the seventy-five pounds of her so tenderly and so quietly on the long, slow night ride home that when they took her off of his stiff forearm to lay her on the rug before the fireplace, and thawed from his hands the mittens that were stiff with

(Continued on Page 37)

EASE

EASE is one of the things that sells the Cadillac to the same owner over and over again.

Ease is frequently the one thing upon which the buyer bases his decision in favor of the Cadillac.

Ease and rest, and absence of apparent effort—these are earmarks of the Cadillac.

Ease is a thing that every motorist wants—and that Cadillac owners actually experience.

Ease in the Cadillac, extends to the big and little things alike.

No matter what you do with the Cadillac, or when you do it, you do it with *ease*.

It is *easy* to enter the car, and to alight from it.

It is *easy* to start the car—*easy* to engage the clutch and to disengage it—*easy* to accelerate from a snail's pace to the speed of the wind—*easy* to apply the brakes and bring the car to a standstill.

It is *easy* to shift gears and remarkably *easy* to control the car and to guide it.

The seats are *easy* and delightfully comfortable.

Someone has expressively said that the Cadillac carries its own good road with it.

That is a picturesque way of stating what seems to be a practical fact.

But road-*ease* is only the beginning—and not the end—of Cadillac *ease*.

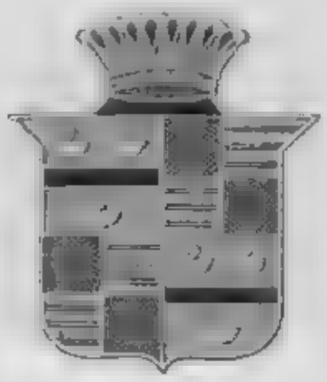
Cadillac *ease* is more than *ease* of the body.

It is mental *ease* as well—leaving the mind free to relax, to rest, and to enjoy.

These are not accidental advantages; they are the definite results of deliberate and scientific design and Cadillac standards of workmanship.

Cadillac *ease* is a fact and a reality.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN



The Cadillac Type-57 Chassis will be available with the following body styles: Standard Seven-Passenger Car, Four-Passenger Phaeton, Two-Passenger Roadster with Rumble Seat, Four-Passenger Convertible Victoria, Five-Passenger Brougham, Four-Passenger Town Limousine and Town Landaulet, Seven-Passenger Limousine, Landaulet and Imperial.

A Message from the Firing Line—"Victory!"

And this message is sent out to the world in this conservative form—"We have won all our objectives."

From the battlefield of tire competition comes a message—"United States Tires have won the victory over miles."

And this message modified is given to motordom thus:

—motorists who used United States Tires last year, continue to use them this year,

—in progressively increasing numbers, motorists who never used United States Tires before are now putting them on their cars,

—the sales increases of United States Tires are far greater than the increase in the number of automobiles this year over last.

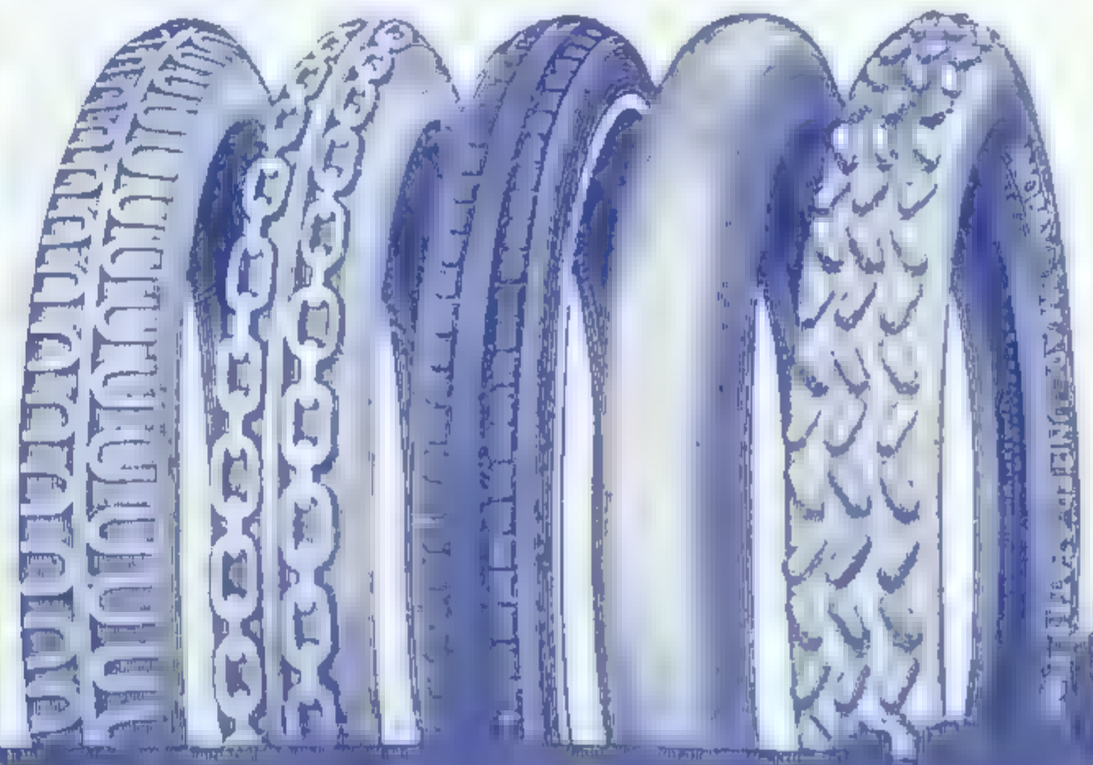
Put at least "one of the five" on your car now and make comparisons.

United States Tires Are Good Tires

'Royal Cord' 'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Plain'

Also tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles, and Aëroplanes

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme



(Continued from Page 34)

frozen blood, it was found that six of his fingers were white to the second knuckle.

While they were rubbing his hands that were thrust to the wrists in a bucket of snow, Zanoza lifted her long head from the wide, warm pelt of the great Manchurian bear and whined. And in her soft eyes gleamed a light that only a woman could have seen, when the Master reached his hand into the bosom of his coat and, searching through the folds of blouse and shirt and heavy undergarment, tenderly lifted out, from against his heart, a little ball of down.

Last Friday night it rained. The day had been a cold and gray and dismal one—such a day as has always proved a bad one for the Bobl. And now, in the early evening, when at last he had quieted and gone to sleep, and Bobl's mother and I had gone to bed also, the rain had come. I was awakened by the roar of it. It deluged down upon the tin roof, just outside of our window, in a perpendicular torrent. There was no wind. No wind, it seemed to me, could have forced a way through the solid wall of it, or found force enough to blow that downpour at any angle from the vertical. Windless the rain fell, plumb out of heaven, and beat upon the roof outside the window of our room heavily, and heavier and heavier still, till I felt that the housetop would surely give way under the solid impact.

I quietly lay and listened with a sort of awe to the beat of it and to the pixie voices chattering in the splash of it. And surely and more surely heard the plaintive cry of Bobl, wailing among the other eerie voices. I told myself that this could not be; for always, no matter how bad the day that little Bobl spends, once sleep comes over him, his blessed, patient, tiny face composes itself to a slumber the soundness of which seems to vary directly with his geyserlike activities of the bygone day.

So I felt sure, as I listened to the thundering rain and the ghostly voices wailing in it, that my imagination was playing me tricks, and that my ears had simply not ceased to register the vibrations that had cried into them all day. I lay still, trying to dissuade myself that any small voice lamented in the downfall, when my wife's weary voice said:

"Isn't that Bobl crying?"

She, too, then, had heard this ghost cry in the splash of the rain.

"Go to sleep, Steve," I answered boldly. "Don't let your imagination be playing you tricks."

The room itself was absolutely quiet. Outside the drops must have been falling close enough together to gather in great balls, so fierce was the pounding on the adjacent roof. And steadily persistent in it came the faint cry. Small was the Bobl, but mighty were his lungs. Never, since the very minute of his arrival in our midst, had his voice been accused of faintness. "Therefore," said I to myself, "when he speaks he will make himself heard plainly enough above the hammering of the rain." But, just the same, the small, mysterious voice kept sounding. And at the appeal of it, a sense of ugly, spectral menace came upon me. I heard the uneasy squeak of springs beside me.

"Be still," I said. "I'll go and see."

My feet found the slippers. Groping through the bathroom door I became positive that the sound of crying from the gray room, where the Bobl slept, was purely a matter of imagination. I opened the door.

A snarl that acted like an astringent on my spine came out of the dark corner where the cradle was. Quickly I snapped on the light. The gathered muscles of the crouching animal went lax. A busy tail waved. My blood started to run again. Little Bobl's closed eyelids contracted a trifle in the light; but the blessed face that showed above the close-tucked blanket stayed serene in sleep. It had been all imagination then. "Zanoza, Sweetheart," I whispered, "how did you get in here?"

Then back of me I heard the silky slip of naked feet. I wonder how great a chain would have to be lashed round her bed to keep Steve in it if she thought she heard that little Bobl cry!

"I left the door from the balcony open on purpose," she confessed. She put down her hand caressingly on the long, sharp muzzle of this truly lucky dog.

"It's all tommyrot," she pouted up to me, "this talk of jealousy." Then, "Isn't it, Zanoza?" she whispered to the bitch. "You love the baby, don't you, Sweetheart?"

After that snarl that had greeted me from the dark my doubts were also cleared.

"Wait here a minute, Steve," I said to Bobl's mother.

I went out on the back balcony and got the mat of cedar shavings out of the long box, and brought it back into the gray room and laid it down beside the baby's cradle.

"I am all unstrung to-day," said Steve. "Such weird, uncanny fears for the boy's safety have been stealing over me to-night as I lay listening to the voices in that terrible rain! But they go away when I see the Sweetheart curled up by his bed."

And I myself, as I snapped off the light again, felt a great, sweet sense of security in my heart, because of the mental picture that I took with me out of the gray room, of that long, black-and-tan-and-white, faithful lady curling herself to sleep beside the little fellow, whom I love even more than I love her. Those who are so inclined may sniff at this last comparison of affections. But there are certain things that those who are not dog lovers do not know. I, for instance, know that some cheerful morning, after a sleep very much longer than the one baby and his protector were sharing when we left them last Friday night, the long, graceful hound will come bounding, at Bobl's side, up the sands of some Elysian beach to meet me.

The mother slept. The rain continued. And the wan cry still sounded tenaciously in the roaring of it; but sure now that it lived in my mind alone, I, too, composed myself to sleep. Then, just as I was dozing off, the shrill clatter of our door-phone bell sounded above the rain. I slipped out of bed carefully; but my precaution was unnecessary. There was only one sound that would break that weary slumber. I pressed the switch that lighted the hall and, as I stepped into it, Zanoza passed me, gliding noiselessly, bristling a bit, toward the head of the steps, where she paused and stood growling ominously down to the entrance door of our apartment, which is on the floor below.

I stood a moment with the receiver in my hand and gazed at her, in the never-ending wonder of how utterly beautiful she was. For consummate loveliness—the borzoi! At times, looking at her, I had found myself wishing that, instead of the equivalent for swiftness, the Russian word for beauty were the name of the wolfhound breed. But I shall never have that wish again after last Friday night. Not even though I am surer now than ever that there is no created thing, quick or inanimate, so perfectly beautiful—except woman. From the tip of Zanoza's underswung tail to the point of her exquisite muzzle, the outlines of her were nothing else than the continuous soft melting of a series of Hogarth's ill-fated, graceful, serpentine S-lines of absolute beauty, one into the other.

That tiny black-and-tan-and-white bundle of fur which had come to our apartment about two years ago had turned out to be an appropriate and clever joke of my friend Whitely—practical in more ways than one. For what could have been more disconcerting to us humble flat dwellers than to see this ball of down develop into a lanky, floppy, ranging pup who treasured in her long, good-natured skull the ineradicable hope that some day she could make the trip from one end of our apartment to the other without marking her trail with a litter of upset furnishings?

Being as totally unaware, at that time, of what her breed might be as though she were a moon puppy, her adolescent stage was one long period of disgrace to us—a condition that Whitely, doubtless, had foreseen and was enjoying mentally to the utmost. If ever an animal looked as though its ancestry were a matter best left to the kindly obscurity of the untraced past, it was this long-legged, bony misfit. And then, all of a sudden, we ceased to hide her when our guests arrived. We trained her, instead, always to stand at the head of the steps to greet them; for, almost overnight, we had a Russian wolfhound in the family.

As to her quiet dignity and her complacent aristocracy of bearing, here the thoroughness of Whitely's joke reached its climax. Imagine, if you will, this Diana of the broad Russian steppes housed in our plebeian five rooms, kitchen, pantry, living hall, and bath! But though we felt that she was out of her class with us, she settled down quietly and, without the slightest show of condescension, worked her sweet way into our city-dwelling hearts so deeply and contentedly that none would have ever thought

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Correct in every line for men inclined toward stoutness or in the mellow years of life. Conservative, yet in perfect form for any occasion where a sack suit may be worn.

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Set illustrated is made of white pearl with platinum rims, half pearl centers. It con-

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For toilet and bath use, Fairy Soap is "first choice" where fine quality is desired at an inexpensive price.
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Have you a little Fairy in your home?

Letters Bring Him Nearer Home

Give Him a *Conklin* to Write Them

He's thinking of you—that soldier boy of yours—and wants to write often. Make it easy for him. Give him a CONKLIN. Then he can write whenever he has a few spare moments—no matter where he is.

In 4 seconds the *Crescent-Filler* (the *original* self-filling device) "loads"—ready for many days of writing. The Conklin clip prevents loss.

His CONKLIN will be an ever faithful companion, always ready for active service when the writing need comes.

Conklins sell for $2.50 and up at stationers, druggists, jewelers and department stores. Buy and send your boy in khaki one now.

Conklin's
Self-Filling
Fountain Pen
Non-Leakable

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

that she dreamed—before the abominable gas logs of our imitation of a real fireplace ancestral dreams of a fierce chase, in which her grandsire and her grandam had won eternal fame, and her own mother had been prematurely whelped in a pool of wolf's blood.

But now, as I answered the door-phone, Zanoza stood at the head of our stairs and snarled down at the entrance door an intuitive snarl that shed some light upon the nature of her fireside dreams.

"Doctor Lucas?" I questioned into the transmitter.

"No, no, Lupus," laughed the peculiar voice from downstairs. "L-u-p-u-s." And although I didn't realize why at the time, the name had something in it that made the goose pimples rise on my skin.

"I have a letter of introduction from our mutual friend, Clarence Whitely, of Philadelphia," continued the voice.

"Oh," I shouted down the wire to him, all my doubts dispelled, "in that case you can't get up our steps fast enough."

I pulled the rope of my bathrobe tighter at my waist and waited for him, with Zanoza, at the head of the stairs.

He wore a great fur coat of tannish gray—a skin I did not know. I thought at first it was the rain on this that brought a strong, peculiar, familiar, disagreeable odor into the hall. But upon sighting the hound beside me, Doctor Lupus halted suddenly. I thought he paled a little. Then, folding the coat, fur inside, he laid it on the floor of the lower hall, just outside the door.

"It is too wet," were the first words he said, in answer to the protest that my lips must have formed. "I will not drip your rugs with it," and, closing the door, he came up the stairs to meet me, smiling most engagingly. But the strong odor still persisted. I reached down my left hand, while I was shaking his, and buried my fingers in Zanoza's beautiful coat, thinking perhaps she had got wet on the back balcony; but her hair was warm and dry. I felt uncomfortable—strangely.

The doctor was as handsome a man as ever I have met, and as affable a gentleman. And I had not talked with him ten words, there at the head of the stairs, before I was at ease with him, although the stuffy odor still persisted. He knew Whitely very well. In the spontaneity of the greeting that I could not but extend to a friend of one of my best friends, I stood there at the top of the steps, pleasantly chatting, several minutes before I excused my dress and the absence of Mrs. Church and waved him to the easy-chair that opened its arms only to my most favored guests.

I paused, while he went ahead, to switch on the light that would brighten the far end of the corridor. The doctor was walking through the dimly lighted hall with the Sweetheart at his side. All the strange uneasiness that she had shared with me seemed to have passed at the sound of his voice, at the touch of his hand and at the sight of him. I forgot at the time that the borzoi is a sight hound. Besides, the familiar, somewhat disagreeable odor had entirely vanished.

The button under my finger snapped and the hall flooded with light, just as the doctor was passing the hall rack. He paused before the mirror and put his hand up to his tie. With a snarl that was twenty times as vicious as the one that had greeted my entrance to the gray room a little while before my hound crashed wildly into the glass.

"Zanoza!" I called in a sharp, low voice. "Fool dog! Do you want to wake the baby?"

She stood with her front paws on the seat that ran beneath the mirror, growling wickedly at her reflection in the glass.

"Fool doggy," I said to her again, and stroked her long face. "Since when have you started to take exceptions to your own reflection?"

"The sudden light did seem to make her image leap right out at her," explained the doctor, from his seat in my guest chair at the far end of the hall. He was just finishing the removal of his second glove. He had not started to unbutton the first one when he left the head of the stairs. In the confusion of the dog's peculiar behavior, I had not noticed the doctor, but he must have moved from that mirror as though the devil were after him to have reached the chair so quickly.

"There is a baby in your house then?" said he, flashing his beautiful but somewhat sharp, white teeth in genial interest. "Whitely never told me this bit of news."

"I never told Whitely about it," I explained. "He promised to come visit me next month, and I am hoping to surprise him. You must not speak of the arrival when you see him again."

Zanoza, still grumbling to herself, slipped past me, stiff-legged and bristling, and looked round the corner of the hall desk behind which the doctor now sat. Then her tail switched kindly reassurance, and she hung her head a trifle shamefacedly, I thought. I knew just how she felt. Just as we were talking about the baby I, too, imagined that I had smelled the thick, familiar odor strongly again.

I assured the doctor that I was only too glad to remain awake for the evening and to relieve the day's strain by a conversation that would include news from Whitely.

"He said," laughed Doctor Lupus, "that I should be his proxy in the matter of smelting a little brass for you before I left."

And at this evidence of his intimacy with Whitely a normal state of mind returned to me. There are two lines of activity in which my old friend and room mate excels. One is an alchemy by which he transmutes worn-out alarm-clock works and similar base rubbish into shining coinage of the realm, via his little tin-horn smelting furnaces. The other is the constant perpetration on his friends of the subtlest and kindliest of practical jokes—trickeries that always have the shrewdest turn to them—the very finest appropriateness; as witness his sending me a wolfhound puppy as a cure, I afterward learned, for what he is pleased to term the most serious of my various mental ailments.

Ultra-practical Whitely claims that no man who pretends to build blast furnaces for a living, as I do, has any right to waste his evenings poring over musty old volumes of wolf myths. He has no right to bore his friends with the weird tales which the ignorant peasantry, in that hotbed of superstition ringed by the semicircle of the Carpathian Alps, tell and retell each other, in order to make as miserable as possible their bitter winter nights.

I, on my part, though never voicing any objection to that black art of Whitely's, to which the doctor had made reference, so long as he confines it to his plant along the Delaware, have often taken exception to his practice of melting overtime his confounded copper and zinc and tin, in my library, in the rare evenings when we get together. And so, at the mention of the smelting of brass, at once an ease in the doctor's presence which I had not felt before descended on me.

"May I?" he said, after we had been chatting pleasantly a while; and he brought forth a most peculiar pipe from out of one of his pockets. It was black, well caked and short-stemmed; the bowl of it a wonderfully wrought, hideously grinning skull; the eye sockets and the nose and mouth openings of some transparent substance, so that, when he smoked, the fire of his tobacco first made the eyes gleam evilly, later the nose, and lastly lit up the teeth ingeniously in the most hellish sort of a grin.

He extended to me a very black cigar. I told him that I was a charter member of the Purity League and did not use the weed; whereupon he seemed more disappointed than was natural, but started to stuff into that grisly pipe of his an odd, tannish, gray-colored tobacco, the like of which I had never seen before, and the like of which, thank heaven, I had never smelled before. As he lay back smiling and gossiping in my chair and began to partake of the comfort of that short-stemmed death's head, a reek so foul ascended from it that I could hardly forbear hoisting the window beside me.

Zanoza sniffed; then, with the delicacy of perfect breeding, she indicated her disapproval of the use of nicotine in the presence of a lady by quietly rising and excusing herself, with the customary thrust of her long nose under my elbow. She put out a paw and opened the bathroom door. As she went sedately through it toward the door that opened into Bobl's room, I called to her:

"Take good care of that little pal of yours, Sweetheart!"

"How's this?" exclaimed Doctor Lupus quickly, with a deprecating smile.

"She's not a bit jealous," I told him. "I might be the least bit dubious about a dog, but I trust her absolutely. Some day," I laughed, but was serious, "she will have children of her own."

The doctor smiled indulgently.

"It's not a matter of violence, but of hygiene. I myself thoroughly agree with the

(Continued on Page 41)

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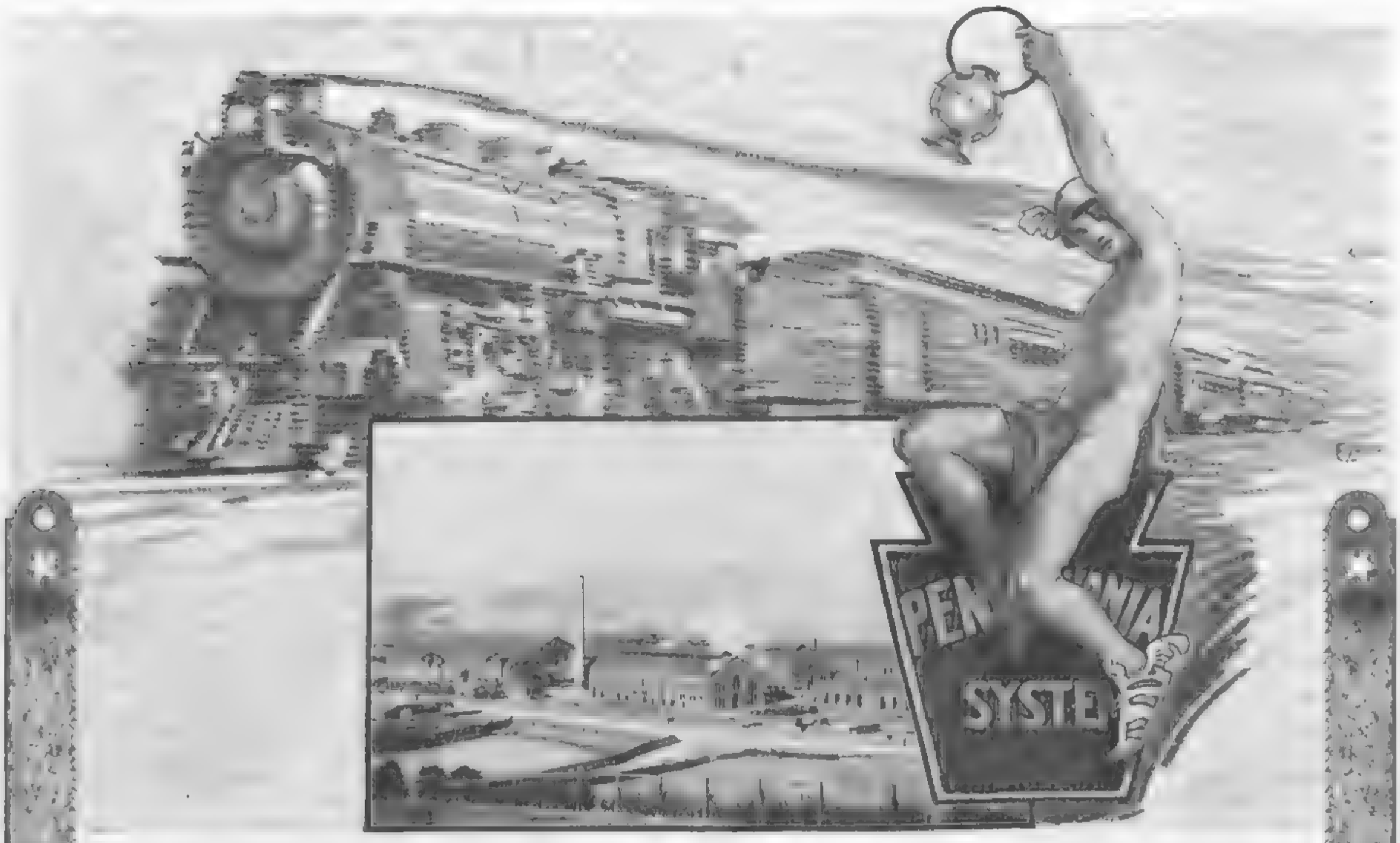

The Pennsylvania Uses Star Blades

The Pennsylvania Railroad, often called the greatest railroad system in the country, uses Star Hack Saw Blades. No higher endorsement than this could come from the big railroads, which are famous for putting tool efficiency above every other consideration in shop equipment.

The largest hack saw users, whose names are household words in Industrial America—have adopted Star Blades after exhaustive tests and continue to use them year after year because Star Blades give such unequalled service.

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STAR HACK SAW BLADES

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$500 Contest Closes Soon

Don't delay in sending your answer to our Hack Saw Testing Contest. It closes November 30th.

Our thirty years' experience has shown us how few users grasp the fundamentals of metal sawing efficiency and their application to varying conditions.

To stimulate a greater interest in this important subject, we have offered prizes of $500 in gold for the best statements of "How I Test Hack Saws." A literary production is not what we want.

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The answers that describe the simplest and most practical methods will win the prizes.

The names of winners and some of the best replies will be published in our advertising. Write for any further information desired.

Get your answer in at once. Contest closes in Millers Falls November 30th.

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(Continued from Page 38)

man who said that every child has a perfect right to be raised with a dog. But not too intimately—especially in infancy. How many other children's faces does your hound lick in friendliness for them? We are so very doubtful, our profession, as to just how certain germs are carried."

I got up at once and went through the bathroom. Again the ugly snarl startled me, as I opened the other door; and again I hastened to snap on the light and saw a wickedness, of which I had not thought Zanoza capable, fade from her face as her uplifted lips let down. Once again the indefinable sense of fear chilled me, and once again the warmth of the long hound's protecting presence at the cradle chased away the foolish presentiment. The room was cold; as usual Bobl's window was wide open. The rain had changed to snow. I tiptoed over to the cradle, to see if the young scout had pawed the covers away from his throat. Somehow sensing my presence, the tiny face puckered in its sleep; but a contented little noise, half squeak, half grunt, told me that all was well. I touched the blanket where it was tucked under his chin, not because it did any good, but because I couldn't help it.

"Come, Sweetheart," I said, banishing the strange fear that still cried for the reassurance of her presence with the boy.

Only the very tip of the silk-furred tail stirred.

"Come, girlie," I insisted; "the doctor says that you might lick the young fullback's face."

But she refused to be persuaded. I think that I wanted to let her stay as much as she desired it. Eerie premonitions would not down in my mind—nor in hers. But I put aside the witless forebodings.

"Now! Now!" I said to her firmly. These are the harshest words I ever have to use to her. So she rose up very reluctantly, and before following after me, laid her long muzzle on top of the pink blanket that inclosed half the world. I wish I had a picture that would show the look that shone in her mild eyes as she stood in all her stately dignity and beauty beside that little wooden bed. It broke my heart to make her come away.

When I returned from the back balcony I noticed immediately that the doctor was no longer in the hall. The light was burning in the bathroom and I could hear the sound of running water through the open door. That heavy odor, which was the natural perfume of a wet dog, but triple extracted, the cause of an unconquerable fear in my heart, now rose strongly even above the disguising reek of the doctor's pipe. I shivered a bit.

Just then the knocker on my door clicked softly. I started as though the noise had been a pistol shot. I pressed the button that released the latch at the foot of the stairs. It was a messenger boy, snow powdered on the shoulders.

The door closed quietly. The clatter of the boy's feet on the stairs came to me less and less clearly. Three floors below I heard the entrance door slam faintly shut, with that peculiar muffled quality of sound that exists when the air is full of snow. The spigot in the bathroom closed off with a chug. The house was very quiet. I heard a rattle at the door that led from the pantry out onto the balcony. A wind had commenced to stir outside, or did another thing disturb the door? Did I hear a wistful whining at it, as though Zanoza knew how badly she was needed inside at that moment? And still I stood like a fool and stared at that night letter.

It was signed Whitely. It said:

"*Church:* Sending Lupus to you to find out whether I am nutty or suffering from the same disease I sent you cure for a year or two ago; also because I think you know more about lycanthropy than any living man, and because you have her at the house. Get a mirror back of him and, if you see what I saw, turn her loose on him!"

With my whole body tingling in a horrid chill I tiptoed swiftly to the other door that gave entrance from the hall into the gray room. I picked up the long paper knife as I went past the hall desk. The cursed latch squeaked as I turned the knob. I could have sworn that I saw a waving tip of busy gray disappear into the lighted oblong of the bathroom door as I leaped into the room. The unmistakable smell of a wet, unclean dog smote on my nostrils. I sprang to the cradle, my blood icy with fear. Then Doctor Lupus stepped very quietly from the bathroom into my presence, a partly emptied glass of water in his hand. He took a swallow from the tumbler and smiled a smile that made me feel like an imbecile. I slipped the long knife up my bathrobe sleeve, thanking heaven for the gloom of the room that had prevented his catching a glimpse of it. A day of worry over the firstborn surely makes an idiot of a man.

"I took the liberty of drawing a drink while you were arguing matters over with the dog," he whispered, grinning pleasantly, "and as I thought I heard you stirring in the men's ward here, I wondered if I might be allowed to look upon the new construction engineer."

With proper pride, diluted this time by a saving humiliation at the wildness of my fancies, I motioned him over to the cradle. He looked down somewhat eagerly at the tender little face. His gleaming teeth flashed cordially in the dusk across the sleeping boy to me.

"Congratulations," he whispered. "Some son! I am very fond of babies."

And at his last words I became suddenly aware of the night letter crinkling in my bathrobe pocket and of the long-bladed paper knife inside my bathrobe sleeve. Two low windows open from my dining room out onto the back balcony, which is on the sunset end of our apartment. The buffet stands along the south wall of the room. I had pulled out the chair which sits with its back to the buffet, and the doctor, after glancing casually about the room, and especially back of him, had seated himself in it. I tilted the coffee urn.

"Sugar?"

He nodded.

I rose and walked round the table to the sideboard and procured the silver bowl. The doctor sat smiling contentedly and blowing rings of his vile tobacco smoke up into the cluster of frosted light globes. I reached back and quietly dropped the cover off of the buffet mirror as I leaned over the doctor's shoulder.

"One or two?" I asked, with the tongs poised. "You are sure you can't stay over with us to-night?" I inquired; and I glanced back over my shoulder.

What I saw in the mirror turned my soul sick.

Like a great hulking fool I had, at first opportunity, slipped the knife out of my sleeve, and it now lay on the mantel above the fireplace, back of my chair, on the other side of the table. I dropped the two lumps into the devil's cup without splashing a drop.

I reached my seat in absolute calmness, though my head buzzed from the volumes of rank vapor that rolled from that skull-headed pipe. I poured myself some coffee. Then I reached back of me; but I didn't turn my head to do it.

"Did you ever see a more beautiful paper knife?" I asked him, extending it, handle first, across the table. It was a genuine barong; the blade as thin as paper, the handle of the very creamiest ivory, wonderfully carved and inlaid. A classmate of mine, who had helped erect the mills and furnaces at Tatta, had sent it to me.

My manner must have totally disarmed him. He examined the beautiful instrument admiringly, and I looked into the mirror meanwhile. The trembling of my outstretched hand came more from hate than from the sickening fear that at first had palsied me.

"It is wonderfully beautiful," he said at length. "May I ask where you got it?" And he took hold of the wide, supple blade by its needle point and handed it back to me. I am sure that my face was altogether composed; but my will must have been so occupied with facial control that I forgot entirely how expressive the human hands may be. My fingers must have wrapped themselves about that graceful handle with an eagerness that even its original Moro owner could never have matched.

Tobacco? It was the very smoke of hell that he puffed suddenly fair in my face as we leaned over the table toward each other. I swayed dizzily in my chair. The doctor rose and lifted his lips in a smile. He bowed gracefully. But back of him, in the mirror, I saw with dimming eyes the beast first drop his front paws to the floor. Then his hind quarters slouched down gracefully; and at last, when I shifted my glazing eyes from the image to the object, I saw the doctor's form stoop and disappear below the edge of the table.

My voice would not come up. The reek of that pipe pulled down like leaden weights upon my eyelids. But my dimming ears caught the sound of a click against the window that gave out upon the balcony. I looked. A gleam of fangs shone out of the dark beyond the panes. And a snarl—a snarl that I knew and loved—came to my dulling senses and stimulated them to one great effort.

"Zanoza!" I managed to shriek out hoarsely. But that sweet sight hound needed no call from me. Across three thousand miles of ocean and three thousand miles of land and down across three thousand years another call had come to her. No longer did her untrustworthy nose tell her indefinitely the truth about my guest. Her keen sight-questing eyes had seen below the level of my table a transformation that no eyes of earth had ever seen before.

Straight through the stout, splintering frame and jingling glass she came, this picturesque daughter of Zanoza Second, of Astronov, who was the daughter of the first Zanoza, eyes wild with wildness of the chase, and in a second was tearing with frantic needle fangs at the panels of the closed door that led out into the hall. A breath of the sweet, cold air blew through the shattered window and swept away the stench of Gehenna out of my nostrils. I leaped upon my feet. I weighed two hundred. I never stopped to unlatch the door into my hall.

Halfway down the stairs I heard the purring of a huge motor. Ah, Ephraim Johnson, you colored handy man at the garage, if only you are drunk once more this night! For you have promised to come for the little car that I left standing in front of the apartments.

Three-quarters way downstairs my eyes went blind at the sight of a small pink blanket lying pitifully crumpled on the steps. My eyes went blind a second; but my fingers simply loved the ivory handle of that sweet barong.

I never thanked John Barleycorn for anything before; but when I saw my little car, rain washed, snow sprinkled, still standing at the curb, I could have gone down on my knees in gratitude for his service in laying Mr. Johnson low again; for had not that sooty gentleman succumbed once more to some one of John's many blandishments my car had been standing inaccessible in the garage, two blocks away.

The powerful little engine flung my roadster down into the public square in the center of the sleeping town. The lone policeman there cast a squat shadow on the snow under the clicking arc as he stood and blinked his astonishment at me. With a trafficman's instinct he extended his hand. The shadow of his arm leaped out from the grotesque silhouette of his body and laid a shadowy barrier across my path. I only whisked the little car over the black bar and round into the street that led to the river. My judgment had been right.

Straight away the long bridge reached, silent and lonely; a ribbon of white, under its string of incandescents, stretched tight across the river to the twinkling cluster of lights on the other side. Out beyond these lights lay a few miles of suburbs, then a long stretch of farm lands, then the woods. And the long car rolling ahead of me, halfway across the river, leaped and leaped in its effort to reach the timber. So started that wild exotic coursing last Friday night.

The bridge was far behind us, and the suburb also, when the moon came out. On each side of the road, behind snake fences, black farmhouses flew rearward out of sight. And in my staid, urban heart surged for the first time the thrill of mankind's most ancient sport, the chase. Ahead of me the quarry, and the lust for killing in my blood; and under me, not now the sway and thunder of saddle and hoofs, but instead the pulse and throb and leap of the machine. The gears whined eagerly. I felt the sinews of the car right in my very hands. My fingers sensed the pound of blow of every piston stroke, as they hammered their power into the wheels spinning beneath me; and the steady croon and whir of the whole machine sang music. And my left hand gripped, with wide curving fingers, its double hold upon the steering wheel and that lovely ivory handle.

But if the horrid fears that crowded my heart had been forced out by the raptures of the hunt, what unalloyed savage joy must have swelled to bursting in the deep chest of that long beast that ate up the road, halfway between that dreadful car and mine. The song of the *guanchi* rang in her racial memory, and Cossack shouts; and the scent of things no longer puzzled

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her nose. She had seen! And this flying house into which had stepped her quarry should no more get out of her sight! And she laid her long, beautiful body down close to the snow, and she ran. No living creature ever ran as she. I saw that the far car was not losing her. I saw that my own little roadster was not gaining on her; and I looked at the meter, but could not believe what was recorded there, for I tell you that I was not gaining on her!

Speed, the defense of the timid, was her attack! Speed, sheer speed, her death weapon! The long, sharp fangs that lined her punishing jaws were shield and coif to her—mere speed, unmatchable and terrible, her sword. So some wonderful artificer had made her. The very bones of her legs, which had to be mighty, made up the necessary section by being wide and flat, the long diameter of them running in the back and front direction, so as to offer little wind resistance. Her front was narrow. The mighty chest, where lay lungs of greatest oxygenating power, provided ample room by reason of great vertical depth, there being almost no spring of ribs to spread her chest against the wind. Here she surpassed even her relative, the greyhound, in speed design. And her nose was long and pointed and went into the wind like an arrow, the soft ears folded back so tightly that the tips of them actually lapped. No stomach—the line from chest to loins curved up in marvelous beauty so close to the spine that it seemed to threaten the severance of the hind quarters altogether.

No stomach—just lungs and a mighty heart on four legs—and a brain. And that certain gauntness that challenges but never can discount the beauty of the greyhound here was covered up and hidden under a Russian winter garment of fur, silky and curly and thick and long. Made for unspeakable loveliness and terrific speed was she and, as she opened and shut her long limbs back of that horrid car, delicate beauty flowed from her like melody, and the wonder grew as to how the bold heart to hunt the craftiest and fiercest of her family happened to throb inside a form whose every aspect gave out, in such measure as to overwhelm all other impressions, the appearance of surpassing elegance.

As I drove in that mad race the wonder of the fingent hands of man came over me, and of how the whole world is plastic under his touch. Out of the very wolf breed that he had abhorred he had taken specimens and had molded and shaped them in his fingers, like some fictile matter, till he had evolved a tractable, gentle, new kind of wolf that overmatched the first in speed and strength and courage and—greatest wonder—hated its own ancestors with a hatred that rooted down into the remotest fibers of its being.

But suddenly I was aroused from my thoughts by the far-off bang of an exploding tire. My eyes drew away from the fascination of the beautiful beast I had been watching, and my heart filled, half and half, with joy and apprehension. A half mile ahead I could see distinctly where the snow blew up in a little cloud from the sudden blast of the fiendish doctor's puncture; but only a scant half mile farther on, there loomed black under the moon that long low stretch of wooded hill that was the monster's goal.

A swift form dropped out of the big car and started off across the white level fields on a bee line toward the hills. So now it was Zanoza's great task to make up the quarter mile between her and her ghastly quarry in a short half mile of running. A stern chase is a long chase. Yet this one did not dare be long. So this Zanoza Third, who had lived her life in the confines of a city apartment, called back into the past for the hawk eye of the great White Falcon. And the keen vision of her grandsire came to her, so that she never lost sight of her quarry. No werewolf running was quite subtle enough to hide from her a glimpse of his flight as she topped the rises back of him.

She demanded of her blood the speed of Krilatka also, and Krilatka's mighty lungs within her burned clean the waste of her terrible efforts. And fast as the great heart pumped in the turbid blood, it sent it out again instanter to the hungry straining sinews, sparkling and clear and red. Her forelegs reached out far ahead of her and dragged back the frozen ground to where her back feet could get hold of it; and then the great gaskin sinews, working through cunning powerful leverages of stifle and hock, kicked back that spot of earth that her rear paws held, full fifteen feet behind her. One moment she was a furry huddle of concentrated muscles, the next she was a long, outstretched, reaching symphony of borzoi curves, the silk fur from her brisket brushing the snow. And so, with the peregrine eye and flight and courage of the dead and gone but still beloved Krilatka aiding her, she bundled close and opened wide her powerful long legs in a speed so frictionless, smooth and amazing that before the hell dog had reached the dark, where the shadows of trees stretched out opposite the low-hung moon, he felt on his rump the heat of Zanoza's breath. Well may the fear of God shrivel your grisly heart now, Doctor Lupus; for here at your side bounds Zanoza Third, daughter of Zanoza Second of Astronov, who was whelped prematurely, in a very welter of wolf blood, at the end of the wonder hunt of Russia.

I saw the little Sweetheart smash her high shoulder down on top of his as she struck with the weapon of her speed. I saw the cleverness of the first Zanoza leap in her body, as she cleared the slashing fangs that whirled at her and slipped behind the shield of her own sharp teeth. And she knocked him down again, gnashing desperately as he regained his feet. I think, but for the training of her ancestors, this elegant lady, reared in the enervating environment of the fourth floor of a downtown apartment, would have surely closed for the death with this hellish wolf. But something told her that she must hold him for the huntsman's lance; and so, for the third time, the brave little *psosoi* launched her seventy-five pounds of deadly speed toward the tan-furred shoulder—and she struck Doctor Lupus fairly at the waist and spilled him headlong!

He struggled up to hands and knees. I could hear him calling to her first in a stern, then in a terror-stricken voice. For this daughter of the ancient sight-hunting breed had seen; and no touch, nor voice, nor scent could overweigh the testimony of what her eyes had watched take place below the level of my dining-room table. And before he could even get his hands out of the snow, she struck him down again.

One long, heavy timber took me fairly across the eyes as my doughty little roadster went through her fourth rail fence; but I clung to the wheel and the sweet barong and shook the blood out of my eyes as we rocked and lurched across the frozen furrows of that last rough field. She had just knocked him down the last time when the car went by them and broke itself to bits against the first trees of the wood that the gruesome creature had so nearly reached.

My leap was true. Going through the air at over thirty miles an hour, the cushion of his body was all that saved me from sudden death. My eyes were blind with blood from the blow of the flying rail, but I could feel quite horribly and plainly his throat beneath my fingers, and I could hear the voice of Doctor Lupus crying to me. I brushed my eyes clear of blood with my forearm as I lifted my left hand high. His face was white as death; his voice pitiful with terror. The blood from my forehead shut out the ghastly fear that shone in his fine eyes, and the baleful hate that glared from the eyes of her who lay close beside me, panting her exhaustion, her lips updrawn, her muzzle hungrily close up against the doctor's soft white throat.

I wrapped the fingers of my left hand greedily about that ivory handle, and I drove the paper-thin blade blindly down. I thought I felt the smooth skin under my fingers become covered with a thick coat of hair. I know that as I wildly drove my left arm down and drove and drove again the shrieking of his voice changed into long-drawn, agonizing ululations.

I didn't look to see what lay beneath me when silence came at last, but rushed back over the fields to the road and the terrible doctor's car, to find out what it contained. With a heart to which a heart of mercury would have been feather-light I called the Sweetheart to me and asked her what to do. She sniffed at the little puppy that lay on the front cushion beside the driver's seat, and bristled and snarled and pulled against her collar. I had known before she confirmed my hideous fears what thing followed from a werewolf's bite that was not fatal; but I held fast to Zanoza's collar just the same.

I went back, leading Zanoza, and recovered an undamaged tire from the wreck of my car. Poor little helpless puppy! Hopes and plans and motherings and fatherings and depths of love that could never be sounded mocked at me ghastlily from that downy form. If only I had let Whitely know that a baby had arrived at our house! Then the gruesome hope and certainty came to my heart, as I watched the little wolfling, that it would not always be like this. And my wife was at home asleep, after her hard day with her baby! How could I go back to her empty handed? How wake her in the morning? Like a coward I laid down the knife I held ready in my hand.

I let loose my hold on Zanoza's collar and stepped over into the driver's seat. The engine started to turn over. Then in the low rumble of it I heard that familiar snarl again—a whimper—good God, the little cry that had wailed to me in the roar of the rain! And as the car started I caught a glance of Zanoza worrying at something along the margin of the road. I knew that the cruel thing she did was right; but I bowed my head upon the wheel and drove home blindly through the night.

How we got back to town I do not know. I sneaked like a murderer up the stairs. Dawn had come; and with it the rain again. I thanked God for that. In the clatter of it I slunk unheard to bed. My head had hardly touched the pillow before I heard again the mockery of that little cry in the splashing of the downpour—more plainly now than ever.

She awoke.

"Bobl!" she said; and her voice was happy. "He wants his breakfast."

Nausea ate at my heart. But she would sleep this last night through—of that I was determined!

"It is the rain," I told her, "just as before. You need the rest so badly, Stevie. Go to sleep."

"It is the boy," she said. The illusion of his voice was absolutely perfect in the rain. "Will you go get him?"

At least I could lie to her. I took my bathrobe off of one of the four posts and went with staggering steps through the bathroom and opened Bobl's door. A snarl! The blood stopped in my veins. A friendly thump! It flowed again as my sick heart blessed her and all of her noble race, from Chihuahua to Saint Bernard. Loyal even to the empty crib! A little wail! I leaned up against the doorjamb and my grief-withered heart filled out and swelled to the bursting point.

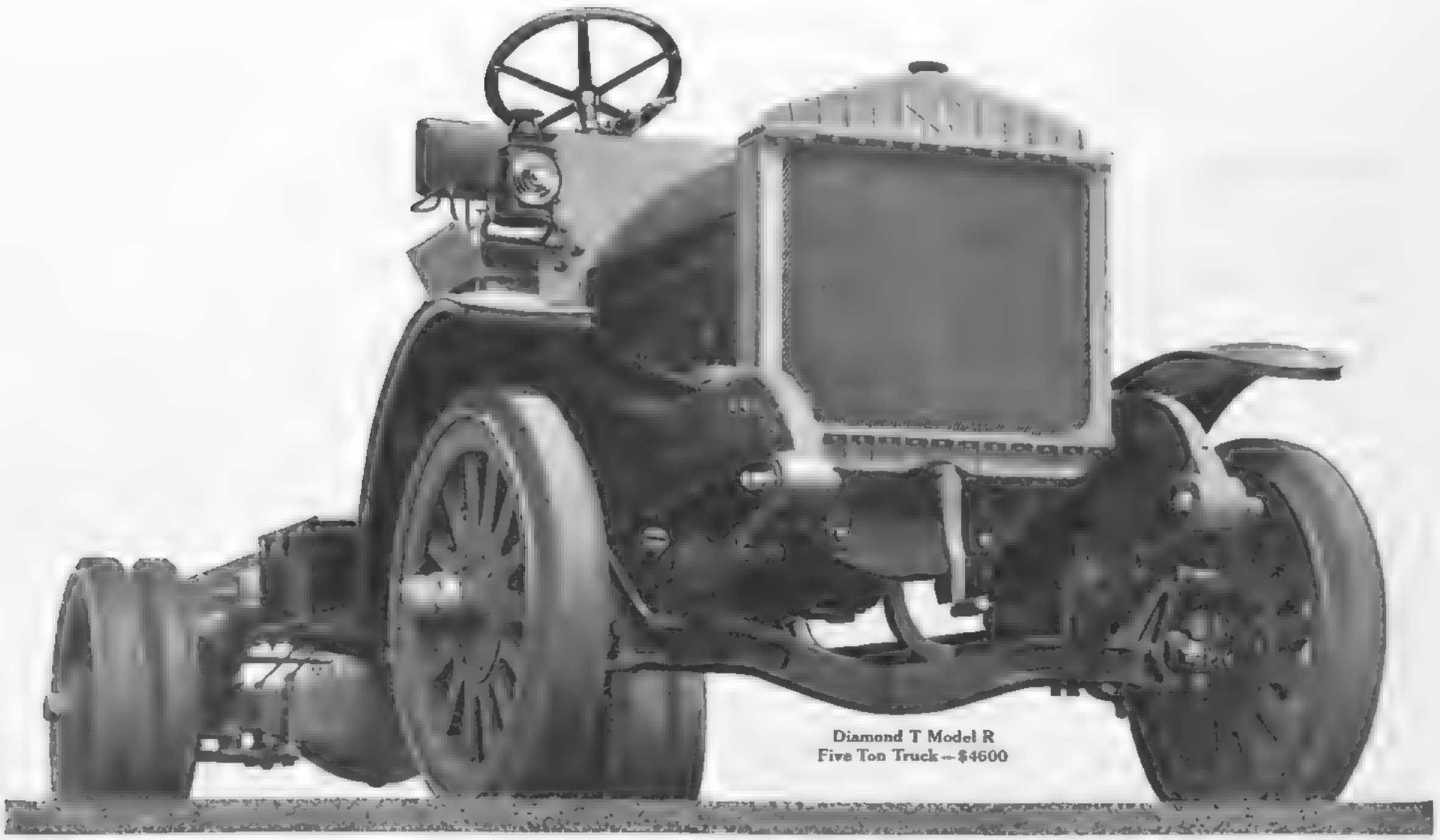
The glisten of a small, red head against a skin compared to which the creamy ivory of the handle of my Malay paper knife is sooty—who can describe it? And who, including you and Whitely, if he reads this, has any right to any such description?

I knotted the cord of my bathrobe.

"Aren't you coming back to bed? It's only four o'clock!" asked an amazed, soft voice.

"Not me!" I said good-by to her, in a manner approved by all parties concerned, and left the Bobl sitting up to the breakfast table like a man—and his mother wondering.

I twisted the light button and opened up the steam valve in the library. Morpheus, patron of the most mysterious of the mental activities of men, is a persuasive, drowsy, procrastinating scalawag. Too often had he falsely convinced my over-receptive mind that adventures so extremely vivid would all come back to me clearly in the morning!



Diamond T Model R
Five Ton Truck—$4600

DIAMOND T
TRUCKS

Mr. Merchant:
Mr. Manufacturer:

One fact you should remember about the DIAMOND T and the fact is this—*in eleven years not one DIAMOND T has worn out.*

Those built by us eleven years ago are still giving 100% service.

Automatically limited speed and the elimination of delicate and unnecessary parts make the DIAMOND T practically "fool-proof." Repairs due to ignorance or carelessness of drivers are negligible.

Eleven years has not been long enough to determine the normal life of a DIAMOND T.

Mr. Dealer:
Mr. Distributor:

No expense will ever stand in the way of our making the DIAMOND T still more worthy of its reputation as *the strongest and most serviceable that can possibly be produced.*

Its unexcelled simplicity and mammoth strength have enabled the DIAMOND T to dominate in a limited territory for eleven years.

Today our new plant is in full operation and we are ready for national distribution. To the strong distributors and dealers now representing us, we will add others as rapidly as the right men can be secured. We invite correspondence from high grade dealers.

DIAMOND T TRUCKS are now available for quick shipment in the following sizes:

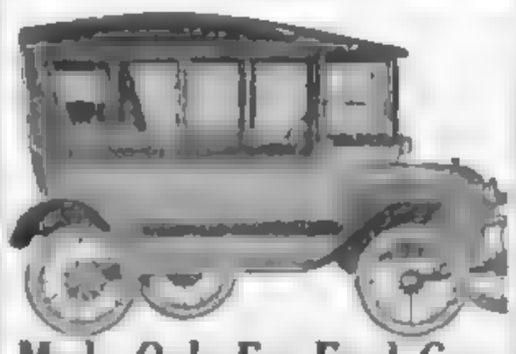
Model J-5, One Ton, $1725
Model J-4, One and One-Half Tons, $2200
Model J-3, Two Tons, $2475
Model L-B, Three and One-Half Tons, $3750
Model R, Five Tons, $4600

All Prices f. o. b. Chicago

Full specifications, illustrations and prices will be sent upon request.

DIAMOND T MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 4519 West 26th St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Roadster Top $40 For Your Ford Touring Top $60



Made Only For Ford Cars

1915-16-17 & 18 Models

Nothing yet produced for the comfort and convenience of motorists has created such a sensation among Ford owners as

The Koupet Top

For very little money you can quickly convert your Ford—either Roadster or Touring Car—into an all-year car for use anywhere, every day, regardless of the weather.

We have been building high-grade closed carriages for nearly 60 years. The Koupet Top combines all our skill and experience. Its exclusive, patented features cannot be had in any other top. The frame is of hardwood, and the top is ribbed, padded, and covered with the best quality rubberized duck. **The doors and panels are of strong, clear glass.**

The wind-shield is of the newest double-[illegible] **It fits solidly and tightly all around.**

The sliding doors and the wind-shield are easily operated and are automatically held in any position to meet weather conditions. **They will not rattle.**

The side [illegible] and doors are easily removed. In fact the Koupet Top is [illegible] and open cars very similar to the big [illegible] Coupe and Sedan Tops.

The Koupet Top is shipped flat, which insures a low freight or express rate. It is attached to the same fittings used for your old top and wind-shield. Any "handy man" can install it.

It fits your car snugly. When closed it is wind-and-rain-tight and dust-proof. Write for circular or send your order now.

Roadster Top $40.00—Touring Top $60.00
F. O. B. Belleville

Heinzelman Bros. Carriage Co.
Estab. 1857
Jackson & "B" Sts. Belleville, Ill.

After Forty More Bran

At all ages folks need bran. It is nature's laxative.

As one grows older one needs it more. And sedentary people need it more than active.

Eat what you need to keep you at your best. And eat it in Pettijohn's, the ever-welcome form. After a one-week test you will never go without it.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat—25% Bran

A breakfast dainty whose flavory flakes hide 25 per cent. inground bran.

Pettijohn's Flour—75 per cent fine patent flour with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe.

Both sold in packages only (1712)

ENTER A BUSINESS of [illegible] professional fees [illegible] and [illegible] a few weeks; easy terms for training, openings everywhere with all the trade you can attend to. No capital required or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting. *Address* **Stephenson Laboratory, 6 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.**

FOLLOWING THE RED CROSS

(Continued from Page 4)

relief organizations, who, after three years of herculean struggle to build up effective machines, loyally merged their own private identities for the good of the whole, and thus afforded the Red Cross, from the outset, a fine working base. Such self-abnegation requires real character! And, at a time like this, one big organization instead of many small ones prevents duplication and makes us stronger and swifter to act.

"Of course"—he smiled—"we might have blown into Paris with a large affluent air and said to the various organizations: 'Come on, boys! Here are the Red Cross millions. We'll outfit you all!' But that's hardly a businesslike procedure.

"So much for what we found already on the ground. The next thing was to forge a machine for operation; for, just as we couldn't turn over money blindly, neither could we dash wildly into the middle of things and let everybody start playing the game according to his own individual fancy. We had to find a plan, a policy, so as not to muddle. Therefore, we framed up a general working scheme, exactly as if we were a private concern handling a business proposition—for example, the United States Steel Corporation. That's the only way I know how to get at this thing—exactly as if it were a private piece of business.

"Now the work we intend to do over here divides itself, broadly speaking, under three general heads: The American Army, the French Army, and the needs of the civil population. With that in mind, I've built the organization round those three departments and chosen a head for each. After that I let each leader handle his own branch, choose his staff and arrange his job as he likes. But he's the sole responsible party; and if his branch doesn't function he is the guilty man. Thus, there are no big quarreling committees, no divided opinions, no uncertain authority; each is a little kaiser, with a kaiser's divine rights in his own domain. Yes; we've got to have little kaisers in business! But each is responsible to his boss!

"Then for each of these three general departments we have liaison, or go-between officers, usually Frenchmen, who tie us up with the French Government. These officers communicate our reports to their own government, which acts upon them; after which the decisions are duly conveyed back to us. Here, again, no big committees to confuse the issue, but just one man, working back and forth, as an adjuster, to explain, modify, revise. Thus we get the French point of view unclouded by conflicting personalities; and this, too, saves time and friction."

A Gigantic Plant

"And now let me show you a blue print of the organization as it stands to-day: I needn't tell you that there have been obstacles, perfectly enormous physical difficulties; and it has taken some tall whittling to produce this affair! Naturally, it's not yet complete in all its details. We've been in existence less than two months, and there are always troubles in the process of getting born. We've had to use what we had, which was not always what we wanted. Aside from that, we've had to go slow in some directions until we discovered exactly what were the desires of the French Government. We're over here to work with them in their own way, and we're trying not to rush like fools into certain delicate situations until we're sure of our ground."

At this point Major Murphy pressed a button and his secretary appeared with a large sheet, which appeared to me as if it might have been the pedigree card of King Henry VIII, with all his consorts, his consorts' children, and their children's children; and each lined up with reference to the august progenitor. At the top of the chart stood the name of the Chief Red Cross Commissioner to Europe, and beneath it that of his associate, James Perkins.

"Here," began Major Murphy, pointing with his pencil, "is the department of civilian relief, under Homer Folks, a top-notcher in just this sort of work. As you see, within this domain comes the care of all of the refugee children, the families driven from their homes in gassed districts, and the rehabilitation of the people whose homes were destroyed throughout the invaded districts—in short, all the acute suffering found on the fighting border.

"Already we have taken under our protection thousands of refugee children. So delicate and complicated is this whole field, touching as it does the profoundest sensibilities of a suffering people, that we have added still another department to this one in the shape of an advisory board, whose duty it is to study conditions and habits, collect data, and generally guide the first department to wise decisions.

"Below is the engineering and construction department, working in conjunction with the architectural corps. One of our first big tasks is going to be to build and equip numerous hospitals; also, big centers, with research laboratories and teaching and nursing staffs. If this war continues for several years we'll not send home for all our nurses; we'll train them right here on the spot, up to the hour's needs. Then, back of our lines we are establishing our own plants to manufacture ether and Doctor Crile's shock-preventive anæsthetic. In these precarious times we do not dare to trust to the uncertain shipment of those precious materials.

"In addition to all this, along the rear of our army, immediately accessible, we are planning to throw a string of big warehouses, where thousands of tons of extra hospital supplies will be stored ready at a moment's notice in case of a sudden or violent offensive. We do not intend to repeat the catastrophe of those first terrible unexpected weeks of the war, when tens of thousands died from lack of sterile bandages or ether. How do we know that Germany will not bank against our men division after division, concentrate guns and effectives, and achieve a bloody slaughter of both sides in order to punish our 'contemptible little army'? That would be like the Crown Prince! Well, we must provide against that."

Must Have Ships

"In addition to these hospitals, nursing and teaching centers, ether plants and research laboratories for the best way of treating particular kinds of wounds, we aim to establish *repos* stations—rest rooms—canteens and shock hospitals, right behind the first line of trenches, where our soldiers suffering from shell shock may recover their shattered nerves. This department of construction is in itself a herculean labor, for materials are scarce and high, labor is almost unattainable, and transportation is uncertain and slow. And yet we've got to get those buildings up and in operation by the time our men are on the Front, or write ourselves down a failure.

"And that brings us directly to the next department—transportation." He paused a long while over this word and repeated it slowly: "Transportation! That, as I conceive it, is the whole war in a word. Not gold; not food; not materials; not labor; not soldiers—we've got all of those things to burn. But ships! An unbreakable chain of carriers straight across the water. And unfortunately the American Red Cross in Europe can't produce ships out of its pockets at will, like a magician. Nor can we build them. But I can only say this; that unless we do get them, and that mighty quick, America will go down in an abyss terrible beyond any precedent in her history! And we'll be over here, cut off, marooned, helpless as prisoners with their hands tied behind their backs.

"As the responsible head of this show, that's naturally the phase of the situation which interests me most. From now on, every hour is precious. And, equally from now on, every hour of delay can be estimated pretty accurately in the loss of so many human lives. We've got to face that fact squarely—and over here it looms bigger than across the water.

"Let's figure on that line a bit! Suppose we get our men into the trenches. Suppose the Germans decide on a big coup to wipe us off the slate. Suppose at the same time with the land attack they launch a smashing undersea offensive. It's extremely likely. For you don't suppose, while America was wrangling in subcommittees over the question whether she'd have steel ships or wooden ships, or big ships or little ships, or no ships, that Germany was sitting still, twiddling her thumbs? And suppose she temporarily severs us from our base—violent land offensives going forward all along the line; wounded pouring into the hospitals, thousands in a day; surgical supplies melting away by tons—well, how much of that sort of excess pressure shall we be able to stand without cracking? Unless we get those ships!

"As a responsible party, I've had to dwell somewhat on that somber side of the picture. And I can say here that, just as fast as we can, we're hoarding supplies for just such an emergency.

"Our next department covers our operations in the American and French Armies; and I shall let my associate, Mr. James Perkins, take up that field with you. There remain the photograph and cinema work, under Mr. Paul Rainey, and the various administrative departments, which make the wheels go round. That's the picture in brief.

"Let me say a final word about the funds: An unknown friend has contributed our quarters for a year. Our chiefs of staff have left big jobs to work voluntarily over here. Our overhead expenses are not great. So that, save for a nominal percentage, all the Red Cross millions go directly into relief work. We're not a professional charitable society, with an eighty-per-cent wastage margin and a shouting publicity man; in fact, in our absorption in getting born I don't know but that we've let the publicity end drag a bit. And personally I'm not much up on that game."

He had risen now, preparatory to leaving for Belgium.

"Major Murphy," I said, "is there some particular word you wish to say—some special message to the American public?"

"Yes; there are three things," he replied with characteristic decision. "I've said them once; but they can't be made too clear:

"Number One: Save for small overhead expenses, every dollar of the Red Cross millions is being turned into actual relief work.

"Number Two: We've now forged an organization that's going to function, and function big, unless the Germans throw a monkey wrench into the machinery by cutting off supplies. Also, we get direct action. We don't have to wait for an Act of Congress every time we hang up our hats!

"Number Three: The American Red Cross in Europe is not hogging the relief situation. Independent societies who have merged with us have done so of their own free will. Other societies who are doing excellent work with their own personnel, and know the ropes better than we do, we're simply backing financially. Personally I do not give a snap of my finger under whose auspices this work is done—just so we put it over.

"That's three. I'll add a fourth—most serious of all. If, at this critical hour, we split off into bickering little groups, each hating the others, we stand to damage our prestige immeasurably. And, more than that, we lengthen France's term of suffering and are failures on our job. So we've got to hang together. And that's all, except—tell the folks at home we're doing our best!" And with a warm handshake he was gone.

Mr. Perkins Talks

From Major Murphy, I sought the chief of the Military Affairs Department.

"Mr. Perkins," I asked, "what is the Red Cross doing right now for our American soldiers in France?"

Mr. Perkins rose and crossed over to a large map of France, hanging against the door.

"Here," he said, pointing, "is where our first men landed. There they rested a week or so, before attacking the land end of the journey. And when I tell you that it took those troops three days to arrive at their final destination, a distance less than that between Providence and New York, you may get a glimpse of some of the difficulties of transportation at this moment. We had sent down a Red Cross man in advance to arrange rest rooms and an infirmary, with nurses in case of sickness on board. Our man met the troops at the dock and saw the first American soldier land. Of course he was an Irishman!

"In addition, we installed Red Cross nurses in temporary quarters at each of the big stopping points along the route, so that a man falling unexpectedly ill would not have to be dropped off at some station

(Continued on Page 47)

New Kitchen "Short-Cuts"
Planned by Hoosier's Staff of Scientists

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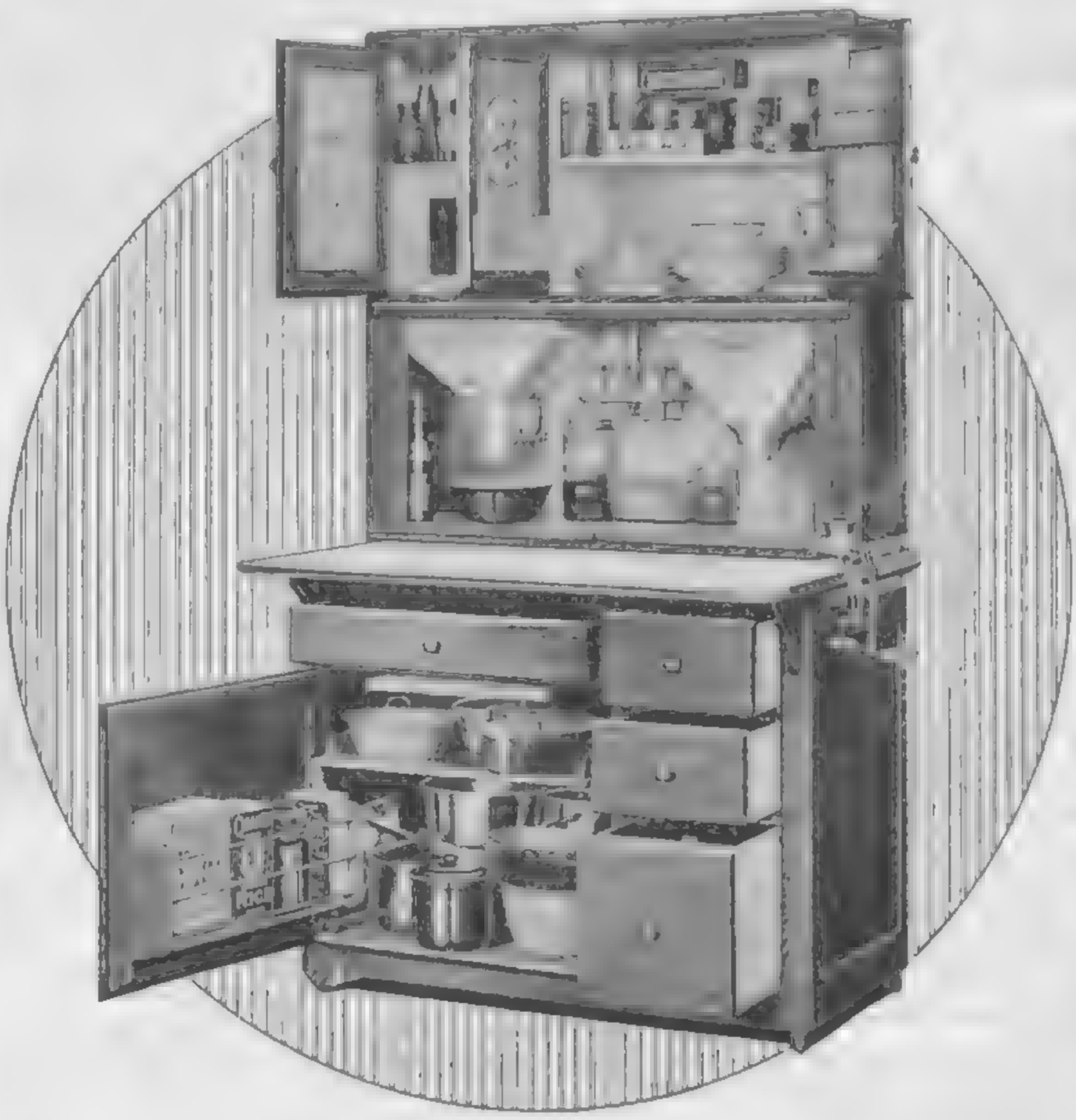

EACH Hoosier expert is a leader in her field. All are capable. All are noted. In practical kitchen experiments they discover many labor-saving "short-cuts." Then we build the inventions of some into Hoosier Cabinets. Others, through us, give expert advice to women who buy the Hoosier. So the actual presence of these specialists in your kitchen is not necessary.

By having the Hoosier, you have the effect of their hands and brains at your side.

How Hoosier Helps You

It sifts your flour four times faster than old ways by giving you the patented *Shaker Sifter*. It makes flour light and fluffy, and does not grind dirt through the sieve.

It saves you miles of steps by arranging places for 400 articles *within arm's reach!*

The most used articles are nearest. You sit and work in comfort. You reach instead of walk.

One brainy woman, through her patented Food Guide, answers each day that old perplexing question, "What shall we have for dinner?"

In 40 work-reducing ways, the Hoosier saves you toil and energy and time. And bear in mind, with all these extra features the Hoosier is priced no higher than ordinary.

None can surpass its lifetime standard of construction. More than a million Hoosiers are in daily use. We know of none that ever wore out.

Will You Accept This Offer?

You must confess that you would like to have this cabinet. Then what excuse can exist to prevent you? Certainly not price—Hoosier prices are low, due to enormous output. Certainly not terms—you can pay as convenient.

More than that, we let you try the Hoosier. Make a small payment and our dealer will deliver it.

All money refunded if you're not delighted!

Write for Kitchen Book FREE

Get the six new kitchen plans that our Council of Scientists have arranged to save your time. See the five new Hoosier models, pictured and described.

This interesting book—called "New Kitchen Short-Cuts"—is full of splendid ideas. Get a free copy while they last. Just mail us your address—send now.

Hoosier Mfg. Co., 1710 Sidney St., New Castle, Ind.
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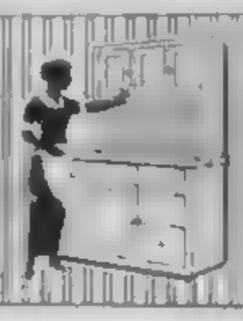


The New Haynes Motor Coaches

All-Season Sedans Town Cars Coupes

SURVEY the Autumn and Winter offerings of the fashionable motor coach builders. A close analogy is thus revealed between the composite best of their essential features and the newest Haynes coaches.

Were you to design an enclosed carriage to suit your personal tastes after such a tour of inspection—were you to embody those most desired details of interior arrangement, appointments, upholstery and the like—your finished custom-built coach would scarcely differ from a Haynes.

What your entire family longs for is furnished in a Haynes—luxury without extravagance—sumptuous riding ease—distinction.

Mounted upon sturdy girders and long, broad springs—quietness within, despite road roughness beneath, will prove a permanent virtue.

You will travel behind the smooth, silent-running Haynes engine—that good engine which has required no vital changes in three and a quarter years.

SHOULD it be as low as a mile an hour in congested traffic—or the speed of an express train—it is accomplished in high gear without the rasp or crunch of a shift.

Likewise it is fleet when there is need for acceleration. On a long up-hill pull it does not falter.

This abundant, responsive power—greater than other engines of comparable size possess—is why it is "America's greatest light six" engine.

Its splendid performance is attained with economy. 1200 Haynes owners report that for fuel, tires, oil and repairs, the cost to drive a Haynes is but 3½c per mile!

+ + + +

Your early inspection of Haynes coaches is advisable. A limited number only will be available this fall.

In addition to Springfield Type Sedans, Town Cars and Coupés, Haynes "Light Sixes" and "Light Twelves" are to be had in 5 and 7-passenger Touring Models and 4-passenger Roadsters. Catalog and prices on request.

The Haynes is gentle and easily controlled when in a woman's hands. Our dealer in your city will demonstrate this to you to your satisfaction

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY *40 S. Main St., Kokomo, Indiana, U. S. A.*

HAYNES

"America's First Car"

(Continued from Page 44)

among utter strangers. And again, when I tell you that during that first memorable trip four men and one government mule fell out in the night through the open doors of the box cars and were not materially damaged, you will have an even better impression of the slowness of transportation! One man rolled into a stream and picked himself out greatly refreshed, and simply boarded the first train the next morning.

"Another was not so lucky. He pitched out upon his head; and at dawn the next day some French peasants came upon him near a bridge, quite out of his mind, looking for an imaginary gun. He wanted that gun, and he wanted it mighty quick! They brought him in and turned him over to a French hospital in the town. And there our agent found him, sitting up in bed, with a French dictionary in hand, trying to string together enough French words to explain his plight.

"'You see,' he told our agent, 'What happened was this: It was a close night and we left the car doors open. In my sleep I must unconsciously have crawled near to that one cool place. Perhaps the car lurched. Anyhow, at the very instant of my fall I was dreaming. I dreamed that I was a sentinel on duty and that the Germans were very near. So, of course, when I came to, my first idea was that a Boche had swatted me one from the rear; and I wanted my gun!' We paid this man's expenses and sent him on his way.

"So many other little cases of human distress, temporary tight boxes, some humorous, some pathetic, have arisen along this line of passage, that, to cover these cases and make our men as comfortable as possible, we have established at each large stopping point what we call a contingency man. To this contingency man we give about a thousand francs a month to ease off these small worries, cheer up our men on the route and send them along on their way. This is exactly the warm human touch for which the Red Cross stands—trying to help our men through the first difficult and lonely days in a strange land.

"The expense sheet of a contingency man is revealing. Here are a few items from one:

	francs
Loaned to Americans in hospitals . . .	70 00
Food for same men to take on the train	11 75
Transportation of same to station .	1 00
Cigarettes and fruit for the sick. .	8 50
Street-car fare for one patient	40
Breakfast with Sergeant X and coffee served to all his men at station	9 80

Nothing highly romantic or thrilling about those items—just putting into actual service the big-brother idea.

"Later, when a steady influx of American troops shall be pouring along these lines, these Red Cross centers will be enlarged, with station barracks for dormitories, recreation rooms for the convalescent and an adequate infirmary to treat the sick. That's our scheme of assistance for all the chief stopping points along the routes of transportation from the coast to the Front."

Information as to Casualties

"As to the camps themselves: There we intend to work through the army chaplains. There are several logical reasons for this. The chaplain is with his regiment at all times as a commissioned officer. He is the postmaster and censor of the mails. Thus, the men are constantly passing in and out of his office at all hours of the day. He has good quarters and can, if he likes, arrange for a large place to be used for a recreation center for the battalion. By choosing him as our agent we kill two birds with one stone: First, we escape all overhead expense of personnel, for the chaplain is paid by the army, which, of course, transports all his equipment from place to place; and second, by getting behind him financially we help him to realize the opportunities of his position.

"Thus far, we have sent books, a library of three hundred volumes, to each regiment; stationery; football and baseball outfits; moving-picture films, which travel from camp to camp; and whatever else the chaplains have suggested to us. As the regiments move up closer and closer to the Front, we still keep in close touch with the chaplain. He regularly sends in to us his lists of requisitions and we send the stuff out in our camions.

"In addition to the above work, we have formed a very important department called the Bureau of Information of Casualties. The purpose of this bureau is to get information of casualties to the families of American soldiers wounded, missing or taken prisoner, and to act as a means of communication between them and such prisoners.

"Suppose, for example, John Jones is reported missing—or perhaps he is not reported at all. His people simply have not heard from him for a long while, and they become worried and cable to us saying: 'Look up John Jones, of such-and-such a regiment.' Then we give John Jones' name into the hands of one of our searchers. These searchers are men at the base hospitals who collect information on the wounded, the missing and the dead. The searcher looks through the lists of patients of the hospital to see whether any of John Jones' regimental comrades are there. Let us say he discovers one; he interrogates him.

"'Oh, yes! Jones went down with a ball through his lung. Our *brancardiers* carried him in. He is in such or such a hospital.'

"But suppose the search does not conclude so easily, and John Jones cannot be found. Then the searchers post bulletins through the hospitals and distribute them among the patients, soliciting information in their lists of missing. In this way we perform a very vital service to troubled American parents. For the War Office, which has the casualties in charge, is frightfully overworked; and how is it going to know what happens to every man who some night doesn't report Present! to his officers? So the Red Cross has undertaken to supplement the information; and a brief postal, bearing our Paris address and the name and regiment of the soldier, gets the Red Cross on the job."

Battledore and Shuttlecock

"Of course, when the Germans begin to take our men prisoners we become the chief means of communication. Already we have from seventy-five to eighty American prisoners in Germany."

"What?"

"Oh, yes! Captured by submarines. And to each of those men we send a weekly packet."

"And what does that packet contain?"

"Well, it contains, first, about ten pounds of fats in one shape or another. Then, warm clothing, boots—heavy boots for the winter—and comforts of all kinds. During the cold of this coming winter those weekly parcels alone are going to save many a soldier's life!"

"And now," I said, "please show me something you are doing in the field."

So they fixed me up an itinerary. It was a beautiful itinerary. By automobile I was to look at their canteen service for the French Army at C——, one of the biggest transportation centers in the war zone; inspect their canteen service in other centers; and finally visit the quarters of the First American Expeditionary Force in France, and see what was being done for the personal comforts of that young pioneer army.

It was estimated that about three days would suffice for the permits; and, in order to expedite matters, special letters were obtained from the Minister of Foreign Affairs himself, begging various chiefs of bureaus to put through my passes without delay. The liaison officer, as he handed me the letter, assured me it was most exceptional and was never given save to smooth the path of ambassadors and high royalties of the Line. If that be true I am sorry for any simple private individual who attempts to pass that barrage, for I fought for my permit in every particular and over every inch of the ground from Dan to Beersheba!

To begin with, they gave me a paper filled with every conceivable question; every minute particularity about my ancestors and my ancestors' ancestors. They asked about everything except whether my paternal grandmother had a bathtub! And I answered everything meticulously, with pure joy; one does not often have a chance like that to get back at one's ancestors. The result was a piece of finished creative art.

Then came the question of photographs. Mine had been taken in New York, with a hat.

"*Sans chapeau, mademoiselle!*" said the little clerk of the bureau firmly.

So I obediently went out and procured a set *sans chapeau*. When I returned and handed them to the little clerk he glanced at them, frowned, shook his head, and called in an assistant. The assistant called in his assistant. And the three of them took the picture over to the light and bent over it, with deep concentrated attention.

"But there is no hat!" I exclaimed, a trifle exasperated. I thought perhaps they fancied, from the way I was standing in the picture, that I was trying to get the best of them and concealing that hat behind my back.

"Mademoiselle, this will not do," pronounced the first little clerk severely. "Absolutely! It is a three-quarters view. You must have full face; full face and no hat."

And so I journeyed forth again. But this was only the first advance skirmish. With my genealogical tree in hand; with my four pictures, full face and without a hat; with my letter from the Minister of War; with my passport, my provisory card of identity, my declaration of domicile, and the copy of my last year's *permis de séjour*, and my immatriculation papers, I once more approached the chief of the bureau, presented my documents—and the battle was on.

"You wish a *sauf-conduit* to go into the zone of the army?"

"Yes."

"You have a *carnet d'étranger?*"

"No."

"That takes anywhere from ten days to a month to procure."

"But I am pressed for time, and this letter from the minister asks you to ask the chief of the bureau to expedite the affair."

"Ah, yes!" He glanced at the letter, and it seemed to me he looked derisive. "How do you wish to go?"

"As you see—by automobile."

"By a militarized automobile?"

"I think so. It belongs to the Red Cross."

"But women are not allowed in militarized automobiles in the war zone. That is absolutely impossible. It is a rule of the French Government."

"But women do go in militarized automobiles—nurses and so on."

"But they belong to the Red Cross."

"And if I belong to the Red Cross may I go in a militarized automobile?"

"Certainly; but for that you must have a *carnet d'étranger*, which takes anywhere from ten days to a month to secure."

"But this letter of the minister—will you kindly present it with my papers to the gentleman to whom it is addressed, Monsieur X?"

With the look of derision deepening upon his face, he disappeared. After one hour's wait in the bustling antechamber he dumped the papers into my lap, exclaiming triumphantly:

"Monsieur X does not occupy himself with that affair!"

"Then who does?"

"Ah, mademoiselle ——" He gave a wide wave of his hands and returned to his work.

After a suitable pause I approached his desk.

"If Monsieur X does not occupy himself with this affair, will you kindly ask him to give me the address of someone who does, to whom I may present this letter from the minister?"

Who's Got the Button?

He dived into the rear office and, after another hour of delay, returned with a name scribbled across the back of an envelope.

"This is the monsieur who will occupy himself with the affair."

Accordingly to that gentleman, a genial French commandant, I betook myself. Upon reading the letter he raised his eyebrows and exclaimed:

"But, mademoiselle, it is not I who should occupy myself with this affair. It is Monsieur X to whom it is addressed."

"But I have just this instant returned from Monsieur X, and he says it is not he but you who should occupy yourself with the affair; and, as I am pressed for time ——"

"Like all the Americans!" he laughed. "Wait; I will telephone to Monsieur X."

He did so. They talked about the weather; the Italian offensive; they made an engagement to dine; and, as Monsieur X was about to ring off, the commandant exclaimed:

"Oh, wait a second! There is a demoiselle here in my bureau, with a letter from —— Wait; I shall read it to you."

And he read the letter from the minister, giving all his titles and honors, in a voice full of laughter. Then followed many

(Continued on Page 49)

Have you found your ultimate tobacco?

Have you discovered a brand or mixture which you believe is the last word in pipe tobacco as far as you are concerned?

Or are you still searching for that tobacco which you'll be content to smoke for the rest of your days?

Some men find a tobacco that suits them early in their smoking careers.

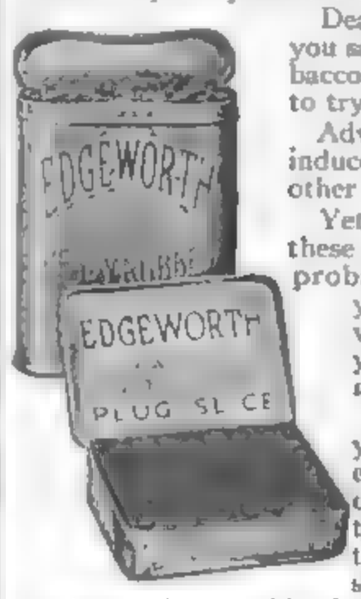
It is even possible that some men pick the *one* tobacco the very first time.

But these are exceptional cases.

The average smoker spends years experimenting with various blends and mixtures.

That's probably what you have done.

Friends have recommended their favorite brands to you—you have tried them all.



Dealers have given you samples of new tobaccos and urged you to try others.

Advertisements have induced you to try still other brands.

Yet now, after all these experiments, you probably still have your doubts as to whether the brand you smoke is the *ultimate*.

Even though you smoke it and enjoy it, deep down in your heart there is possibly the thought that somewhere there's a tobacco that would suit you better if you only knew its name.

The chances are that no friend of yours can tell you its name because individual tastes are so different.

You've got to find it for yourself by patient and continuous effort.

Some men have tried Edgeworth tobacco and found that it did not quite touch the spot.

On the other hand many thousands of men smoke nothing else. They found in Edgeworth their ultimate tobacco.

Edgeworth is a *peculiar* tobacco. It has a very distinct flavor and aroma.

That's why the men who like it smoke it to the exclusion of all other brands. They are strong for it because they have found that it gives them more pipe-satisfaction than any tobacco they ever smoked.

You may not like Edgeworth—then again you might. You must try it yourself to find out—nothing we *say* about it can influence your likes or your dislikes.

But it's very easy to try Edgeworth. A generous sample will be mailed you if you will just write your name and address on a postcard and mention the dealer from whom you purchase most of your tobacco.

The package we send will contain Edgeworth in both its forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed—whichever one you like is merely a matter of personal preference—the tobacco is exactly the same.

Edgeworth Plug Slice comes in thin oblong slices—each slice making a comfortable pipe load. You rub up the slice in your hand before loading your pipe.

The Ready-Rubbed is the same Edgeworth tobacco except that the rubbing-up operation has been done for you by specialized machinery. It is in just the right condition for your pipe.

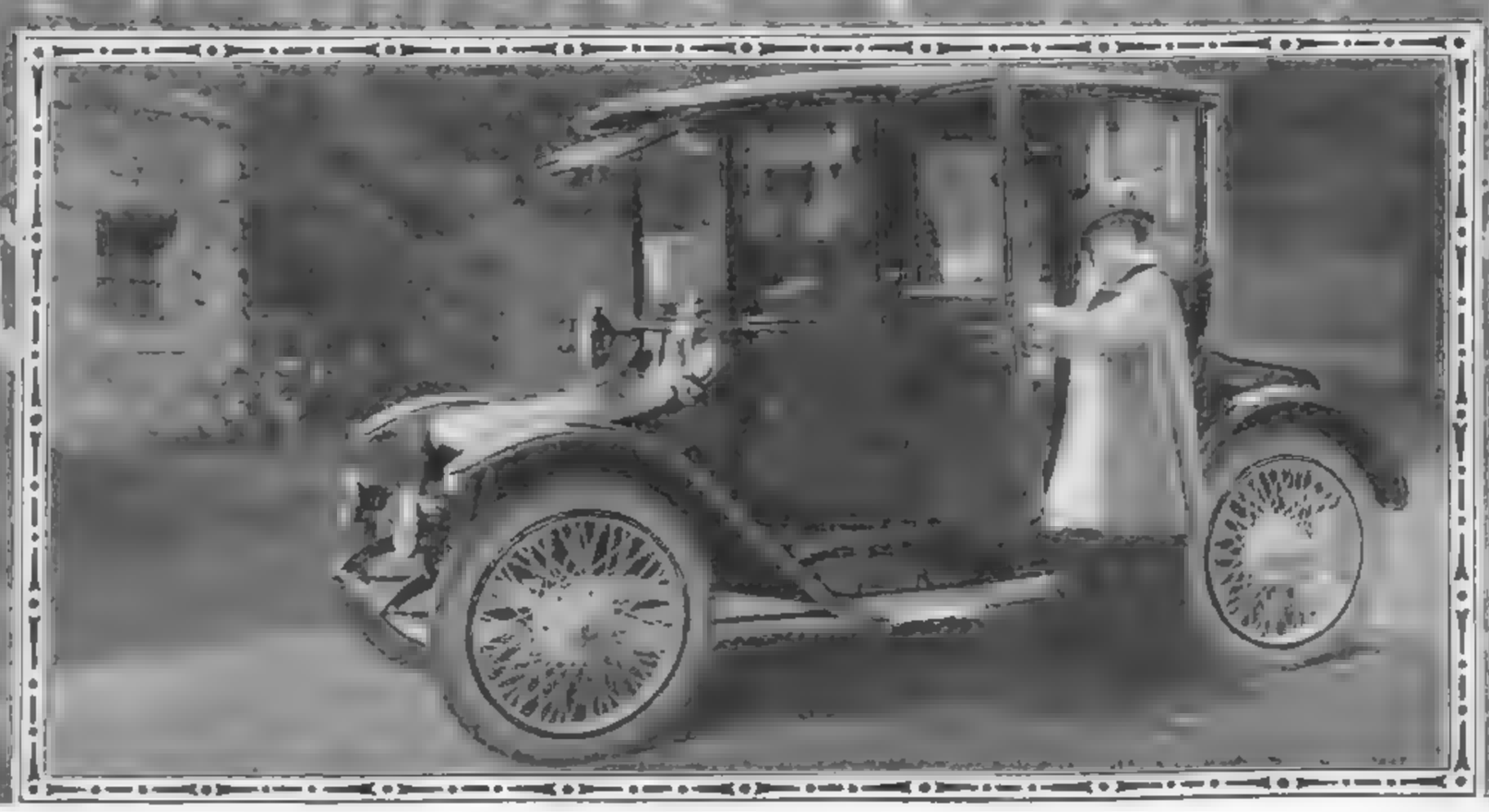
The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are—10c for a pocket-size tin, 25c, and 50c for larger tins, $1.00 for a humidor tin. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. It is on sale practically everywhere. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

For the free sample, write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel-post at same price you would pay jobber

To-day's Car of Utility and Economy

Detroit Electric



400 Gas Car Owners Proved Wrong

A list of 400 gas car owners was compiled.

Each owner was requested to state off-hand the approximate number of miles he thought he traveled each day.

The answers ranged from 50 to 150 miles.

That was about what we thought they would say.

Most motorists do think they travel a long ways each day.

In fact, we know that if the Detroit Electric had mileage of 200 miles on a single charge of the battery, practically all enclosed car buyers would purchase Detroit Electrics.

Thousands of buyers are depriving themselves of all the advantages of the Detroit Electric simply because of their honest but erroneous impression that they need 200 miles on a single battery charge.

Yet we know those very motorists are fair-minded and open to conviction.

So we set out to prove that the mileage a Detroit Electric does give—80 to 100 miles on one charge of the battery—is more than enough for a day's use.

We had these same 400 gas car owners, who told us they thought they drove 50 to 150 miles a day, keep track of the speedometer readings for each day for a period of 60 days.

And these 400 proved themselves mistaken.

They found that actually they did not travel anything like what they assumed they did.

As a matter of fact, 300 of the 400 traveled between 30 to 40 miles a day.

80 traveled from 40 to 50 miles a day. 18 traveled from 50 to 55 miles a day.

And two traveled from 65 to 75 miles per day.

Yet all the 400 thought the Detroit Electric should have a 200 mile range on a single charge of the battery to meet their needs.

But the speedometer proved to them that if the Detroit Electric had only 45 miles per charge it would be more than enough for 300 of the 400 owners.

Whereas, the Detroit Electric actually has from **80 to 100 miles on a charge.**

And that is more mileage than even those few needed who traveled the greatest distance each day.

Here is another point to consider. It also is a point in favor of the Detroit Electric. You are frequently told of the tremendous speed and great touring ability of gas cars.

Of course, you realize that it costs heavily to develop this excess speed and touring ability.

So it is logical to assume that other features of performance and quality must be slighted to keep the cost of the car within the set selling price.

Yet this test of the 400 owners proves that excess speed and touring ability is not used.

Why, then, should you buy what you don't use or have need for?

In the case of the Detroit Electric speed and touring ability has not been over-emphasized.

It has been our aim to develop a car of **quality, usable utility, economy of service, and simplicity of operation.**

When you buy a Detroit Electric you buy motor car performance that you **do** use.

If you will ride once in the Detroit Electric it will win you. Its better value for you and your family will impress you at once.

You will find the modern Detroit Electric a big, powerful, thoroughly able automobile.

It gives the smoothest possible performance all the time—winter or summer.

It picks up instantly and briskly. Leave it outside on the coldest days and yet it will start off the minute you turn on the power and it will drive smoothly right from the start without "bucking" or "jerking."

It is so easy and simple to operate that all the family—even the younger members—can drive the Detroit Electric safely.

This driving simplicity of the Detroit Electric is a particularly desirable feature in these days when so many men—husbands and sons, as well as chauffeurs—are responding to our nation's call for men.

Call the nearest Detroit Electric dealer today and let him give you a demonstration in one of the new models. Prices, $2,125 to $2,775, f. o. b. Detroit.

(281)

ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR COMPANY
Detroit *Michigan*

Gasoline Has Advanced 72% in Cost in Last 2 Years. Electric Power Has Decreased in Cost

(Continued from Page 47)

ejaculations and explanations. At length the commandant rang off and turned to me:

"You have understood?"

"Not all. But I see it is a game of Button, button; who's got the button?"

He looked at me, not understanding my momentary lapse into English.

"Listen! It is this way: It is not Monsieur X, neither is it I, who should occupy ourselves with the affair; it is the Liaison officer, Major H ——"

"And where shall I find him?"

"Ah, that is the question! Go to the Rue Constantine. Go about five o'clock."

"And will he certainly be there at five?"

"Oh, yes; he is often there about five. If you do not find him, then perhaps he will be there in the morning—unless he has gone to Vichy for a few days for a cure. He is troubled with lumbago."

"But, monsieur, I am very pressed for time, and this letter from the minister ——"

"Yes, yes; I perfectly comprehend. You are pressed for time. Good! Go at three!"

At three I searched for the major at the address in the Rue Constantine; he was out, nobody knew where—possibly at the Ministry of War. Accordingly to the Ministry of War I went, and found Major H—— hurriedly issuing from the gate. I gave him the letter. He glanced at it hastily and returned it, frowning as he assured me:

"It is not I who should occupy myself with this ——"

"Please don't!" I broke in. "Please don't say it again!" And I explained the situation.

The major laughed.

"But I do assure you, mademoiselle, that it is Monsieur X who should oc— will facilitate your affair. Go back to him."

"But he will not even receive me!"

"He will receive you this time; I shall telephone to him at once. Go back."

So once more I returned to Monsieur X and his derisive doorkeeper; and that was the end of the first round.

But all these discouragements and entanglements of red tape are necessary to prevent hordes of lovely ladies from invading the army from the rear.

There is a story of a French colonel, an honest and simple gentleman but a martinet for discipline and propriety, to whom a lady came for a permit to see her husband, a certain lieutenant. She had succeeded in getting as far as Compiègne, where the colonel brutally held her up. She wept, implored, entreated; the colonel was adamant.

"After all the horrid trouble," she sobbed, "of obtaining the passes, the disagreeable questions those little people asked in the various bureaus, to arrive so far to one's dear husband, and then to fail! Oh, it is c-cruel!"

At length, moved by her beauty and her tears, the colonel capitulated.

"There, there!" he said. "Don't cry! I will stretch a point this time; but it was a foolhardy thing to try."

An Embarrassed Lieutenant

And he took her in his own military car—strictly forbidden to women—over to the officers' *cantonnement*. They came upon the lieutenant in question just issuing from his door. "Here is your wife come to see you!" beamed the honest colonel.

The lieutenant gaped, turned white, turned red, and then blurted forth:

"She is not my wife! She—I—I have been side-stepping that lady for six months! Oh, *mon commandant*, what have you done!"

In due course I received my *sauf-conduit*—and then did not have to use it once throughout the entire trip!

The sentries at the outskirts of the villages signaled with their rifles for us to slow up; but when they saw Croix Rouge Américaine painted across the front of our car they waved us on with friendly smiles. We were Americans—Allies!

As we followed along, deeper into the country, the roads became noticeably better; and we were to discover later, as we progressed toward the Front, that the food also grew better and cheaper. Excellent meals at half Paris prices. Later we passed long, patient transport lines, camions and artillery trucks, and horses weaving in long gray undulations toward some invisible goal. We whirled through little villages thick with troops *en repos*.

The country was beautiful, with green little gems of valleys, soft rounded hills, and slow ample streams, lined with poplars, flowing as smoothly as a canal; sheep in the meadows; cows in the clover; towheaded girls tending geese; old men whipping the streams for trout—the whole affair intimate, sun-steeped; cozy, with an air of fine tranquillity that made the reports of the desperate fighting behind the slopes toward the north seem like a sinister nightmare.

Over all this country the Germans had poured; but, nevertheless, only a few scattered or fallen crosses in fields of grain and poppies mark the invasion. The harvests this year are excellent. That it is not a bumper crop is due to the fact that the shoulders of the women of France are not quite strong enough to drive the plow to its deepest furrows. But there is an abundance of wheat, barley and potatoes.

Occasionally an officer in his low gray car would tear past us with a whoosh! and disappear in an aureole of dust. At these times we seemed to be standing still, though our speedometer recorded forty miles. The tiny tricolor fluttering at the front of such cars indicated a general. Some fine morning, when I am feeling very well indeed, I am going to stick a little tricolor on my car and race straight through to the Crown Prince!

At C—— we stopped to visit a canteen operated by the Red Cross, the largest and most complete of its kind in France. Conceive gigantic barracks, light, spacious and decorated with beauty and dash. The young Frenchman who designed the interior color schemes of this building won the Prix de Rome, and since the war has turned his art into making camouflage—protective designs for French guns and camions.

Red Cross Rest Barracks

The barracks are about evenly divided into three sections—dining room, rest room and *dortoirs*, or sleeping quarters. Here a French soldier, arriving from the Front and infested by the terrible crawling plague from the trenches, may take a hot bath, get his uniform disinfected while he is doing so, procure clean underwear, have a shave, and, if he is hungry, dine. This meal, simple and nourishing, and based upon what the soldiers like, costs about fourteen cents—if the soldier has it. If he is temporarily broke a ticket man at the door will mend matters. Placed as the building is, directly at the railroad station of C——, one of the busiest transportation centers of the war zone, where from twelve thousand to twenty thousand troops pass through daily, and perhaps twice that number during an offensive, this canteen serves thousands with the veriest necessities of life.

The value of such an establishment, so placed that it catches all the men coming and going, is inestimable. Good food, baths, beds, a pleasant room to write or rest in—these will be priceless comforts indeed through the coming winter. Heretofore nothing had been done for these men, save to serve them coffee. And while they waited for their trains to the Front, or to the rear, there was nothing for it but to sit for hours on the wooden benches, their heavy kits dragging down their shoulders, weary statues of patient immobility—or betake their way to the lower quarters of the town, where vice has mobilized itself for the occasion.

The French Government, realizing the gravity of this situation and its immediate reaction upon the morale of the troops, has coöperated with the Red Cross in designating certain big transportation centers and erecting these barracks. Given the building, the Red Cross then furnishes the interior fittings, the personnel, the funds—and gets to work. On cold days, aside from the meal in the dining room, the Red Cross also serves coffee from the platform to thousands of troops en route, who may not descend from the trains.

As an extension of this same kind of work with the French troops, the Red Cross is also sustaining, just back of the first-line trenches, canteens for the men in the trenches. The French have twenty-one such canteens; the Red Cross has promised to duplicate that number—which will swing an unbroken line of coffee clubs along the entire French Army! Working in *abris*, or underground shelters, often under fire, these canteen men serve hot coffee to the detachments of troops constantly circulating between the first lines and the rear. In each *abri* an American works with a Frenchman.

This, again, is in accordance with Major Murphy's idea that, until our soldiers are actually fighting in the trenches, it is the duty of the Red Cross to make the French feel that America is in the game in every possible way. And so he has caused to be placed in each of these dangerous rest stations a young American—as an earnest of what is to come.

We left B—— in the late afternoon. As it was Sunday, it was decided to motor through the camps, lodge in L——, a little village a mile away, and return on Monday to see what the Red Cross and the Y. M C. A. were doing for the personal comfort of the men.

It was a beautiful sunny afternoon, mild and tranquil, and we wound through one exquisite little green valley after another, each idyllically pastoral and quiet, with its soft, calm-flowing streams flanked by poplars and its quota of fishermen. Presently groups of chasseurs, in their jaunty dark uniform, bearing the insignia of the bugle, began to dot the roadside. Next a lanky horseman in khaki shot by, having a hard time with his horse, which shied at the automobile. Then suddenly khaki swarming everywhere! We were in the heart of the First American Army to France!

Presenting ourselves at headquarters we found the general out; so, while the chauffeur backed his car, we strolled down the village's single narrow little street. There I ran into a youth holding some towels. At home I should have judged that youngster to be about sixteen, perhaps going upon seventeen. But there was a particular babylike freshness to his contour, a babylike curl to his lashes, which made him appear peculiarly naïve and boyish.

"How did you get here?" I asked.

He laughed, understanding the implication.

"Well," he said, "I ran away from home three times to do it; and so at last mother gave her consent."

"And how do you like this strange country?"

"Why," he replied in his soft Southern drawl, "it's not so strange. It seems right like the hills of North Ca'lina!"

"I think it's like Connecticut," said a private beside him. "I come from Connecticut; and there's the same fertile, cultivated valleys, the same easy swell of hills, the same slow but sure rivers."

"I think it's like Missouri," declared another. "I live in a little town you could poke off into one of these hills and it would never know it was mislaid. When I first saw these hills, with little towns no bigger than a peanut tucked away among them, I said to myself: 'Well, good morning, Missouri!'"

So France was not strange or lonesome. It was merely North Carolina, Connecticut, Missouri—any place! Each soldier had simply taken the familiar points of the new country and then made them over into the likeness of his own "back home!"

The Chasseurs' Band

It was five o'clock, and the sun continued to shine—a great condescension. During the month of August it has rained at five o'clock with the same regularity that an Englishman has his cup of tea; but at this particular moment there was brilliant sunshine and the land lay steeped in tranquillity, in that peculiar warm-breathing intimacy that is so characteristic of France.

We swung into the central Place and found a densely packed throng; and strains of music blared in our ears. The French chasseurs were treating their American comrades, the marines, with a Sunday-afternoon band concert! Presently there was a stir; the crowd began to give, and a young Frenchman cried out to us:

"They come this way. Back up! Quick!"

We backed as quickly as we could, and not a moment too soon. The marching band swept by us, with their swift, short, springy step, which resembles neither the American double-quick nor the trot of the Italian Bersaglieri, and yet gets them over the ground at a surprising speed. Up the steep little street they flung themselves in splendid rhythm, playing a smashing martial air, at intervals twirling their gleaming instruments high over their heads, with a dash, a spirit and a grace that was incomparable! And after they had marched up the hill they just turned round and marched down again; and did it all over again.

Later we motored back to L——, where we were to lodge, there being no hotels of

(Concluded on Page 51)

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for two or three nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

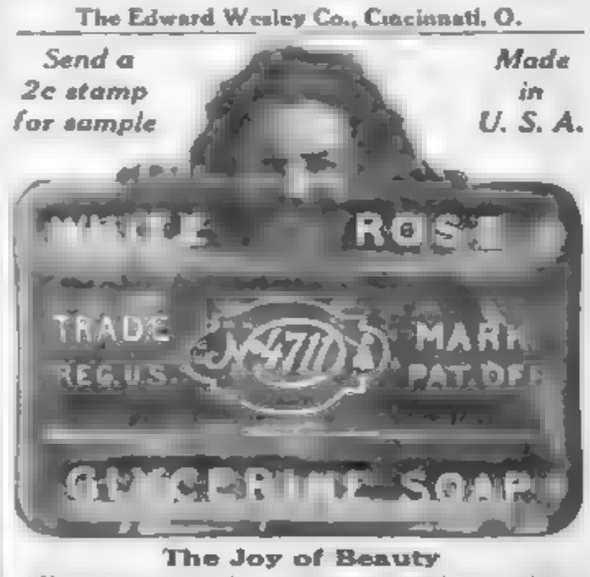
Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

Send a 2c stamp for sample

Made in U. S. A.



The Joy of Beauty

Charming woman has no greater social asset than a lovely skin and a complexion clear and limpid. And no aid to nature can do more for you in attaining the velvety texture, the soft smoothness that is Beauty's handmaiden than delightful, luxuriant

No 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap

For generations discriminating women have known the beautifying qualities of this delightful soap. Its rare delicacy and elusive perfume, its transparent purity and its luxuriantly abundant lather make its use a delight and a habit unchangeable.

Ask for No 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap at your [illegible]

4711 Bath Salts and [illegible]

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, Dept. 24, 25 West 45th Street, New York

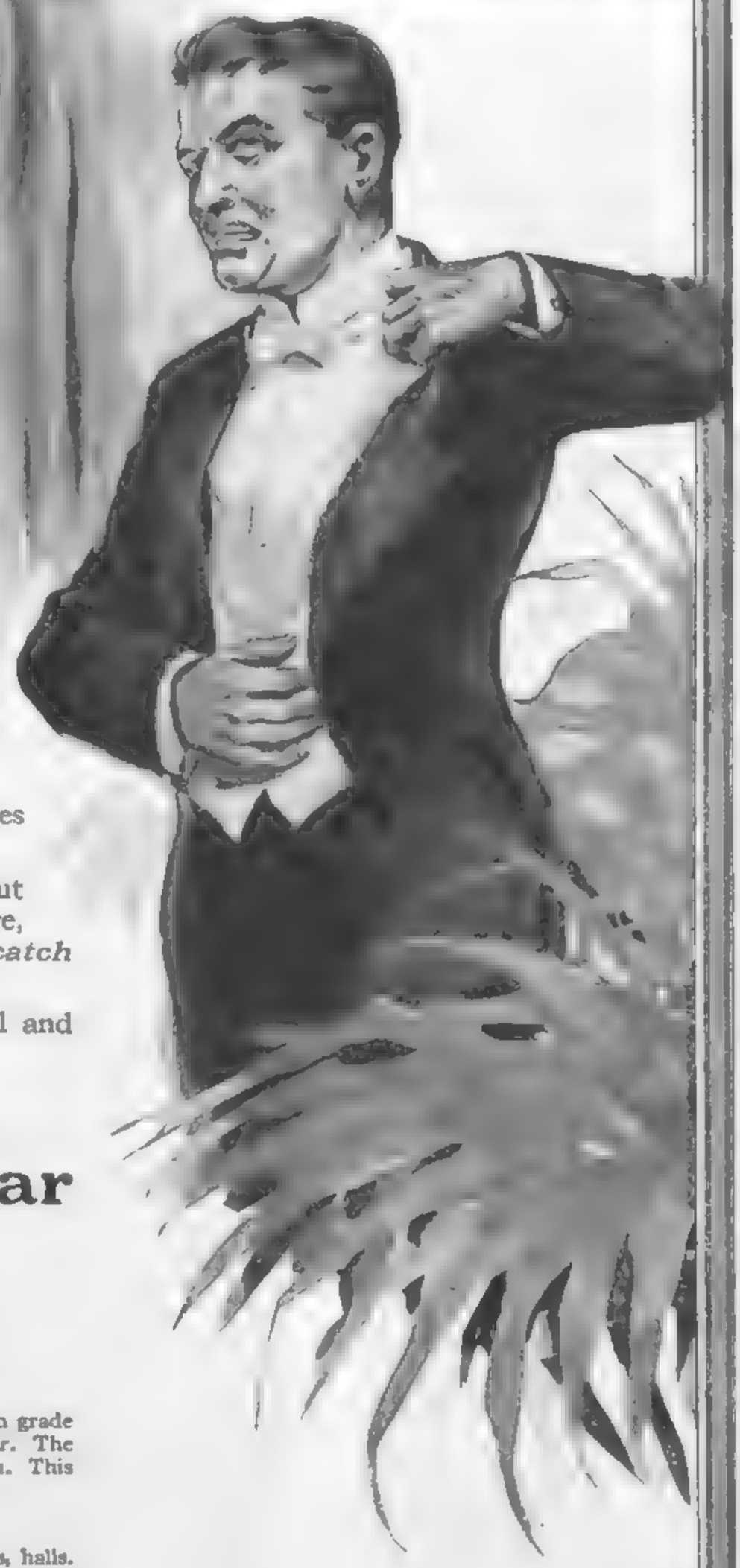
CHEFSERVICE In Your own Home! that's what it is to have a few of these tins on your shelf

PURITY CROSS Inc. Model Kitchen ORANGE N.J.

SALESMEN WANTED to sell Super Products to [illegible]

Attractive handle. Consumption big. Lowest prices, [illegible] 20-year quality reputation. Big commissions net handsome income. All or part time. Rochester Chemical Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Are You *Hot*—"*Itchy*" in warm rooms?



It's your Underwear!

In winter you dress for outdoor cold—and *indoors* where it's *warm* you suffer.

Wool underwear is fine for *outdoors*—warm and a protection to health. But *inside*, where there's heat, it "itches"—scratches your skin; you're uncomfortable.

Cotton underwear is O. K. *indoors*—it's soft and comfortable. But *outside*, in the open, it's poor protection against *cold*. If you perspire, it doesn't dry quickly like wool—feels wet, clammy, and you may *catch cold* easily.

In patented Duofold you have all the advantages of warm wool and soft cotton *without* the disadvantages.

Duofold Health Underwear

Cotton next to Skin: COMFORT
Warm Wool Outside: NO ITCH
Air Space between: PREVENTS COLDS

Duofold fabric consists of a *thin* layer of fine wool knit *over* a *thin* layer of soft, high grade cotton. The cotton is *all* on the *inside*, next the skin, which means *comfort all over*. The wool is all on the *outside*, where it *protects*, keeps the cold *out* and natural warmth *in*. This combined fabric is of *lighter* weight than the usual heavy underwear.

An Air Space between the two layers provides *ventilation* for garment and body.

No Itch: In your Duofold you don't mind hot trains, offices, houses, theatres, churches, halls. You *keep comfortable*. The soft, smooth cotton is actually *soothing* to the skin. You feel the same indoors as *out*.

Always Soft, Fresh, DRY: The outside wool layer absorbs bodily moisture from the inside cotton layer and it then evaporates easily in the wool. Thus the cotton next the skin always *remains* dry. The garment constantly keeps *itself and the body dry* and the fabric soft and fresh—never feels sticky, clammy, like all-cotton underwear.

Less Colds and Sickness: Put on your Duofold with the first frost and wear it straight through to the last frost—and you'll be surprised to find how uniformly comfortable you'll be regardless of changes in temperature. If it's mild you won't be hot; if it's zero you won't be cold! No need of frequently changing your other clothes to suit the weather. You'll enjoy the same comfort day-in-and-day-out—and be constantly protected against catching cold.

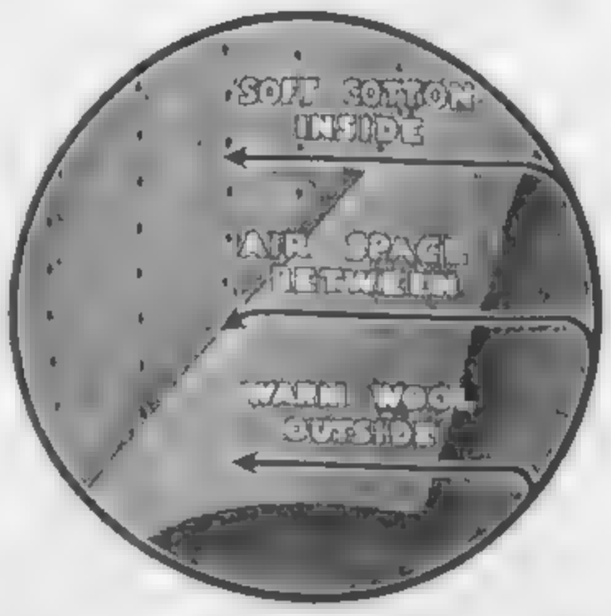
Your Duofold will keep your body *warm, dry* and *ventilated*—it will keep *you* comfortable. *Ask your physician.*

If your dealer hasn't it, write us. Description and sample of fabric sent on request

Duofold Health Underwear Co., Mohawk, N. Y.

Mother's Note: Duofold is also made for Infants and Children as well as grown ups—bands, shirts, union suits, etc. What better health protection could be asked for the little one's tender, delicate body? It is simply *ideal*. Ask your dealer.

Dealers: Selling Duofold is a service to customers. Nothing like it. And it's *growing*. Glad to send Swatch Card and Prices.



(Concluded from Page 49)

any description in the villages. As we opened the dining-room door another concert struck our ears; and again it was the chasseurs. But this time it was a jolly French marching air, roared out by dozens of throats mellowed by wine. Evidently the Frenchmen were treating their American comrades, the marines, to a simple Sunday-night feed—or vice versa. The only condition was that from the camp to the hotel each guest should provide his own carriage. At a coign of vantage, over in the corner, at a table for two, sat the major of the chasseurs and his wife, who, except myself, was the sole woman in the room. The major was a round little man, with a fresh pink skin and intensely dark-blue eyes; and that he was as proud as Punch of his men was evidenced by every look of pleased delight he cast upon them.

Under cover of the general hubbub I heard a young marine ask his French chasseur neighbor:

"What is our problem to-morrow?"

And the chasseur sergeant, whose fierce black mustachios almost concealed his face, replied imperturbably:

"Our problem to-morrow, my boy, is our problem to-morrow. To-night our problem is—as you see! Mam'selle! And now shall we hear an American song?"

The Prefect Relented

The marine rose, went over to his captain, and bent down and conferred with him. The next moment there burst upon the air one of the best swinging airs our nation has yet evolved: The United States Marine. They went through the various verses with a mounting enthusiasm which shook the low rafters and brought them a salvo of applause. Followed a round of uproarious toasts:

"To the Americans!"—"To France!"—"To the Marines!"—"To the Alpine Chasseurs!"—"Comrades all!"

That brought down the house, and the sergeant proposed a *ban*. Now a *ban* is simply a way of raising Cain by graded degrees of thunder. All the men tap on the table together with the first finger of each hand; and they tap in unison, thus: 1—2—3—4—5; 1—2—3—4—5; 1—2—3—4—5; 1—2—3.

"Two fingers!" cried the sergeant.

The two fingers of each hand rapped out the *ban* with a force beneath which the long table quivered. Glasses seemed to spring from their places and dance crazily in the air.

"Three fingers!"

A tureen of cauliflower hopped silently to the edge and went crashing to the floor.

"Four fingers! All hands down!"

This time the battery was terrific. And it was while the tumult was at its loudest that there came a booming knock at the door. The door was opened and a heavy, severe voice called out:

"Messieurs! Messieurs! Messieurs! What have we here? All this noise after closing hours!"

It was the prefect of that little town roused from his after-dinner reverie by the infernal thunder of that *ban*.

The major of the chasseurs went over to placate him.

"I beg your indulgence for a little while, Monsieur le Préfet," he began, smiling. "As you see, my men have almost finished!"

"No! No! This thing is incredible—in L——. In L—— it is impossible! In L—— it cannot happen!"

"Just a few minutes!" murmured the major, smiling.

"No; absolutely! It is against the law—in L——."

"You see they are at their coffee."

"No! No! It absolutely cannot be done. This bores me horribly; but it is my duty!"

"It is Sunday night. A few minutes ——"

The prefect suddenly relented. He bowed; and he smiled at the soldiers he had frowned on so ferociously.

"Very good, messieurs! Finish your affairs in a small quarter of an hour. A quarter of an hour, gentlemen! Good night!"

He saluted the room and retired.

The men drank their coffee, sang a few more songs, and then wandered off in the darkness, arm in arm, chasseur and marine, toward the road that led back to the camps. It was a remarkable evening; and, for the first time, I got clearly that impression of a natural comradeship between the American and the Frenchman, which is going to figure largely in helping to win this war.

That night I made an appointment with the captain of the marines to watch his men drill the next morning at nine upon a certain designated hill.

Accordingly the next morning at nine we were upon the hill. Our car had mired half a mile below, where we had left the chauffeur to his troubles; and we walked in a violent downpour through sodden stubble fields to where men were making barbed-wire entanglements, digging communicating trenches, and throwing hand grenades with zeal, despite the rain. Nevertheless, it presently became too wild a storm and the soldiers were called in.

Ten marines got our car into the road and we started down the hill. At the chaplain's we stopped to inquire whether the Red Cross libraries had arrived. We found Father B—— in his office, busy censoring the mail.

"Wait a minute!" said my friend. "I'd like to justify a shrewd suspicion about the people those young rascals write to. Let's take fifty letters, divide them into piles of Mr., Mrs. and Miss, and see who gets the majority."

We did so, and the Misses won by overwhelming odds.

"Just as I thought," said the Red Cross man. "Those young rascals are neglecting their mothers to write to their girls!"

"But the Mrs. pile doesn't of necessity mean mothers," interposed Father B——, laughing. "They may be wives. The other morning a young fellow came into my room, looking sad and desolate, and sat himself down upon a chair without a word. I inquired:

"'What's up, my boy?'

"'I have got troubles.'

"'Troubles! What kind of troubles?'

"'Domestic troubles.'

"'Domestic troubles! You—infant! How old are you, anyhow?'

"'Eighteen.'

"'And how old is your wife?'

"'Sixteen.'

"And he was just beginning his domestic difficulties! No; you cannot always tell when they're married."

After a talk with the chaplain about a social club he was forming in each company we went over to headquarters, where I was to lunch with the officers of the marines. There I met the colonel of the marines.

"Colonel," I asked, "what do your men need most to make them comfortable and happy?"

"Tobacco!" he replied promptly. "After that, literature. I don't necessarily mean Darwin's Descent of Man, though a copy or so of that would not come amiss; but the current weeklies and magazines and newspapers—what the home folks are talking about."

No Redskins Need Apply

At dinner I sat beside a grandson of Victor Hugo—a liaison officer for the marines.

"How did the village people take this peaceable invasion by the United States Army?" I inquired.

He laughed.

"When we first came down to lay out the encampment I found the people extremely reluctant to have the American soldiers. Astonished at their attitude, I tried to reason with them. Remember, the people about here have never traveled; only two individuals in this entire village have ever been to Paris—and they were afraid of those Americans!"

"But why?" I inquired.

"It turned out that they thought Americans were redskins; and that those who were not redskins were cowboys and would lasso them! Their sole knowledge of the Americans had been gained through the cinema, where they had seen redskins and cowboys with hairy breeches racing madly over the country lassoing cows or humans and they were downright afraid of them!"

"They must have been agreeably disappointed then?"

"They were! Several of them have since stopped me on the street and explained to me what well-educated people these Americans seem to be; and how, above all, they never seem to swear!"

The major of the marines laughed heartily.

"Tell that to the marines!" he said. "You hear that, Eddy?" he remarked dryly to the orderly who was cutting up a pie at the buffet. "You have a reputation to sustain."

"Yes, sir," grinned Eddy. "I'll try to sustain it, sir!"

At the conclusion of our lunch Major W—— showed me over the entire camp, through the men's billets and their cooking quarters.

"Here we are," he said; "nothing de luxe—but comfortable; and, above all, warm during the winter."

There exists at Washington a sort of agreement between the leaders of the Red Cross and those of the Y. M. C. A. that the social welfare of the American soldier shall belong to the Y. M. C. A.

Ill or wounded, he automatically becomes the charge of the Red Cross; but well and strong, he is the Y. M. C. A.'s particular job.

Thus, during those first rainy, homesick weeks of the pioneer American Army in France, it was the duty of the Y. M. C. A. to provide recreation centers, where the soldiers could gather at night, read, play games or write home; for in the men's billets no lights were allowed. But for the first four weeks these centers were conspicuous by their absence, and the men suffered in consequence. The Y. M. C. A. was not on its job.

Well-Spent Millions

There were many reasons for this failure—a ship submarined with Y. M. C. A. materials; slowness of transportation; inability to get timber; inability to get tents. Also, Mr. Carter, their chief, could not discover just where in France those first camps were to be located. And it was not until after the troops were actually installed that he learned where they were—so well had the secret of their destination been kept.

But later the Y. M. C. A. measured up to the situation. When, last week, I motored for a second time with Mr. Carter through the camps, I found barracks in every village save one. Large, spacious and comfortable, these huts by night are cheery and attractive. And the men frequent them by hundreds. The bar, with its soft drinks, ginger ale and pop, does a roaring Fourth of July trade. One of the Y. M. C. A. "barkeeps" told me that in one hour he had sold a hundred dollars' worth of chocolate alone! What with stunt nights, sing feats and traveling Red Cross films, the barracks are packed to capacity nearly every night.

That they will be thoroughly appreciated during the coming winter, their popularity shows.

But the army will not always remain in these camps—at least, the same army will not remain. And when the time comes to move the first division up toward the Front, that shadowy, undesignated land, then the Red Cross goes with the army, and works through the chaplains. With libraries, with phonographs and cards and cinemas and football and baseball outfits, it looks after the health and spirits of the soldiers. That such cheerful things do immeasurably fortify the morale of the men goes without saying.

"It's the long hours between four and four that are the problem," said the colonel of the marines to me. "We train our men eight hours a day; but in the shortening days, when dark falls at four—what are we going to do? That's where the chances of the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. come in."

In the matter of the Red Cross millions the American public may congratulate itself on several heads. And, first, it may congratulate itself on having Major Murphy, an able, kind and keen man, to administer the funds. He is a man in a million for the place.

Second, it may congratulate itself that this money is a direct gift from the people and not a congressional apportionment, tied up and subject to eternal dispute as to its governance.

And, lastly, it is to be congratulated on the fact that the Red Cross in Europe is already functioning powerfully, and the French are profoundly touched by its eagerness to aid.

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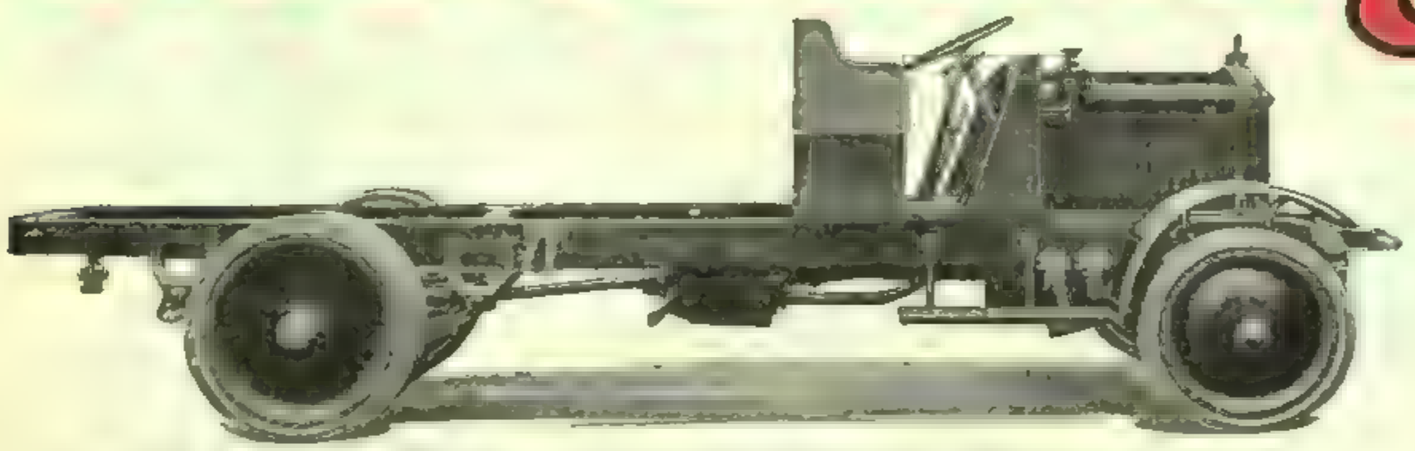

Republic Model V—"The Thoroughbred"—Five-Ton—with the Republic capacity for excess strain. This model exemplifies the most advanced truck engineering. Long stroke motor with power for any emergency. Armored Type Radiator. Internal Gear Drive. 168-inch wheelbase. Extra heavy pressed steel frame 9 inches deep. Nickel alloy springs, front 42x5 inches, rear underslung 54x5 inches. Four forward speeds.

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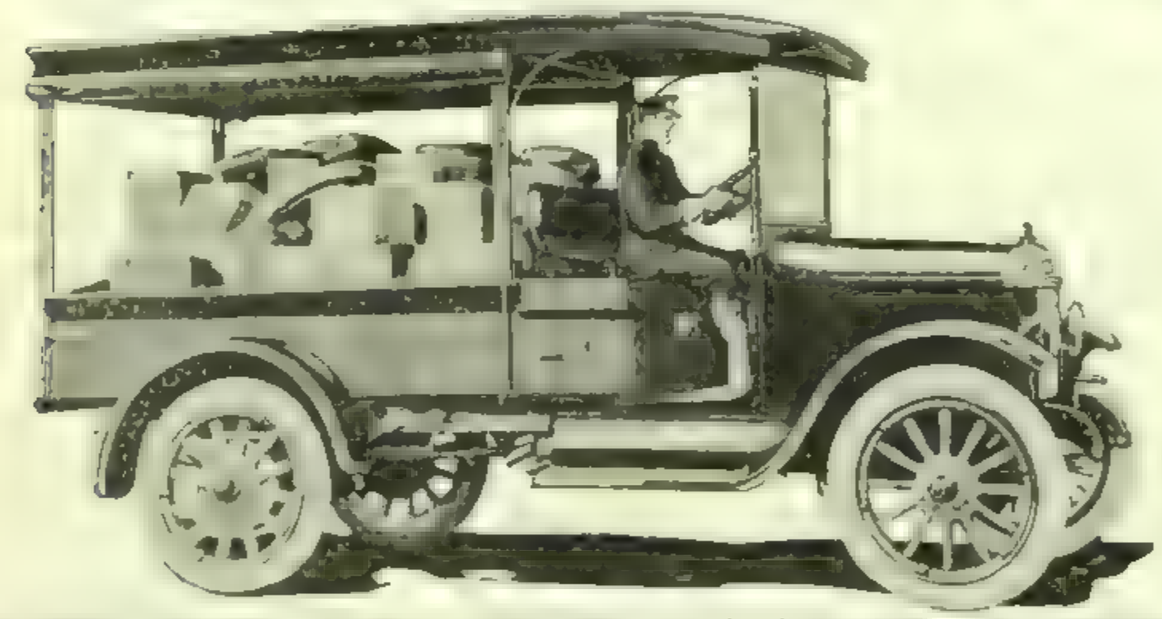
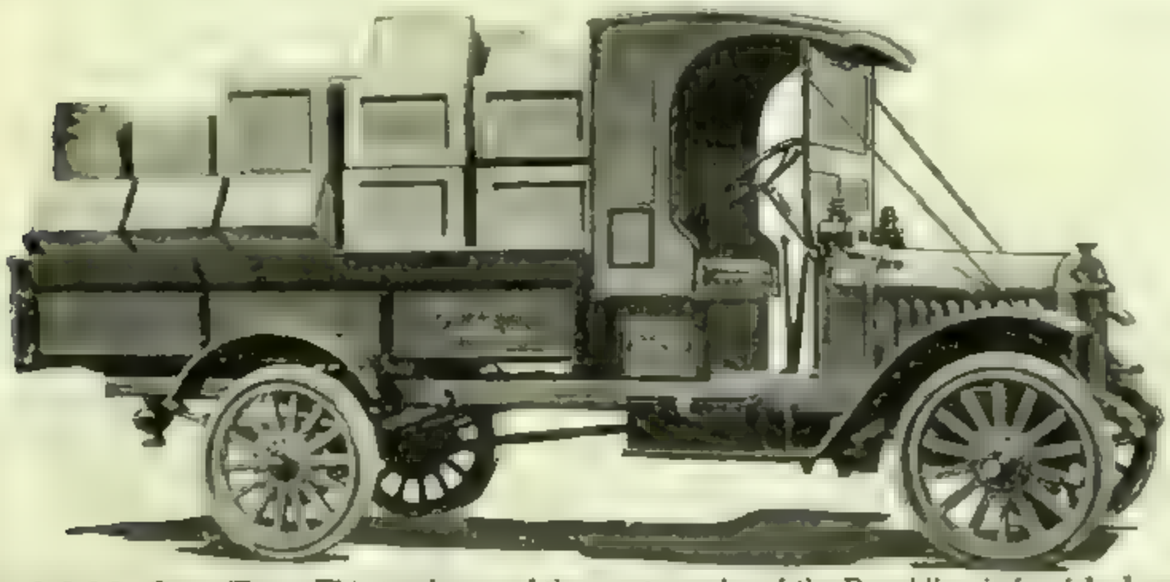


Republic Dispatch—Maximum capacity 1500 pounds, has built a nation-wide reputation for application of *truck* construction, *truck* sturdiness, capacity and speed to light trucking and delivery in hundreds of lines. Powerful Republic Motor, Republic-Torbensen Internal Gear Drive, Armored Radiator, and exclusively truck features throughout. Furnished complete with express body, canopy top, side curtains, windshield, f. o. b. factory, **$895**; or with beautiful solid panel body, **$920.**



Model 10, One-Ton—This truck, one of the most popular of the Republics, is furnished complete at its low price, with stake or flareboard express body, seat, and bow top. Its power and capacity mean dependable service for any emergency, and it insures you a truck in the best of condition long after ordinary trucks are scrapped. If you also use heavy-duty trucks, Model 10 will take care of your lighter loads at a big saving of operating expense. Complete, f. o. b. factory, **$1195.**

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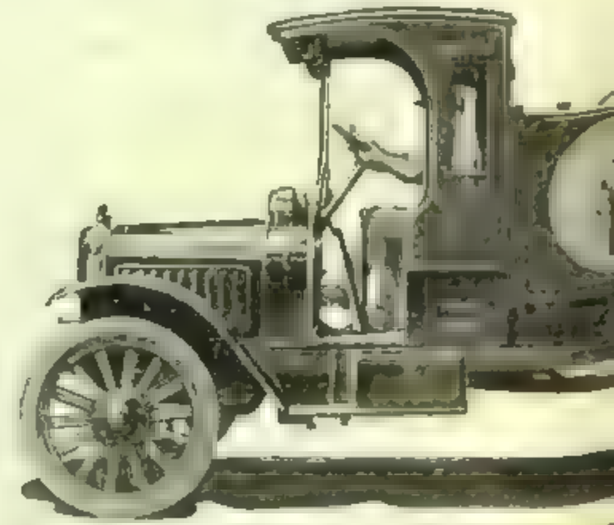

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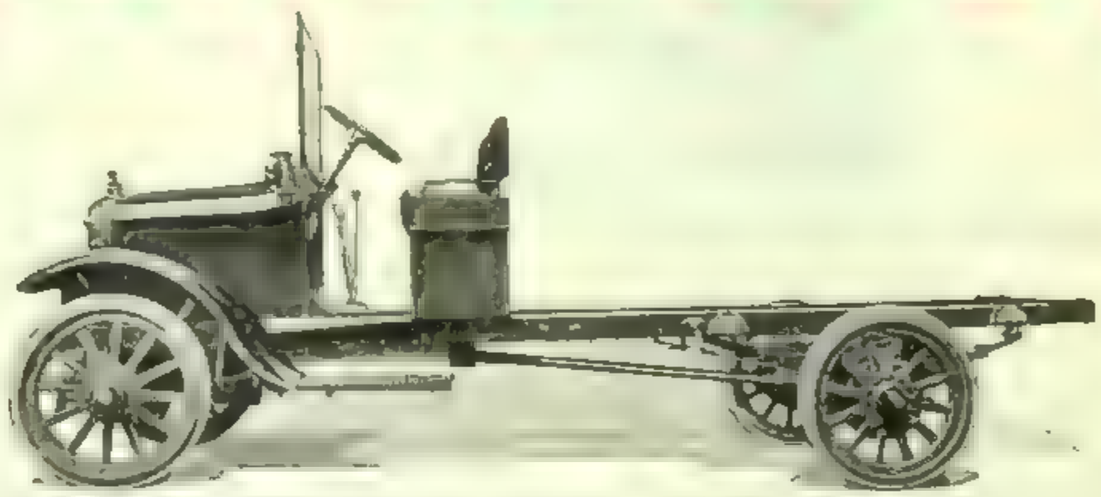

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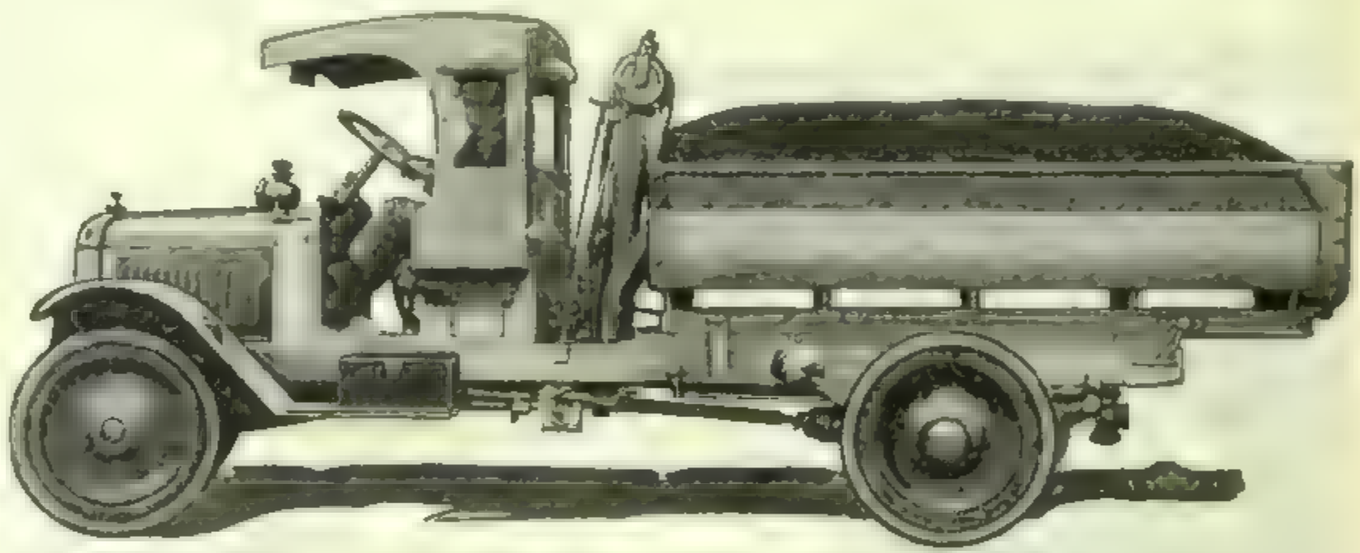
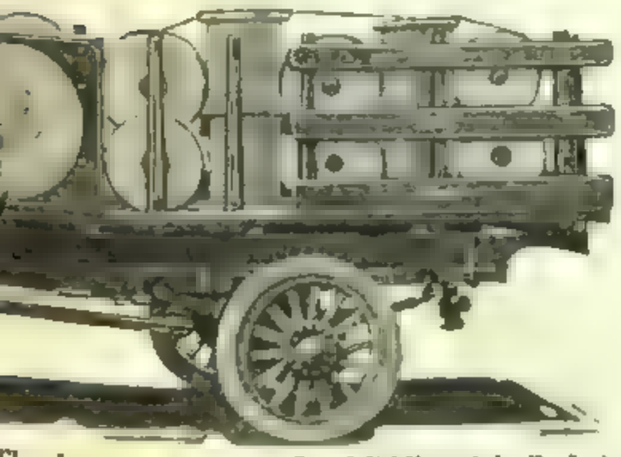


Model T, Three and One-Half Ton—The famous "Republic Dreadnaught," is engaged in all lines of heavy trucking service in every part of the United States. Its power and capacity are far in excess of the requirements of all ordinary loads of heavy trucking, while its simplicity, ease of operation and fuel saving, are distinctive Republic marks that have gained its wide preference. Chassis, f. o. b. factory . . . . . **$2750.**



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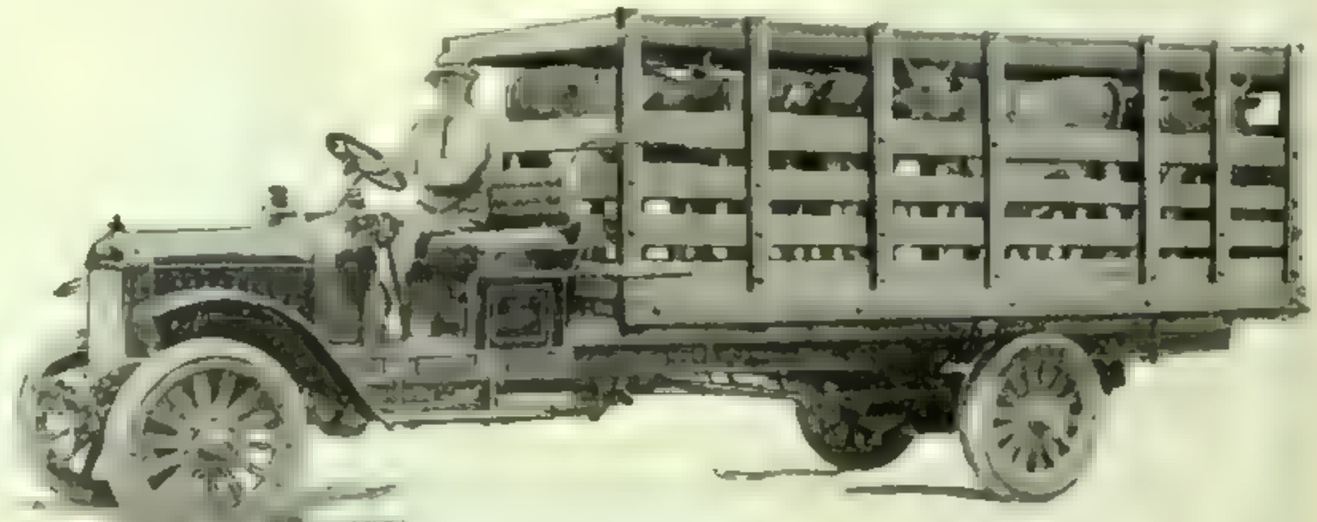

Model A, Two-Ton—So many exceptional records have been made by the Republic two-ton that a lion's share of credit falls to it in the fame of the Republic line. In the service of manufacturers—jobbers—wholesalers—retailers—in the oil fields—on the farm—everywhere, thousands of these trucks are marking up new figures in long endurance, fuel saving and low upkeep.

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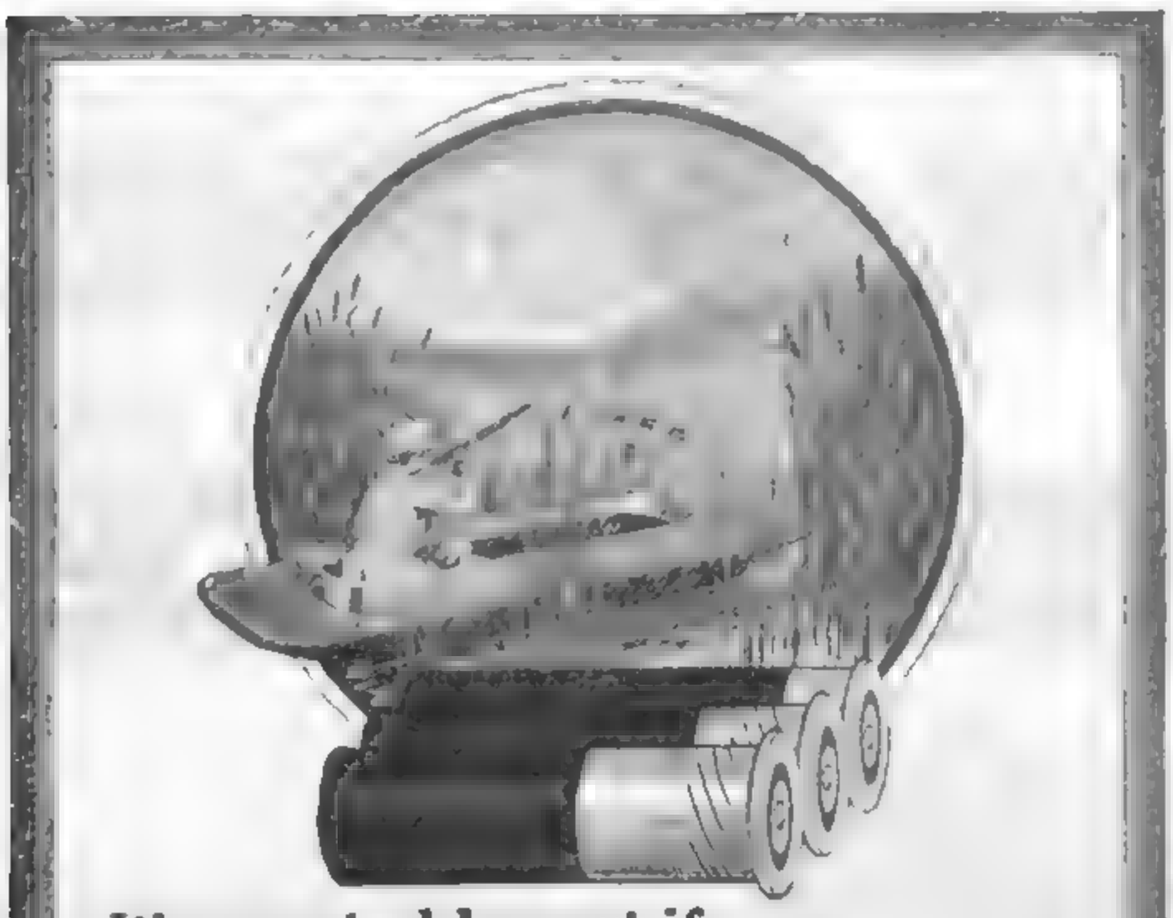

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OUT-OF-DOORS

The Sport of Pigeon Racing

THERE are sports in which man pits his own strength or skill against the strength or cunning of wild animals—as in all the sports of the rod and gun. In other forms of sport man pits the natural qualities of animals one against the other.

Leaving at one side as of little worth the commercialized forms of so-called sport, it is to be said that animals always play the game absolutely on the level and always run true to form. Horses and greyhounds do their best; gamecocks fight unflinchingly even to death. We get our interest in these forms of sport out of the law of enjoyment in competition, which perhaps basically has something to do with the great law of survival which governs all nature.

Among these contests between animals and animal qualities there are many curious ones. Did you perchance ever hear of the linnet races which formerly prevailed in London and in many of the collier towns of Great Britain? Many a coal miner has bet his week's pay and lost it on the singing qualities of his pet linnet. These linnet contests usually were held in public houses and patronized largely by men of what we would call a rough class. The judges in the contests quite often were rude and ignorant men, yet with a keen ear, quick to discern any rough note in a bird's voice. These beautiful and delicate little creatures, each singing its best and its gamest, doing at its very best that which it best knew how to do, were usually blinded in order that they might sing the more sweetly! Nothing could be more abominable than this, and it is to be hoped that this practice has been abolished.

The pigeon is a game bird—it always flies its best, and it has heart and courage. At one time of my life in the pursuit of my vocation as a newspaper writer I saw thousands of pigeons killed over the traps, in a form of sport which, always brutal, has now been abolished by law in most, if not all, of the states of America. I shall never see another pigeon shot out of a trap. From my present point of view I cannot see how anyone could have enjoyed seeing the attempt at escape of a beautiful and game creature, doing its level best with all the cards stacked against it.

In another and more beautiful and commendable form of sport this same bird comes into view. The sport of racing homing pigeons, high up in the clean air of heaven, out of all control of men, with no cruelty, no death, no mutilation concerned in the decision, is of itself of such good surroundings as to make it instantly of interest to anyone who knows of it.

The Sport of Belgium

Perhaps not all readers will know the extent to which pigeon flying is practiced here in America. There are very many clubs devoted to the sport in most of our larger cities: Pittsburgh; Chicago; New York; Boston; Washington; Baltimore; Duluth; Los Angeles; San Francisco; Portland, Oregon; New Orleans—many places all across the country. Pittsburgh has perhaps as many members in its clubs as any city to-day, Chicago perhaps rating second. Philadelphia long was leader in the sport in this country. In any city where pigeon racing is common there will be many clubs, all united in a central association, or concourse, as it is called.

That last word has a sort of French sound. They speak French in Belgium. Now pigeon racing is the national sport of northern France and Belgium, and has been for many years. It first began there more than a century ago, and it was in Belgium that the breed of homing pigeons was clearly established. The old English carrier pigeon was a heavier and stockier bird than the typical Belgian homer. It had heavy, horny wattles on its beak and lacked the lithe gracefulness of the Belgian bird. In the latter country these birds formerly were called Antwerpers. We took over the stock from the Old World perhaps half a century ago, for all anyone can tell. To-day wherever there is a Belgian settlement in any of the great cities you will find pigeon racing in practice. Where there are the most Belgians there are the most pigeons.

It is said that not long ago—since the beginning of the great European War—a Belgian detachment of recruits was under drill by its officers, when all at once the troops threw down their arms and set off at a keen run for the edge of the village. The officers, looking about for the cause of this stampede, saw high up in the air a band of pigeons coming in—at the end of a local pigeon race. Whereupon the officers also threw down their arms and did their best in sprinting to the nearest pigeon lofts.

In the old times, before the invention of the pigeon-timing clock, each man simply waited in his own loft until his racing bird got in, then grabbed it, put it in a sack and started off at top speed for the central office, where the records were kept by the officials of his club. Obviously a man's speed as well as a bird's speed might contribute to a win. Sometimes ugly competitors would race alongside a runner and endeavor to knock his bird bag from his hand. If the runner became exhausted he would perhaps hand the bag to a friend—anything to get the bird first to the recorder's desk.

To-day we have changed all this, and pigeon racing is one of the most exact and most complicated sports of which you perhaps ever heard. As for myself, I knew nothing at all about it in detail until just the other day, and that came mostly by accident. In the middle of last winter, on one of the coldest and windiest of bleak Chicago mornings, the housemaid of my home, a kind-hearted person, discovered a pigeon sitting on the iron platform of the fire escape, "all ruffled up and not moving at all." It was supposed that the bird presently would warm up and fly away, but it did not do so. The female portion of the family therefore began to feed it. This continued for two or three days, the bird coming in and hopping about in the most friendly fashion all over the kitchen floor. "What a funny bird!" said the maid. "And look—it's got something on one leg!"

The Finish of the Race

It did indeed have something on one leg—an aluminum band, seamless, on which were certain cabalistic letters: "AU-16—K-536." Plainly this was a homing pigeon tagged to indicate someone's ownership. At that time I did not know how to find the owner, so I sent a brief mention of the event to one of the leading morning dailies. Before night I had not only one but two owners for the bird—that is to say, the original breeder of the bird and the man to whom it had been sold both identified the registry mark of the bird itself. This beat the old range brands of the cow trade. I began to be interested. One thing leading to another, on a certain afternoon I was present at the end of a pigeon race in which two thousand pigeons had been entered—the course being from Dewitt, Iowa, one hundred and fifty miles to Chicago. In this way I came to learn at least more than I had ever known before about a fashion of sport entirely new to me.

There were many eager men, young men and boys grouped about the desk of the concourse officials who were taking the times of the arriving birds. Except me there was not a novice present. "You see," said a boy in knickerbockers to me kindly, "this is a very old sort of sport. The Persians and the Romans both used pigeons as carriers and as racers. That was long before they ever did it in Belgium." I suspect the boy was right, though I had never read of this in my history books.

They made room for me at the desk where the officials were at work with their records. By this time most of the birds were in their home lofts, miles away, scattered all over the city; but some of the records had not yet been turned in. It had been a good day for flying, everyone said that is to say, it was clear and not too warm—though the wind, from the northeast, had been hard for the birds to breast, so that no great records would be likely to be made.

"Here comes a bird now," said someone. The judges made room for the bearer, who brought in from a loft in the building a splendid-looking creature, alert, bright-eyed, keen, clean-cut, game and thoroughbred in every line. It seemed entirely fearless and trusting, and was really a very

beautiful creature. It did not seem especially weary, though it had done its hundred and fifty miles that day since dawn. With the bird—which need not have been brought in at all except to show me the details of the practice of the sport — the owner turned in a little metal box, flat and narrow, perhaps half the size of the smallest camera case. It had a milled-edge wheel at either end, and at the back edge there were a couple of small round holes.

The head judge took this box and held it out to me. It was ticking inside. "Why, it's a clock," said I; and he smiled.

Now he turned one of the knobs on the end, and the ticking at once stopped inside of the box, or timer, as it is called. At the same time someone stamped on the back of the owner's record card the exact time of day, using a time stamp such as may be found in some business offices. Obviously here was a sport run on strictly business lines.

I began to be very much interested, though as yet I was wholly mystified.

Now the judge opened the little timing box. Inside I could see the works of two watches, flat and compactly arranged. From the cavity back of these the judge took out a little bit of soft brass band, just long enough to go round the leg of a pigeon and overlap so that it would not come off. They now showed me, on this bird, how this band had been put on. I saw that inside of the band there was stamped a number—a number that could not by any possibility be changed. My admiration for the business system began to increase yet more, though the whole thing as yet resembled Greek to the novice. The judge therefore explained.

"We have fifteen clubs in our concourse," said he; "several hundred members in all. In America there are several thousands of flyers, and I suppose twenty-eight or thirty thousand birds. In this city we may start two thousand or even three thousand birds in one race. There were twenty-seven hundred birds in the last race we held before this one—the one from Sterling to Chicago last week; and there were twenty-one hundred in the race to-day from Dewitt, Iowa, to Chicago, a hundred and fifty miles. A man may enter as many birds from his own loft as he likes, the entry for each bird being ten cents, to cover fixed charges. As to any side issues beyond those fixed charges, we have nothing to say."

The Machinery of a Race

"Now I'll tell you how such a race is run. Yesterday the official starter of our concourse left Chicago for Dewitt, Iowa, with twenty-one hundred pigeons. These pretty much filled an express car. They went in crates holding about forty or fifty birds. We own the crates ourselves. At precisely five-twenty this morning, at Dewitt, Iowa, all of these birds were released at the same instant. There were a number of men stationed at the crate doors, and at the signal the doors were opened precisely at the same moment. The birds usually fly out as soon as the door is opened. Such an event as this is usually quite a local celebration in any town. We have a regular list of towns from which we race. From Ashton, Illinois, to Chicago is eighty miles; Sterling, Illinois, to Chicago is a hundred miles; Dewitt, Iowa, to Chicago, a hundred and fifty miles; Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to Chicago, two hundred miles; Tama, Iowa, to Chicago, two hundred and fifty miles; Ames, Iowa, to Chicago, three hundred miles; Denison, Iowa, to Chicago, four hundred miles; Norfolk, Nebraska, to Chicago, five hundred miles; Bassett, Nebraska, to Chicago, six hundred miles; Casper, Wyoming, to Chicago, one thousand miles.

"It takes quite a lot of machinery to run a race like this, and that is why clubs join in a central concourse. Of course we must know exactly the distance that each bird has flown. The term Chicago really is very loose and general. The lofts to which the birds are going may be miles apart, so that the distances over which the birds have flown may be very different. So we have an official engineer, and he takes his maps and charts and locates each and every loft all over the city, of every owner entering a bird in a race. He marks down the exact distance in yards and decimals of yards between that particular man's loft and the starting point. This is no guesswork—it has to be exact or the race could not be fair. We have each man's yardage recorded here for each one of the routes named above. Our engineer's recorded distances are the final records.

"What we want to get at, of course, is the actual flying time. What constitutes a win in a pigeon race is the number of yards average per minute by the winner.

"Now how can we get at the number of yards actually covered by any given bird? You see this bird—it has got on its leg the seamless aluminum ring that marks its registration in the 'American Union'—AU-16—as the initials show. That is the union to which we belong, some two hundred and fifty clubs of us in all; and the 16 means 1916, when the bird was registered as to its age. Now here is the number which you say was on the bird you found at your home—K-536. That was the registered number of the bird's owner. This is part of the records of the union. It enables immediate identification of any bird."

The Timing Clock

"This permanent seamless registration band is put on the bird when it is eight days old. A pigeon has three toes in front and one behind. While the bird is young this hind toe or thumb can be bent back easily, and the band is slipped over the three front toes and the rear toe. It is made just big enough so that it will never pinch the leg of the growing bird, and of course it cannot slip off.

"That band is the permanent record of the bird's history. But you see this little brass band or clamp on the other leg of this bird here? That is the bird's race identification. It is what we call the countermark. Before a bird could be started each one had put on it this brass countermark with the number given by the owner's club. This countermark was put on in the presence of a witness. Of course that identifies the bird, with its record of ownership. It makes part of the records of the race. It comes off at the end of the race.

"Now yesterday we gave out to every man who entered birds in this race one of these timers or clocks. Each one of them was sealed, and the seal tag bore the names of the three judges of the race. That seal has to come back unbroken. If not, the timer bearing it is thrown out, and that's all there is about it. Each timer will take care of two birds. There are larger, old-fashioned timers that will time twenty-five birds, but they are not so convenient as the small ones for the individual owner.

"When it is about time for the birds to get in at the end of a race, each owner has to watch the window of his own loft. If he doesn't he will have to use what is known as a bob wire—a swinging gate that, when the bird enters the window, trips a wire trigger, making an electric connection that rings a bell in the owner's house. When an owner hears that bell ring he breaks his neck to get into the loft as fast as he can. It is his business now to get that brass countermark off the leg of his bird just as soon as he can.

"When he does get it off he slips it into this little round hole in the back of the timer. It cannot get out then, and it remains a part of the records, and it comes to us without any possibility of tampering.

"Naturally this means that a man has to be speedy in stripping the countermark from his bird and getting his record established. Here is a good friend of ours who this morning lost just eight minutes hunting for a countermark that slipped out of his fingers and fell on the floor after he had taken it from the bird's leg! He had to call his kids to help him find it. And eight minutes is a good deal to lose in a pigeon race.

"Now you don't understand what that clock and that brass countermark band have to do with the records of the race? I'll show you. The thing is a trifle complicated,

but it is perfectly exact and perfectly fair to everyone.

"When we give to each owner who enters a bird his timer, the clocks inside are not going, but they are both set at twelve o'clock, and all the other timers given out are also set at twelve o'clock. The clock will not run until this knob on the end of it is turned round. When the owner takes off his brass countermark and shoves it in this little hole here and turns the knob of his clock, it begins to run. The main thing to the owner is that it shall begin to run just as soon as possible after his bird gets in—and it can't begin to run before that, for the bird has the countermark on it. He can take his time in getting his timer down to the judges here, after he puts that brass tag in the clock and starts it, and in any case his flying record will be just the same, and it will be correct.

"When this time clock was turned in at our desk we stopped it, as you saw. Of course the time then recorded on its dial was different from the actual time of day. If anything had happened to the man bringing in the clock so that he was much delayed we would get his record just the same.

"The time recorded on the dial of each of these stopped timers is relative only, and refers to the original base of twelve hours, at which the timer was set. Suppose that we have stopped this timer at 12.21.16 actual time, and suppose that it recorded 2.54.00 for its indicated time. Now we just make a little subtraction. That leaves 9.27.16 for the time of the arrival of that bird.

"We know that this bird was liberated at 5.20.00; so we subtract again, and find 4.07.16—and that of course is the actual time that that bird was on the wing.

"You see we figure out all our minutes to the decimal. We have to, because the races are sometimes very close. Often it is necessary to carry out the quotients into thousandths before we can decide the winner in a close race."

Ascertaining the Winner

By this time I was mopping my brow, but was very much interested, and thus far able to follow the reasoning of the club officer. He went on now to explain yet further:

"Of course all this exact machinery is simply to determine the actual time that bird has been on the wing—the elapsed time between his start and his arrival in his own loft. Now here is an owner's card. Say the flying time of his bird was 3.57.07. We reduce that time of hours, minutes and seconds to minute decimals. We have tables already figured out to help us in doing that, just as a bank clerk has interest tables, so that we can save a good deal of time by referring to the tables. Also we have each owner's individual mileage, or yardage, from his loft to the starting point recorded in yard decimals. In minute decimals we find our bird's flying time is 237.117. We have already got tabulated in yard decimals that man's distance from his loft to the starting point. We turn to our records and find that it is 259,969.60.

"Now we have to do a little problem in long division. We divide, and find that we have 1096.38—and that is the distance in yard decimals which that bird flew every minute, so that was the record of the bird whose clock subtraction said 3.57.07.

"So that's all there is about it," he concluded

"Sufficiency!" I said to him. "This reminds me of the unhappy days of childhood in arithmetic hours."

As to the ingenuity and absolute accuracy of the system, however, there remained no room for doubt. There are such things as hard losers in some forms of sport, but you do not hear a grumble at the end of a pigeon race—the time clock does the business, and the figures are such as can be checked out by any owner. Those announced at the end of the hundred-and-fifty-mile race above mentioned, covering twenty-one hundred birds, entered by many different owners, were recorded for the first twelve birds only, yards per minute, in the following order: 1129.62; 1121.49; 1119.35; 1117.71; 1117.64; 1117.[illegible]; 1106.[illegible]; 1.04 49. 1096.38; 1093.08; 1085.45; 1083.47.

Being anxious to get to the bottom of my pigeon story, I visited some of the lofts where owners keep their homing pigeons, in the center of the great and densely settled city of Chicago.

Editor's Note. This is the first of two articles. The second will appear in an early issue.

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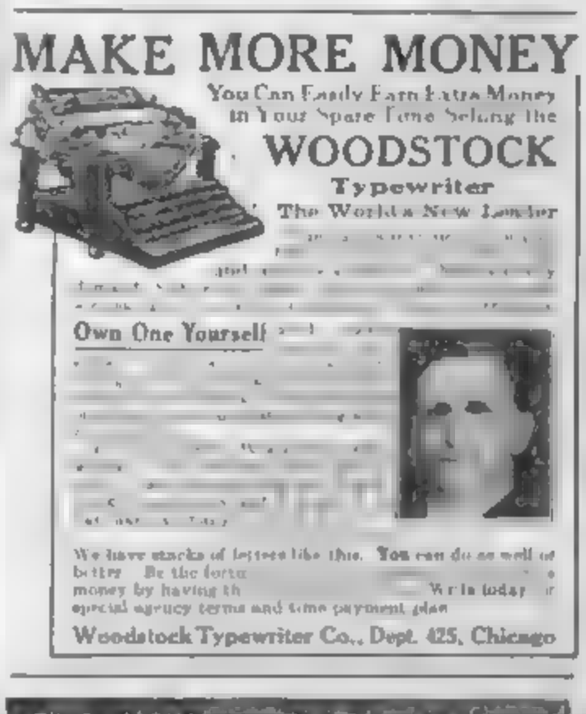
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AKRON-BOSTON LIMITED

Insert:—Photograph of the pioneer five-ton transport operated by Goodyear between the factory and its eastern branches. Four trucks are now in this service, maintaining a regular schedule. All are shod with 44 x 10 Goodyear Cord Tires.

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

VIA GOODYEAR CORDS

FOR five months now, over a round-trip route measuring 1,540 miles, a fully laden five-ton motor truck has been plying between its distant terminals with the regularity and certitude of a steamship.

At one extreme of its far-reaching journey is Akron, at the other, Boston, and between lie good road and bad, mountain and plain, city and farm.

Over this circuit by night and by day, at a pace never sustained by a motor truck before, this carrier has kept to its schedule in sunshine and storm.

Between it and the road, saving it from shock, jar and vibration, speeding its progress and making its continued use possible, are Goodyear Cord Tires.

These tires are pneumatic tires — made especially for heavy truck service — and of a size, character and capacity such as the average man has never seen.

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Up grades as steep as eighteen per cent, over mountain pulls as long as five miles, these tires are bearing burdens with a celerity and ease unparalleled in hauling experience.

And through mud slough and sand drift, over asphalt and turnpike, they are affording driver and cargo the comfort and protection of a limousine.

The long-distance truck shod with these tires is the pioneer of a caravan of four now operated by Goodyear between its factory and its branches in the east.

On their outgoing journey these trucks are loaded with Goodyear Tires; they carry cotton fabric from the Company mills at Goodyear, Connecticut, on their return.

They operate continuously on a schedule for the round trip which is a full day faster than the regular one-way express service.

Through the reduction of fuel, lubrication and maintenance costs due to the cushioning power of their pneumatics, their use is consistently profitable.

The success of Goodyear's first experience in commercial transportation by motor truck is entirely due to the use of Goodyear Cord Tires.

Without their resilience and strength underwheel, satisfactory speeds could not be maintained; the trucks would soon rattle themselves apart.

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As it is, the trucks make speeds in excess of thirty miles an hour, without damage to the roads or themselves.

Goodyear Cord Tires for motor truck service are in no way an experiment — they are a development of fifteen years' time.

They are the practical expression of an old Goodyear idea, brought to final success *only through the perfection of the Goodyear principle of cord tire construction.*

Right now they are being used on heavy-duty transports in more than 200 cities in this country, to the profit and satisfaction of the men who employ them.

Right now they are delivering in such service a measure of utility, endurance and economy previously unequaled in any such carrier.

From the truck maker's standpoint, the performance of Goodyear's Akron-to-Boston transports is a meaning demonstration of the motor truck's future.

From the truck user's standpoint, it is an even more meaning demonstration of the tires that have made it achievable.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

CORD TIRES

MEN-FOKES' DOIN'S

By Sarah Johnson Cocke

Den She Walk Up ter de Do', an' She Ax Bob What He Mean. Bob Tell Her, 'I Done Move Ov'r Heah ter Julianna's an' I Gwine Stay Heah Too'"

TAKE keer, boy! Turn de dog's tail loose! Dis heah sidewalk ain't wide nuf fur you ter be switchin' 'roun' —— Lawd, look at 'im! Yer mos' wint und'r dem hosses' foots den!" And the ample figure of Mammy Phyllis lunged this way and that after the careering movements of her five-year-old charge.

I knew what was coming. I laid down my gray knitting and forced my mind back from the painful pictures of the trenches. Old Phyllis' humor and naïve wisdom always gave the news of the village an appetizing flavor. I needed to be diverted. I slipped my rocking-chair from behind its screen of vines and looked invitingly round the big white pillar of the porch to the old negress. But she was absorbed trying to keep the scampering child within the bounds of the pavement.

"Gawd knows Satan is sho' got er holt on you, boy!" She dived after him. "Yer mos' fell in front er dat artermobile den, an' hit would er mash'd de lights out'n yer too."

Her breath gave out, and before she caught it again the long-suffering dog had dashed through the hedge, dragging the boy over the lawn and landing him in the midst of my cherished bed of peonies. Before the old woman could reach him, Willis was up and into the back yard, again driving the dog to the delight of a company of small girls trying to knit wristlets for the soldiers.

"Bring Willis here, Phyllis, and let's see if he is hurt."

"No mam, dey ain't no house big ernuf ter hole dis boy ter-day."

"Why, what's wrong with him?"

"Nuthin' ain' wrong wid him, mo'en he's jes so pesky at home nobody can't do nuthin' wid 'im. I tole his mar de onlies' thing ter do wid 'im wus ter ca'y him out an' let 'im rom an' run, tell he run Satan plum out'n 'im, like dem hogs in de Bible done whin de sperit er wick'dness gallop 'em down de hill."

"But, Phyllis, he's so pretty and smart."

"Dat's jes whut Satan is. An' he's done kiver'd up sin wid so much purtiness an' smartness dat ha'f de wimmin fokes in de worl' is miser'ble now on 'count of hit."

I continued to egg her.

"Why, the dear little fellow doesn't know the difference between right and wrong."

"Who? Dat boy? 'Cose he do. I tell yer de trufe he got so much sense I'd make sho' he gwine ter die ef Satan didn't have sich er hole on him. Lawd, yer orter heah de big wurds dat boy torks! An' dey don't strain 'im. No mam, dey don't strain him ertall. Sometimes I strains m'se'f mos' ter death tryin' ter 'member whut he say tell I gits home an' axes his mar whut he do mean. But I can't do hit. I jes can't 'member de ole-fokes' tork dat boy's always mentionin' ter me.

"Yas, Lawd, don't yer look fer sin ter kiver hitse'f up wid nuthin' dat's ugly. Don't yer notice 'special dat hit's always dese fine-lookin', starchy men fokes dat does all de damage? Who ev'r heerd tell uv er ugly, trashy-lookin' gentmun makin' de ladies h'arts ache? Dey don't do hit, an' you knows dey don'."

"Why, Phyllis, you've been a widow so long I thought you had forgotten about such things."

"Lawd, honey"—she looked up with a queer twinkle in her eye—"yer kin study men fokes widout bein' enjin'd on ter one uv 'em. Yer sho' kin, an' dey ain't nobody in dis heah country know much 'bout men fokes es I does. De uth'r day I heah some nusses tellin' 'bout white ladies bein' so jealous uv der husban's dat dey keeps er naggin' an' er naggin' att'r 'em all de time. I tole Ca'line you knows ole Mammy Ca'line dat nusses fur Miss Susie Rumf lin'?"

"Yes." I nodded and took up my knitting, feeling that the old woman had struck her theme for the morning.

"I tole Ca'line dat ef de white ladies wud jes git 'quaint'd wid de gent'mun's ways, dey would fine out dat whin er man git de intention er flirtin' in his head, dat he gwine flirt an' flirt tell he flirt hisse'f plum out.

"Ca'line say I done speak de Lawd's trufe. Dat las' week whin her an' Miss Susie wus er trav'lin' home, er bee flew in de car an' lit on de windah whar her an' de baby wus settin'. Soon es de baby see de bee, he 'menced ter cry fur hit. Ca'line say, 'Yer can't have hit, honey; set still in Mammy's lap an' play wid dis heah rattler.' But de baby keep on er holl'rin', 'I wants hit, I wants hit!' Ca'line keep er tellin' him he can't have hit. Jes den Miss Susie, she stop readin' an' tu'n her head sort'r madlike an' say, 'Let him have hit, Mammy; let him have hit!' Ca'line say, 'G'long an' git hit den ef yer mar say so.' Soon es his han' clamp on dat bee he start ter yellin' an' Miss Susie tu'n 'roun' an' say, 'Whut's de matt'r wid de baby?' Ca'line say, 'Yer tole me ter let 'im have hit, an' he jes rech up an' squez er bee, dat's all whut ail 'm.'

"An' dat's jes de way hit 'tis wid men fokes: let 'em have de bee, tain't gwine ter be long 'fo' dey come home er yellin' ter der ole ladies."

"Phyllis, you are deliciously ridiculous!"

"Dat's right, set up an' laf an' call me 'dic'lus, but you knows I ain't speakin' nuthin' but de Lawd's trufe! An' yit white fokes don't 'preciate de blissin's de Lawd show'rs 'pon 'em."

"Oh, yes, some of them do."

"No mam, dey ain't narry one uv 'em dat does. I gwine proof hit ter yer. S'posin' yo' husban' wus dancin' 'tendance 'pon er nuth'r lady? I don't mean dat he wus bole face 'bout hit, but private ter hisse'f an' de lady—an' you wuster fine out 'bout hit. Whut wud yer do?"

"Why I wouldn't stand for it for a moment, of course!"

"Umph humph! Whut'd I tell yer?"

"That was not the question. You were speaking of our ingratitude for blessings."

"I knows hit, honey. An' I don't 'speck white ladies ter onderstan' whut I means, but hit's sorter dis way. Does you 'memb'r Amy Phillups?"

"Who? My ex-washerwoman, whose husband took all her furniture and gave it away?"

"Dat's de one; dat's de ve'y one. Well, yer know dat black nigg'r jes 'nachally quit Amy right in de middle er de day! Yas mam, an' Amy take an' foll'r 'im plum up ter Julianna's house. Den she walk up ter de do', an' she ax Bob whut he mean. Bob tell her, 'I done move ov'r heah ter Julianna's an' I gwine stay heah too."

"Where's poor Amy? It was enough to break her heart."

"Break whose h'art—Amy's? No, bless de Lawd, Amy marri'd 'gin las' night."

"Married?"

"Ter be sho' she marri'd, an' dis heah makes five husban's she done already had."

"Five? How did she manage it?"

"Well, yer see, de Lawd tuk de fus' un fur her; an' de law, hit hung de secon' un; an' de third un marri'd her und'r er persum'd name, an' Amy say whin she got reddy she jes quit him, caze she know no law wusn't gwine ter hole her ter dat outdashus one. Den de fourth un wus Bob. An' att'r he quit her, he tuk an' runn'd erway. An' Amy say she jes tak'n hit fur grant'd he wus dead. Den she marri'd las' night, an' we got ter wait an' see whut's gwine ter happ'n ter dis heah one."

"Did she have a large wedding?"

"Well, she aim'd ter have er big un, but hit wus Ap'il Fool'd day an' mos' ev'ybody thought she wus foolin' 'em; but she had er mighty nice supp'r an' she look mighty nice herse'f. She had on er purty purple dress. Yessum, she say she thought it look mo' 'spectabler ter go in secon' mournin' fur Bob. She didn't have no purple gloves, so she had ter w'ar some ole uns she already had."

"Kid gloves?"

"No mam, dey wus dese heah fun'al gloves dat pallb'arers wears. Amy, she washes fur de und'rtaker's wife, an' she give her de gloves. Dey wus right big fur her, too, but Amy say she wus too skeer'd ter notice dat. Yas Lawd, dat gal say she gits mo' skeerder ev'y time she gits marri'd."

A scream from the back yard sent Mammy ambling in its direction. After her persuasive eloquence the little boy apologized to one of the small girls, and Phyllis returned to the porch steps and continued her description of the bride's array, as though no interruption had occurred:

"Amy's foots wus kiver'd in white, too, but dey wusn't slippers. Yer see dey don't have no white shoes big ernuf fur Amy's foots, so she jes take an' drawd on er pa'r er white stockin's ov'r dem shoes she always w'ars, an' she pinn'd some black bows 'pon top uv 'em, an' I tell yer dey made es purty er pa'r er feets es enny nigg'r bride could want. Yas mam, dey did! She sho' has nice, well-manner'd weddin's, too."

"Phyllis, why is it Amy can get so many husbands and you can't?"

"Dis heah's de reason: Amy wants 'em, an' I don't. I'm one er dese heah straightfurrid home nigg'rs dat don't tu'n der head ter de right nur de lef', but jes keeps in de middle er de road. But Amy, she one er dese switchety, cowkittish nigg'rs dat keeps her haid tu'nin' ev'y which er way, an' she ain' gwine walk in no road dat ain' full er gentmuns."

As Willis appeared in the front yard with a tribe of little girls in his train, Phyllis began preparing for her departure by slowly stretching her stiffened limbs.

"Well, Lawd, I got ter be gittin' 'way f'um heah!"

"Don't go, Phyllis; I want to hear what you think about conscription."

"Hit's scand'lus, honey, dat's whut 'tis! Skarce es mens is in dese days, an' quoilsome es wimmins is 'bout 'em, hit do look scand'lus ter th'ow 'em 'way in de wah."

"But we must conquer Germany or they'll be over here in no time and whip us all to pieces."

"Wait tell dey gits heah, honey. I don't b'leef in fightin' fokes in der own yard nohow. Dat I don't. De Bible say 'special, 'Do es yer wud be did by.' An' I says, wait tell dem Germany fokes crosses de Big Watah. Wait tell dey sasses us in we-all's own yard, den we kin pull out our razors. Dat's whut I says."

"Phyllis, you are talking that way simply because you don't want Harry to go."

"Bless Gawd, honey! Son's gone! Ain't you heerd 'bout hit? Son jin'd 'fo' de 'scription started. 'Cose he did. I sho' sass'd dat big white man whut tak'n him too. He ax me ef I didn't want son ter hole up his country. I tell him son ain' nuv'r had nuf sense ter hole his own se'f up yit. An' de Gov'ment know hit, too, caze dey done onframchize him, an' Jin Crow'd him too. An' ef I can't git no wurk out'n him, de Gov'ment can't neeth'r.

"De white man laf in m' face. Yas mam, he did! An' son laf wid him, an' tell him not ter pay no 'tenshun ter me. Whoopee! Hit make me so mad dat I walks right up ter son like I gwine ter tromp de breath clean out'n him. But de sojer white man step up b'twixt us, an' say he gwine put me in de callíboots ef I fools wid er Nunited States sojer.

"I says, 'Nunited States sojer! Humph, I born'd dat lazy nigg'r m'se'f. An' all dat white fokes' nuniform can't kiv'r up dat lazy rascal ter me.'"

"Oh, Phyllis," I interrupted, "I am so sorry you acted so badly. That recruiting officer will never know what a splendid patriot you are, and you know deep down in your own heart you are proud of Harry's desire to serve his country."

She covered her face with her hands. I thought she was weeping. In a second she threw her head back and laughed loud and triumphantly.

"'Cose I's proud er dat nigg'r, an' ef he hadn'ter jine de army I sho' wud er kilt him whin he come home. But dat's de way 'tis wid men fokes. Ef dey think yer wants 'em ter stay at home dey gwine bus' der haids op'n ter git erway. Dat's so, honey. Jes watch 'em!"

"Well, now that Harry's gone, you will have to follow Amy's example and get married."

"No, bless de Lawd!" She readjusted the red bandanna round her head. "Dis bad boy's all I kin keep up wid, caze de onlies' diffunce 'twixt er man an' er boy is one done got de start er growin' on de uth'r. Dey's all de same. Satan's done 'stribit'd hisse'f ekally 'mongst 'em all. He's jes bin livin' long'r in er man dan he is in er boy.

"Come on, baby, let de dawg erlone! Let hit erlone, I tells yer! An' tell yo' Aunty, 'Good mawnin'.' Take yo' hat off ter dem nice li'l' ladies b'hime yer, suh. An' tell yo' Aunty dem gals bett'r keep dey eye on yo', fur, ef de good Lawd spares yo' life, yer gwinter make de rantankerous' man dat ev'r bust'd de ladies' h'arts."

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Send 10 cents in stamps for Portfolio containing handsome rotogravure portraits of all the Artcraft Stars—suitable for framing. We shall gladly send you a copy if you will send us 10 cents in stamps and your name and address on the accompanying coupon.

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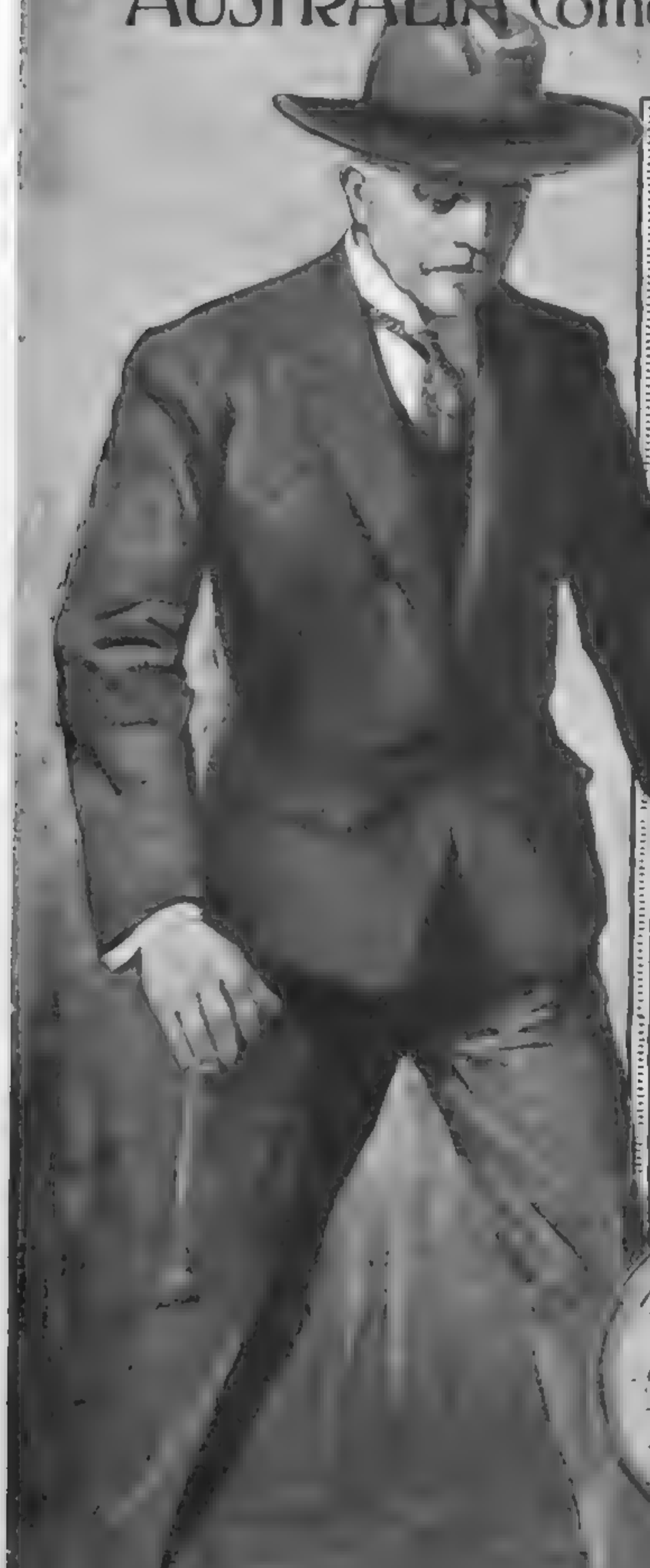
AUSTRALIA Comes to WALTHAM for TIME



THE railroads of Australia demanded a watch that would set a world standard of accuracy and dependable service.

After exhaustive test and searching examination, this great British Commonwealth decided on the Waltham—because all important improvements in the world's best watches were found in the Waltham.

London, Geneva, Paris—all admit the supremacy of the watches made at Waltham.

Waltham railroad watches are lever set. They will pass the time inspection of any railroad. And there are more Waltham watches used to-day by the world's railroads than all other makes combined. Especially is this true in United States and Canada.

When you purchase a Waltham, you secure a watch that is perfection in accuracy, beauty and in long-wearing qualities.

Ask your jeweler to show you the many exclusive improvements which have led the world's greatest railroads to come to Waltham for time.

The Riverside

The most dependable moderate price watch in the world

In addition to the Waltham world-famous Vanguard Railroad Watch there is the equally far-famed Waltham Riverside a watch that for dependability and accuracy, combined with a moderate price, is unrivaled in all the world. The Riverside comes in five sizes—three for men and two for women.

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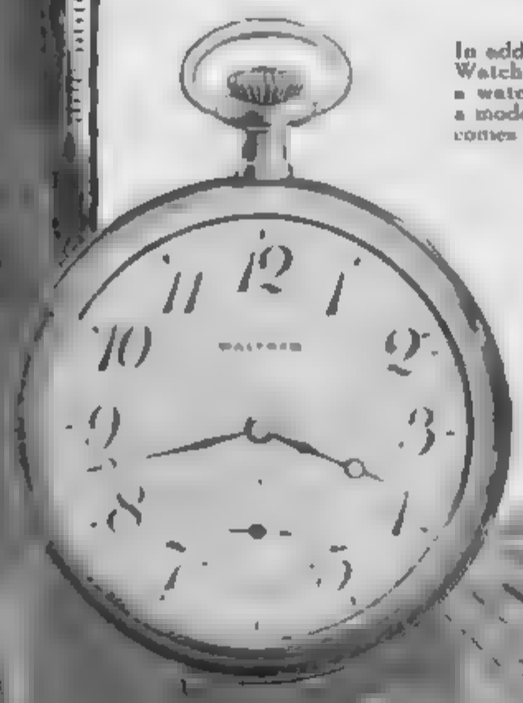


WALTHAM

There is Nothing in the World So Watchful Over Time as the WALTHAM Watch

THE GERMAN LAMB AND THE SWISS WOLF

(Continued from Page 19)

Let Switzerland be the screen! Let us, until the Entente world regains its reason, send forth German goods disguised as Swiss goods!

No sooner was this decision made, apparently, than the Germans acted with their traditional promptness and thoroughness. The preparation of Switzerland as a dam head for the first flow of after-the-war German goods proceeds as rapidly as the hard circumstances permit. And in this design of Germany, the tight little republic of Switzerland faces a peril to her national existence less dramatic, but more grave, than the historic assaults, in old times, of ambitious Hapsburg kinglings and greedy Savoyard dukes.

When the war broke, Switzerland weighed the matter mostly in the scales of sentiment. Seventy per cent of her population dwells in German Switzerland; by blood and speech it is Teutonic. Zurich, Bâle, and Berne, the capital, are the chief cities of this district. The rest are mainly French in blood and speech; their centers are Geneva and Lausanne, in the west. Lugano is the focus for a small element with Italian blood, which speaks a language more nearly resembling classic Latin than does any other modern speech. And at the beginning German Switzerland was all for the Central Powers; French Switzerland and Italian Switzerland all for the Entente Allies. Germany, observing this Teutonic enthusiasm of the majority, was moved by the emotions the wolf feels when the lamb gambols up with affection in its eyes. Here was easy gobbling!

All this, however, was mainly surface sentiment, as developments showed. Though they speak three languages, though they are of three bloods, the Swiss form a perfectly welded people. On one thing they are solidly united—they were most of all pro-Swiss. Our school geographies taught us that Swiss emigrants, removed from sight of their native mountains, often die of homesickness. I can well believe that. No people of this world, it seems to me, is so ardently and yet so reasonably patriotic.

In these days, when a patriotism gone mad is scourging our world, it is pleasant to remember that their patriotism has never taken the form of imperial ambition. It shows itself practically in a desire to make their little complete country the best working democracy in the world. Above all, they cherish the ideal of liberty and independence; for that they have struggled, generation after generation, from that night in the fourteenth century when the three men of Rütli made their compact of freedom until that day in the nineteenth when the Swiss Confederation became a permanent reality.

The Crossroads of War

A neutral island in the sea of war, Switzerland mobilized the active classes of her efficient little army, drew them up on her borders, and prepared to smite hip and thigh any army of any nation that attempted an invasion. Then she sat tight, gathered her resources together and watched. She had an excellent point of observation. Owing to her geographical situation the financial, diplomatic and military agents of all nations swarmed across her borders. She had news—much of it of the kind that does not get into the papers—from all corners of the war. Even more than Holland, with its Hague Peace Palace, she had been the headquarters for movements toward international agreement and ultimate peace.

The International Postal Union maintains its headquarters in Switzerland, and, more importantly, the International Red Cross. That body, from the very first, had its hands full with practical charity. Through it and kindred organizations, founded under its inspiration, runs almost all the business of giving information on prisoners, of feeding them, and of exchanging the mutilated wrecks from the trenches and prison camps. The charities of Switzerland, imposed as they were upon a small country of slight resources, became a real burden. Behind the soldiers came the civilians—refugees from all the devastated regions.

French women, children and old men were dumped across her borders to be fed, sheltered and hurried on to France. Through the uninterrupted channels of the Balkans and Austria came a few Armenians; came neutrals who had lived in Armenia, with tales of the greatest massacre in history—a massacre which Germany, who had the power to stop it, let be for her own ends.

So Switzerland watched and meditated on what she saw. These were the fruits of German warfare. There was Belgium too—proof of what Germany does to the small countries in her path. That national felony, for which the lords of Germany are paying so heavy a penalty, was always before Swiss eyes.

That Germany would like to possess Switzerland, the Swiss already knew. The German governing class looks at this world with hard, cruel eyes; but it also looks far ahead. Two generations hence the world will be short of coal; electricity is the power of the future. The greatest potential storehouse of electric power in Europe is the Swiss Alps. The metal of the future is aluminum, which occurs abundantly in the Swiss soil. To extract aluminum one needs only electric power—a happy combination promising great wealth some day. Already the German electrical trust had a grip on Swiss water-power sources.

The Hoffmann Case

I know of no better tribute to the justice of our cause than the change that came over German Switzerland in the course of two years. Everywhere—among the plain people, at least—grew up a dislike, fear-born, of the nation whose language they spoke, whose blood they bore. At the beginning of the war there were in Zurich, and other German-speaking cities, thanksgiving services, largely attended, for German victories. This month trainloads of French repatriates coming into Zurich were greeted by great crowds who sang the Marseillaise in German!

Public opinion seems to have gone through a period of flux before it crystallized. Then came the line-up. And the elements on either side were the same as in every other neutral country of Europe. As in Spain, in Sweden and in Holland, the populace and the politically liberal element were for the Entente Allies; the army and the financial and social aristocracies were for Germany.

Social aristocracies go pro-German, in Europe, by natural attraction. Germany has shown the way to successful working autocracy. The financial aristocracy of Switzerland has German connections and has been tempted by the prospect of profitable trade relations after the war. As for the army—the military caste in all neutral countries tends to admire, and therefore to like, the German way of doing things. A special reason, too, bears on this case! For years the Germans, as a matter of policy, have been making the Swiss officers favored guests at their maneuvers and messes—systematically wooing them.

The present Swiss Government inclines to be conservative; it is quite likely that its members in their hearts favor Germany. Allied agents at Berne declare that they have been hostile not only in their thoughts but in some of their acts. Perhaps the Germans, regarding matters from their own point of view, bring the same charge! There is no question, however, about the heads of the army. Here and there they have committed small breaches of the spirit of neutrality, such as publishing information that would be of use to the Germans.

Nevertheless, the events of last winter showed that both government and army would be pro-Swiss in a pinch; for suddenly Germany began concentrating troops on the Swiss border. The rumor ran that she was going to invade, as she had invaded Belgium, in order, first, to take France on the flank and, second, to gobble another little nation. What happened none may know except German Great Headquarters and the Swiss Federal Council. Likely enough, Germany was trying out Swiss opinion; likely enough, she was offering the same choice that she offered Belgium at the beginning of the war: Give us a peaceful road to France and we will leave you alone; resist and your nation is finished.

The Swiss people held their breath. They knew, from the exemplar of Belgium, what resistance to a hostile German army might mean. They knew, indeed, that their case would be worse than Belgium's. Every Swiss is a rifleman and keeps his army gun at home. Under their peculiar military system the young boys are taught target practice at school. The very girls go in for shooting.

The Swiss, moreover, care very little for military etiquette, but a great deal for their home land. They cannot see why any freeman, in uniform or out, should not defend his own property from the alien. Men, women and children, all would have fired from the housetops and windows on the Germans. With the barbarous German rules about *franc-tireurs*, a German invasion would have meant horror. Under charges of sniping—mostly false or imagined—thousands of Belgians died in the doorways of their burning houses or against white walls. The toll in Switzerland would have been hundreds of thousands.

Then the government—perhaps after hearing from the people—spoke out. The Federal Council announced, with authority, that Switzerland would not be a highway for any belligerent power; she would resist. Even General Wille, head of the army, who never sings the Marseillaise in his sleep, pronounced to the same effect. The Swiss Army fronting the German border was reenforced and the intrenchments in that quarter were strengthened. The German concentration melted away.

What happened we shall not know until the period of Memoirs of the Great War. Perhaps Germany hoped by a bluff to get the peaceful passage Belgium had refused; perhaps, also, she realized that a road to France with the sturdy Swiss Army in the way was not worth the price. At any rate, she found exactly where the stout little nation stood.

Spring brought another proof of Swiss spirit—the Hoffmann case. This man, it will probably be remembered, was one of the Council of Seven, which manages Switzerland; he held the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. Just after the Revolution in Russia, a German Swiss Socialist named Grimm appeared in Russia, making a secret peace proposal on behalf of Germany. His work was awkward and he was thoroughly exposed; whereupon it came out that he carried credentials from Hoffmann.

Now most of the Swiss desire nothing from the war except its speedy end; and, of course, a good many favor Germany. But everyone was against Hoffmann—he had compromised the neutrality of Switzerland. The storm against him raged as fiercely in the German cantons as in the French. He resigned by the unanimous request of the country.

The German Spy Population

Meantime the Germans had been very, very busy in Switzerland. I am told that the legation at Berne, the capital, has about seven hundred attachés, or assistants, and that in all Switzerland are five thousand men employed by the German Government. From the evidence of my eyes I am inclined to believe these figures. The legation has leased for the period of the war two large Berne hotels, where it keeps attachés and their families. Others have rented houses, have found quarters in the general hotels, or have even taken to commuting from the suburban resorts. Besides the legation building they hold four large office buildings for their bureaus.

Let me, so far as my knowledge extends, touch upon the activities of these interesting business concerns.

To anyone who knows much about modern warfare, the military bureau explains itself. Whatever it may pretend to do, its real business is running the spy system. Of course Switzerland, owing to its geographical location, is a great center for secret-service work. This bureau is a busy, a very busy home of honest industry. Would that I knew more about it!

First, it pumps anyone and everyone who crosses the line from France or Italy—or tries to do so. Then it sends forth its own spies. In this respect the Germans overlook few tricks. Most of the American women who came out of Germany when we broke relations report that in the time of our neutrality they were approached again and again with offers of money and other valuable considerations if they would journey to France and report what they saw. Certain master spies work with such apparent openness that they are pointed out on the streets of Berne for what they are.

Propaganda, the second great department of German activity in Switzerland, puzzles the observers on first view. The Germans are so busy with this work that they have produced a boom in the printing business at Zurich; yet they have done little to influence the native press. This differs from their practice in Spain, where they have bought wholesale the influence of the newspapers.

However, the Swiss press is not easily corruptible. The newspapers are old-established institutions, which expect to continue in business; and they know the value of public confidence. Some personal influence has been used; statements of the German position on current issues have been sent in manifold to the editors; one or two pro-German newspapers have been started. That, so far as I can gather, sums up their whole effort against the independence of the local press.

This bureau is working on other lines, probably more useful to the ends of Germany. In the first place, it is trying to sow throughout enemy and neutral countries little seeds of Germanic thought. It issues publications, mostly fakes in some particular or other, so fast that no one outside the bureau has been able to keep up with them.

German Fake Newspapers

For example, in a hotel of the Bernese Oberland I picked up what looked like a weekly journal, well printed on good paper and well illustrated. It purported on its face to be an official organ of the Ukrainian people, just then greatly assisting Germany by a half revolt against New Russia. Never, I noticed, did this paper—which was printed in French—mention Germany, except in passing. Never did it indorse the German cause. It simply spread the glad news that the Ukrainians had shaken loose the shackles of invidious Russia and had a fine going government. Of course such a publication as this, circulated at the right spot among the allied peoples, would help destroy all hope and confidence in the new Russian Government.

For sale on most of the news stands of Berne is volume I, number 1, of the Anti-Northcliffe Mail, which is published in the English language. It is intended as a burlesque on Northcliffe journalism and yellow journalism in general; it tries to get over the idea that Northcliffe, "the dictator of England," started the war for personal profit, and is keeping it up for the same reason. The heavy-handed German does not write burlesque very well. This sample produces merely the effect of emotional insanity. The Anti-Northcliffe Mail announces that it is printed for distribution, "by aëroplane and otherwise," through the British Army.

Their fake newspapers are less ambitious, but more clever. These appear like regular Swiss publications; only, when the curious inquirer looks them up he finds no newspaper of that name listed by the Swiss newspaper directories. They print news of the day, market reports, editorials, advertisements, just like any real newspaper; all for the purpose of carrying two or three columns of fake news, which the German propagandists wish to slip over in foreign lands. These fakes, at present, have to do mainly with the subject of peace, thus indicating the present trend of German policy.

Even this, however, is not the main activity of the German semiofficial propagandists in Switzerland. Here, as elsewhere, business is the thing. From this crossroads of the war they are circulating dozens and hundreds of pamphlets, which amount to advertising circulars for Germany and German products. In such languages as Arabic, Persian and Hindustani, as well as in the dominant European tongues, they are spreading pleasant little accounts of German *Kultur*, German trade methods, the superiority of German manufactured goods. Seldom do these publications even mention the war, and almost never do they speak in wrath of the enemy. They are usually beautifully printed on hard paper and illustrated with good half tones.

This branch of German propaganda links itself closely with the most important office maintained by our enemy at Berne—the one that employs the greatest number of attaches and consumes the greatest amount

(Continued on Page 65)

"I'm Putting Back Miles by the Thousands"

"No matter how many miles the car's traveled, a part turn of this wrench wipes them all off the slate—so far as the Timken Bearings are concerned.

"That's one of the great, big, never-to-be-forgotten virtues of Timken Bearings—they can be adjusted to eliminate the effects of wear.

"Just a little turn on this nut, and I've made practically a brand new bearing out of the old one at no expense, whether it's run 5,000 miles or 100,000.

"How? It's just as simple as can be.

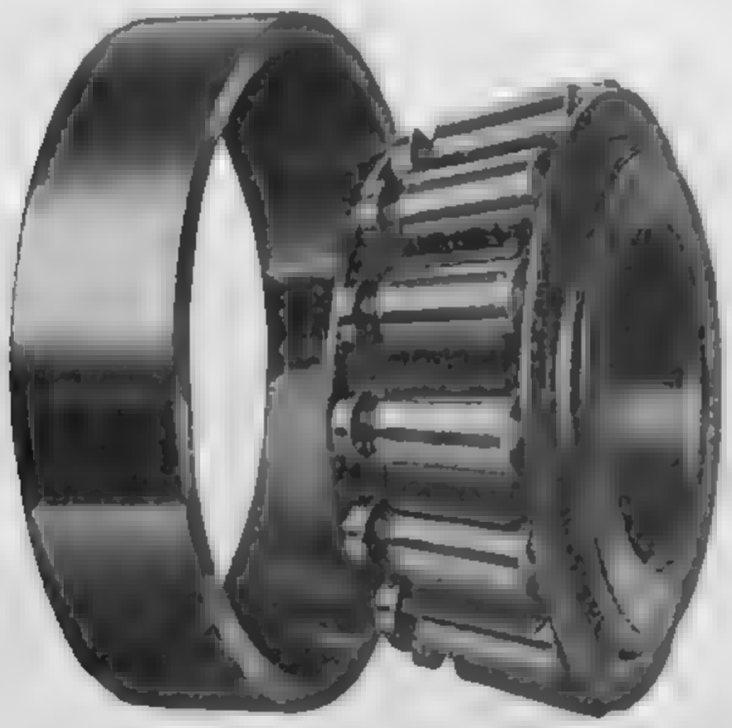
"You see Timken Bearings aren't shaped like other bearings. The rollers and the cone on which they ride are tapered and they fit inside of a steel cup.

"Now when wear occurs—simply move the cone and rollers a little farther into the cup. That wipes out all the effects of thousands of miles of wear in an instant and puts back thousands of miles of service into the bearing.

"Timken adjustability not only assures you against the expense of repairing or replacing the bearings, but against wobbly wheels, gears out of mesh and loss of power due to bearings that wear loose."

Why not write for booklet A-17, "How Can I Tell?" It will tell you a lot of things you'd like to know about this subject.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio



TIMKEN

BEARINGS

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

BY standard printing papers, we mean that our mills manufacture a paper specially designed for every class of book paper printing.

That is the chief advantage of standardized paper to the man who buys printing. Standardization has another equally important meaning to the printer.

In size, weight, thickness, color, receptivity to engravings, workability on the press, binding and folding qualities, one order of a certain grade of Warren Standard Printing Papers is just like another order of the same grade.

If you do not happen to know just what this means to a printer, ask one.

Standardization means first of all, better printing—which means more sales from your booklets, catalogs, folders, and mailings. Standardized paper means greater security in planning printing, greater ease and less expense in executing it.

To show you just what the Warren Standards are, and acquaint you with the names and uses of these different papers, we have prepared a Suggestion Book. This book shows each paper. It shows the effects of various styles of engravings on the stock to which they are adapted. It reproduces specimens of the sort of work for which each paper is manufactured.

Without standardized paper, such a book as this would have been merely an advertisement of Warren's Printing Papers. But showing Warren's *Standard* Printing Papers it is a welcome and constructive help to any man who is planning or executing a printing job.

A copy of this book will be mailed to buyers of printing, printers, engravers, and their salesmen. We are sorry that its limited edition precludes a more general distribution.

S. D. WARREN & COMPANY

200 Devonshire Street, Boston, Massachusetts

Constant Excellence of Product—the Highest Type of Competition

(Continued from Page 61)

of money. It is the commercial bureau. With thorough German method, this body is preparing the way for the commercial assault on Switzerland, and on the Western World in general.

Its agents are gathering information on every Swiss trading firm, every factory, every wholesale house, every considerable retail shop. Their capital, their rating, their indebtedness—and to whom—their business and social connections, their methods, their policies; above all, the feeling of their directing personnel toward Germany—all these go down in the card indexes. Probably no Swiss concern, private or official, knows half so much about Swiss business as the manager of this bureau may know at will; he has only to consult the card index.

The German traders hold to the old maxim that knowledge is power, and already they have begun to pass from the stage of study to that of action. Two years ago they spared enough funds to erect in Berne an exposition building. There they planned to hold a sample fair of German goods on the line of the famous Leipsic sample fair, which used, before the war, to bring buyers from all Europe. This, the Swiss felt, was dangerous to their neutrality. The people and the press began to growl. Perhaps the government made representations, or perhaps the Germans saw the signs in the heavens. At any rate, this project was dropped. The building still stands, however, and the Germans at present intend to use it, after the war, for an exposition of German goods and German *Kultur*.

Money is tight in Germany, but there is still a carefully harbored gold reserve. Almost all her war goods are purchased perforce within the country; they can be paid for with paper and promises. The reserve enables them to use gold outside of the country for cash payment, whenever the purpose is important enough. Moreover, many private citizens of that predatory class so dangerous to Germany and to the world have made big money out of this war. It is not in the nature of modern Germany to deny the upper class its prerogatives.

Germans, working as quietly as possible, began to buy into those Swiss firms that occupy an important strategic position, to acquire property in and about Berne, the capital. The private citizens bought with gladness, I think, since by holding property outside of the country they may possibly evade some of the excessive domestic taxation after the war. How far this policy of purchase has gone, no one knows except the German commercial bureau. The Swiss sellers are pledged to secrecy; often the buyer is a dummy. But all the Entente legations at Berne seem by their actions to take it for granted that the danger point is about reached. So, I find, do many of the Swiss.

Deceptive Trade-Marks

Finally the Germans did the thing that revealed the direction of their policy. Here, owing to the complex European laws of libel, I must speak in parallels. Suppose you pick up an article bearing the George Washington trade-mark. You accept it at once as an American product. So would it go with the Stars and Stripes trade-mark, say; the Woodrow Wilson trade-mark; the Cowboy trade-mark. If you saw the trade-mark John Bull or Royal Navy, you would take it for granted that the article was made in Great Britain; while the Louvre or the Eiffel Tower or General Joffre would suggest France.

Now there exist in Switzerland certain registered and active trade-marks that suggest Switzerland—at least to the European mind—as certainly as the ones I have mentioned would suggest the United States or England or France. The average person would, without further hesitation, buy the goods so labeled as Swiss.

It was discovered that the Germans were buying up all those trade-marks!

As often happens with such widely laid plots, once the cue was given, further details came to light. The Germans, it appeared, did not intend to use those trade-marks on wholly German-made goods. The plan, though not subtle enough, was not so subtle as that. They intended to manufacture three-quarters, seven-eighths or nine-tenths of the articles in Germany, to have them finished and branded in Switzerland, and to send them forth as Swiss goods.

Let us imagine that the article is silver-plated table cutlery—I use this by way of illustration, because, so far as I know, the Germans have not yet included silverware in their Swiss plans. The main part of a silver-plated table fork is its steel inside. That could be made in Germany; the branding with a Swiss trade-mark and the comparatively simple plating could be done in Switzerland. Suppose the process came under the fire of envious rivals? The Germans have their answer. Few manufactured goods, they will say, originate wholly in the country of their visible origin. Does not the very velvet lining to the boxes in which German silver is packed come often from France?

This, together with the absorption of native Swiss firms by German capital, is the main direction of German commercial policy as regards Switzerland.

The general drift of Swiss commercial affairs since the war has tended to force her more and more toward an ultimate dependence on Germany. To explain that I must apparently depart for a time from the main subject—must go far back into the history of the war:

Switzerland is all mountains and valleys. She has little level land and a smaller proportion of arable surface than any other European country. Very little of her area is suited for grain growing and the climate is in conspiracy with the contour to limit its productivity. The Swiss atmosphere holds too much moisture; cereals, even under the best cultivation, return rather small yields. Further, Swiss wheat, owing again to the moisture, has a low keeping quality.

Swiss War Industries

Her great hold, agriculturally, is dairying. Moisture makes flourishing grass; and on slopes of forty or fifty degrees, where one could not possibly cultivate grain, cattle can pasture or laborers can cut hay with the scythe. Swiss cheese, as we all know, is famous. In Europe Swiss butter has equal fame. Yet, balancing items, Switzerland imported a greater proportion of her food supply than any other European country—even Belgium.

She had no native coal; but she did have a very intelligent and expert working population. So she was a manufacturing nation of high efficiency. Characteristically hers were intensive manufactures, turning out fine products in which expert labor was a greater factor than power or raw material. Watchmaking was her largest and most typical mechanical industry.

Very important, too, was the hotel business. Her mountain airs, her superb scenery, her combination of lake, valley and mountain, had made her the playground of Europe. It is estimated that two hundred and fifty million dollars was invested in the hotel business and that the total capacity was nearly four hundred thousand beds.

The war slung things topsy-turvy for Switzerland. At the first stroke it ruined the hotel business, at least temporarily. The bankers were kind—they had to be; and for a long time they enforced a kind of voluntary moratorium for the hotels. That could not last. In the past two years hotel keepers have been going wholesale into bankruptcy. Hotel employees and other people, such as guides and couriers, who lived by the tourist trade, found themselves temporarily out of work.

Manufacturing industries were variously affected. Some trades flattened out and some gained in prosperity. Watch and clock making was affected by two opposite tendencies. The demand for fine gold watches, for complex and expensive clocks that do mechanical tricks, died on the spot. But the luminous dial had come in just before the war. Every officer in every army needed and every private wanted a nickel or silver wrist watch with a luminous face. That demand saved the industry.

Both sides were in the market for munitions of war; they would buy at almost any reasonable price. Strangely, considering that they had the whole world to draw from, while Germany had only the adjacent countries, the Entente Allies got to this Swiss market first. Experience has shown that almost any factory which works with metals can be transformed to make some part of munitions. The Allies cinched the Swiss product; they helped prepare for a larger output in such items as shell fuses and aëroplane engines.

Here the Swiss had an opening for a national fortune—but for one important fact: they had no native coal. The Allies, as the sea situation and the labor situation tightened up, could give them none. For her railroads, her factories, even her domestic uses, Switzerland had to depend upon Germany. And Germany did not let her forget that part of her coal was being used to make munitions for the Entente.

Conservatism had kept Switzerland from developing to any great extent her exceptional natural resources in electric power. She cursed that conservatism as she drove her bargain with the merciless and thoroughly informed German.

The country produced more dairy stuffs than it consumed. Cheese, butter, meat and milk chocolate are rich in proteids and animal fats, the very elements of which the Germans stood in greatest need. Moreover, any prosperous nation, and especially a nation that has specialized on fine hotels, has an accumulated supply—a fact of which the food theorists often lose sight.

Germany offered a scanty but regular supply of coal at a fixed tariff in return for this surplus production of the Swiss dairies and chocolate factories—or the greater part of it—and the accumulated supply of miscellaneous provisions. Switzerland continued to import from America and the Entente countries the staples she lacked, such as sugar and wheat. Probably she exported to Germany only small quantities of these staples, or none at all; but bread, as statistics show, did take the place on Swiss tables of native foods, which were going to Germany at boom prices.

The Allies knew that. They held over Switzerland the power to stop food imports, since she had no seacoast and shipments had to cross France or Italy. However, they did have a stake in the maintenance of the coal supply. Out of the negotiations, the jockeying back and forth, came the S. S. S., a Swiss importation trust, which by agreement took control of everything imported from Entente or neutral countries. This gave the Entente ministers of blockade a definite working basis. The Swiss Government, partly under pressure, partly moved by alarm for the future, prohibited certain kinds of traffic with Germany, such as exportation of imported goods.

Then came a period when the riffraff of Europe, lured by the high profits, began smuggling foodstuffs across the border. The Swiss arrested violators and fined them. As the Germans had a standing offer to pay nine-tenths of any smuggler's fine, this action did little good. Finally the Swiss guards, under orders, took to shooting smugglers on the run. That helped greatly.

Finally—the Swiss by now being greatly exercised over their own food supply—the government came to pretty definite agreements with the Entente. A certain amount of native foodstuffs is still allowed to cross the German border as a concession to the Swiss position in face of Germany. The amount is small—I know the figures, though I may not publish them; and I certify to that. The leak is stopped, except for a little dripping.

The German Shylock

As though Germany had foreseen all this, her agreement with Switzerland in the matter of coal expired August 1, 1917. The little country could no more give quid pro quo in food. More desperate than ever had become her need for coal; she had not even enough to supply domestic needs over the winter—and in many parts of Switzerland the winter climate is arctic. Forests grow on her mountain slopes; but the enlightened Swiss, the inventors of conservation, long ago put into their constitution a provision that the forest reserve should never be reduced below a certain point. Already the surplus of firewood was used up; to cut much more they should need a constitutional amendment and the reversal of their dearest policy.

The Germans drove a tight bargain. They would give a limited supply of coal, at an advance of fifty per cent on the former price, in return for a loan. Their rather complex proposition has been boiled down by one of our consuls into this brief and accurate statement of the case:

"In aluminum and similar raw materials, in manufactured goods for the use of our people, and in foodstuffs, you will export to us such and such value every month. Our commercial agents have been looking into the matter of Swiss war profits; and we find that, even allowing for the increased price of coal, you are making an average profit of thirty-three and a third per cent.

"Very well. For the sixty-six and two-thirds per cent, which represents cost price, we will pay in coal at sixty francs a ton. For the thirty-three and a third per cent, which represents profit, we will pay in German Government bonds. Take it or leave it!"

That is the substance of the German proposition; by its terms the Swiss must lend to Germany twenty million francs a month.

Mark now how this also worked with German plans. Not only was she getting a loan, thereby doing something to rehabilitate her finances, but she was tightening the commercial bonds uniting her to Switzerland. Nothing brings the governing commercial classes of two nations closer together than mutual investment across the borders.

Almost certainly the German plan goes farther than that. For immediately after the conclusion of this agreement there ran through the informed circles of Switzerland a report that seems to be more than a rumor—a report unprovable at this time of writing, but believed, I find, by Swiss financial men and journalists, the two classes which in any country have the surest sense for the drift of affairs. Germany, the report goes, intends to invest the proceeds of that loan in Switzerland. She will buy Swiss securities, Swiss real estate and most importantly, partnerships in Swiss business houses.

Plans to Gobble Switzerland

The money so passed would travel by an indirect course. The hard cash, represented by that twenty million francs a month, does not leave Switzerland. It is deposited in Swiss banks, from which the shippers of native goods to Germany draw their payment. German Government bonds are issued to reimburse the bank. Germany's procedure, according to reports, will be to set off from her gold reserve a sum equivalent to these bonds, for purchases of property in Switzerland.

Here is another bond tying the little nation to the coat-tail of the big one. The agreement has nine months to run. Nine times twenty million francs is one hundred and eighty million francs, or about thirty-six million dollars. Switzerland has about one-thirty-fifth of our population. Leaving aside the question of per-capita wealth, it is as though Germany had cinched the United States for a loan of a billion and a quarter dollars, which she intended to reinvest, under German ownership, in the United States.

Now imagine from these glimpses the German plan for Switzerland's future!

With heavy German investment, with other investments after the war, with Swiss factories converted into finishing rooms for German goods, the little nation must inevitably become absorbed commercially. Her economic life must in that case be directed from Berlin and Hamburg, Leipsic and Munich.

That is not all. "Germany cannot long tolerate," wrote one of her mad pan-Germanists at the beginning of the war, "the mere economic dependence of small neighboring states. She must absorb them completely. They must become German in order that we may fulfill our destiny."

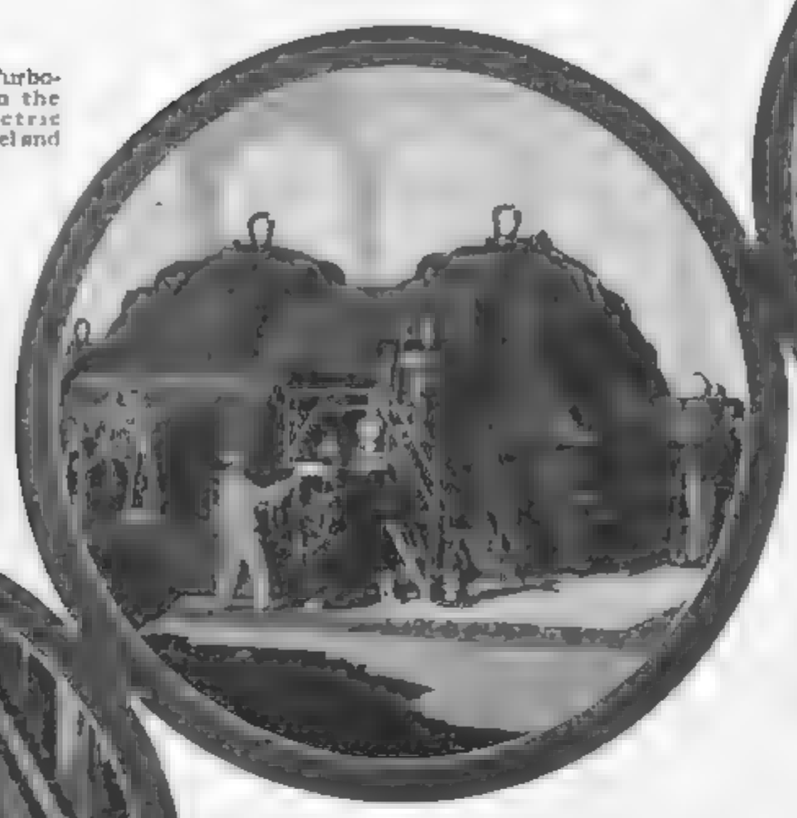
If this commercial plan succeeds, some day, when the diplomatic situation gives her freedom of action, she will discover that German interests in Switzerland have become imperiled; that, anyway, she needs to "rectify her frontiers." Anything will do for an occasion. German infiltration will help to make conquest easy. What chance would the Swiss have at best? Three million people against seventy millions!

Of course I am painting this in its blackest colors; but the picture, nevertheless, is the one the pan-Germanist keeps before his imagination when he thinks of Switzerland. We have a very reasonable hope that after this war the old combination of hardened militarist and calloused magnate, of the butcher and the hog, will no longer rule Germany. Mark, however, that the present rulers are preparing to act on this very plan.

And Switzerland is very, very uneasy. The commercial men, the bankers, all the rich, are being tempted of the devil, who whispers in their ears concerning trade advantages—the great wealth coming to Switzerland, and more pertinently to themselves, if they accept partnership with the Germans. Doubtless in their honest moments the thought recurs that this is a betrayal of that national independence which is the breath of life in Switzerland. But the devil whispers again, and they put down the thought with sophistries.

(Concluded on Page 68)

Westinghouse Switchboards control, measure and direct the power into the right channel



Westinghouse Turbo-Generators turn the steam into electric power with less fuel and occupy less space

Westinghouse Automatic Stokers burn the coal with utmost economy

Westinghouse Electric Freight Locomotives hasten transportation.

Westinghouse Mine Locomotives help produce more coal at less cost.

The Pathway of Power

Power is the life-blood of industry, and maintaining its abundant flow is one of man's essential tasks.

In performing this task, he has wrestled for decades with a three-sided problem—how to obtain more fuel at less cost, more power from less fuel and more widespread and economical distribution of that power.

Chiefly through the application of electricity to this problem, remarkable progress has been made in the last twenty-five or thirty years.

All along the pathway of power, from the mine where the coal is dug to the mill or machine where the energy is finally put to use, electricity is now a vital factor.

And for this, Westinghouse Electric is largely responsible.

Thirty or more years ago electricity played but small part in our industrial life. It was then produced in small quantities and as direct current, which meant that it had to be used within a mile or less of where it was generated, because it was uneconomical and otherwise impracticable to transmit it farther.

In 1886, Westinghouse Electric, foreseeing the wonderful future of electricity if long-distance current-transmission could be made practical, took the step that may be considered the beginning of the present electrical age—it introduced into this country the alternating-current system.

Within a year afterward came the development by Westinghouse of the transformer, and it was now possible not only to transmit electricity long distances economically, but to apply it with safety and flexibility.

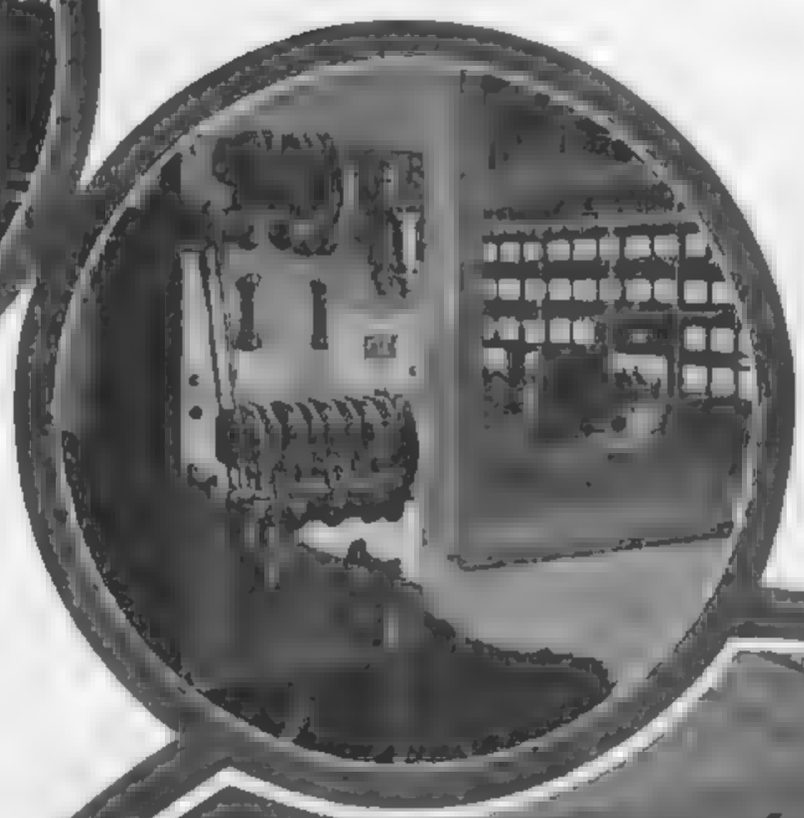
Four years later Westinghouse Electric added another important chapter to electrical progress by seriously undertaking the development of the steam turbine, which proved to be the ideal machine for driving the new alternating-current generator.

The combined unit, now called the turbo-generator, was not

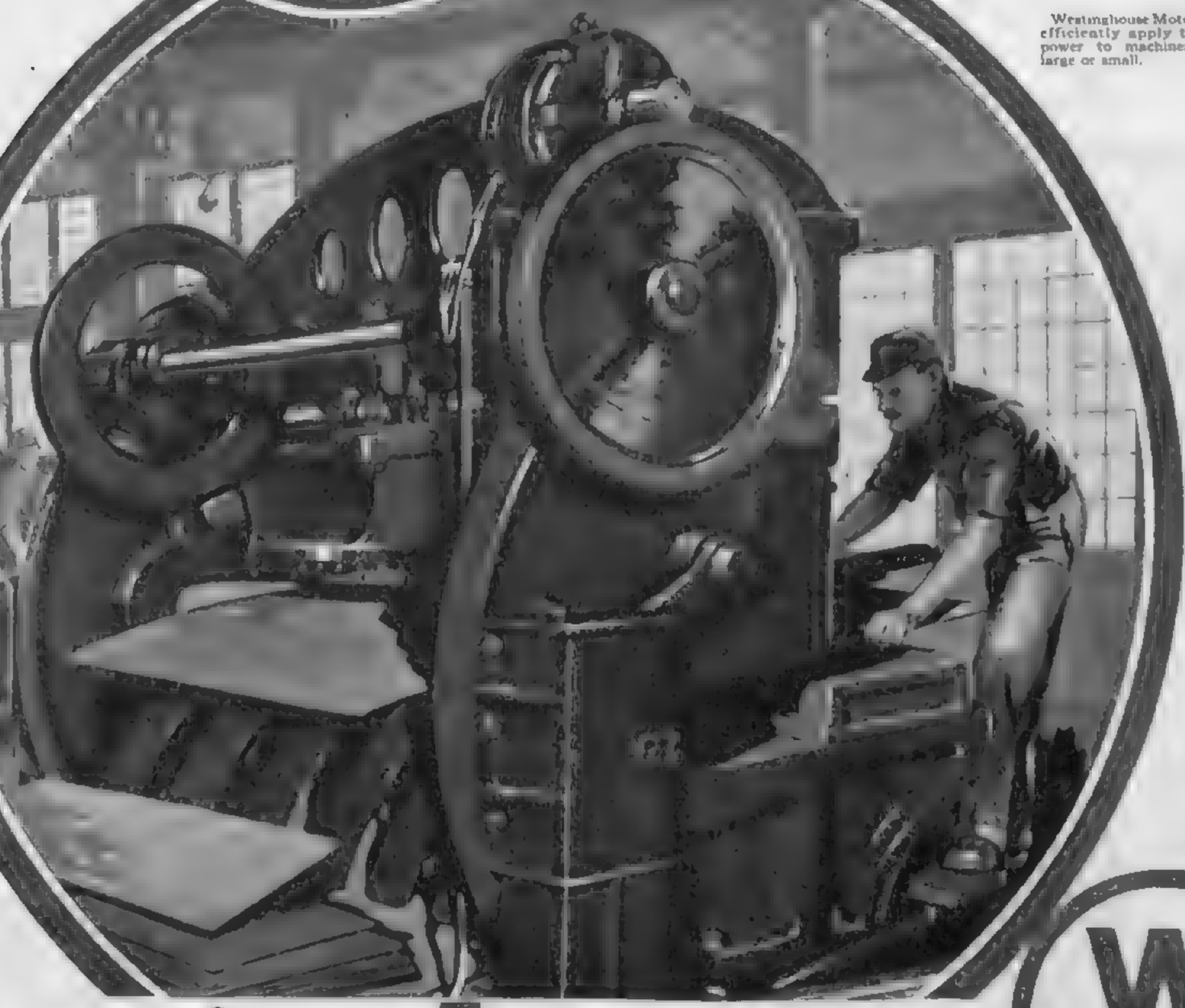
Westinghouse

ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES AND POWER PLANT EQUIPMENT

Westinghouse Transformers fit the power for long distance transmission.



Westinghouse Automatic Controllers start the motors and protect them.



Westinghouse Motors efficiently apply the power to machinery, large or small.

long in proving its superiority over the cumbrous reciprocating engine.

The notable economy of the steam turbine greatly lessened fuel consumption, while its remarkable compactness has reduced the amount of capital required for power-plants at least one-half.

It was not, however, until Westinghouse added to its achievements the alternating-current motor that the possibilities of electricity in the field of industry began to be realized.

Today, in the mine, Westinghouse Mine Locomotives, Westinghouse Motors for pumps and hoists, and other Westinghouse apparatus are helping to produce more coal at less cost.

In railway freight service, giant Westinghouse Locomotives have greatly simplified the problem of transporting the fuel from coal-fields to power-plants.

In the power-house, Westinghouse Automatic Stokers, Turbo-Generators, Switchboards, Transformers and many other devices are producing more power from less fuel and in a form that permits of its widespread and economical use.

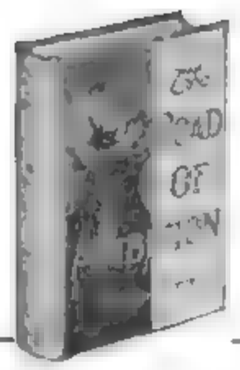
In the workshop, Westinghouse Motors, Controllers, and other Westinghouse products are turning the power thus produced and transmitted into mechanical energy with remarkable efficiency.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC MOTORS AND MOTOR CONTROL APPARATUS

W
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC



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The secret of the book's success, outside of its remarkable plot and the passion with which it is told, lies in its clear-cut delineation of the unsuspected and tremendous power of any man's will once he begins to cultivate it.

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Fits every foot—
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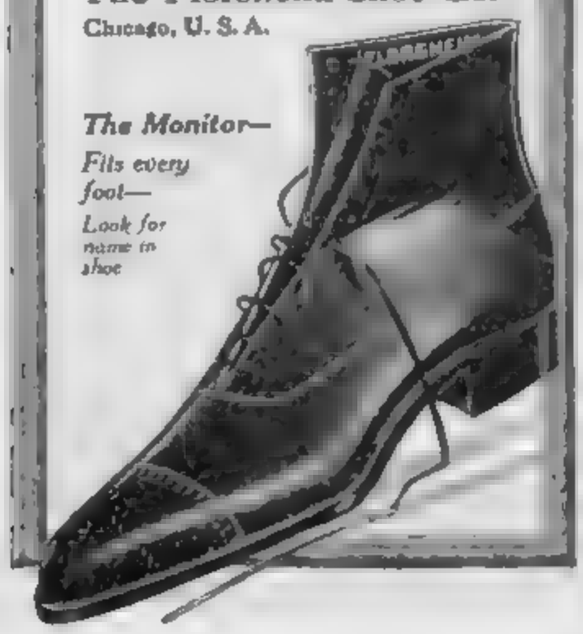


(Concluded from Page 65)

I notice that when, debating over the war with pro-German Swiss bankers, politicians and business men, I come to this point, their faces grow grave, their eyes uneasy. Uneasy eyes are everywhere—for I have discussed the matter with humble people, such as hotel porters and shopkeepers; and always I caught that same expression. The Swiss nation is in peril; not, as during the five centuries of old struggles, from hostile arms, but from subtle, concealed bribery!

Happily there is a back fire—as yet only a tiny flame, but presently perhaps a conflagration.

The French Swiss of the west, their observation undimmed by friendly emotion, have been watching this plot from the beginning. A movement originating, I believe, at Geneva, is working toward a new commercial law for the Federation: Let Switzerland forbid the use of a Swiss brand or trade-mark on goods containing more than ten per cent, say, of foreign-made parts, or foreign value. This would destroy the essential part of the German machine for commercial conquest; would render the plot valueless.

However, to pass and enforce such an unfriendly law, Switzerland must have backing. At any time when it happened to suit her plans Germany could make it an excuse for a declaration of hostilities.

A Neutral Rhine

Fortunately the Entente stands ready to assist. The Allied Powers of civilization, of course, know of the plot and understand its meaning. Undoubtedly the matter will be taken up as one of the minor issues in the Peace Conference; and, since it concerns not only Switzerland but the whole world, the Civilized Powers will be prepared to fight it through. The success or failure of the German design on Swiss trade-marks depends upon the issue of the war. If Germany loses it fails. If Germany wins she can object to a rule limiting Swiss trade-marks to native goods as unfriendly.

Indeed, neutral though Switzerland will remain to the end, she will, nevertheless, figure largely in the Conference. If, as we all hope, we force Germany back to her natural boundary of the Rhine, the question of neutralizing that river will arise.

Germany is howling about freedom of the seas—a passing empty phrase, because, except for purposes of world conquest, the seas are entirely free. She seems to draw a subtle distinction between fresh water and salt, because she keeps the Rhine enslaved. The river is navigable as far as Bâle, in Switzerland. With a little dredging it could be made navigable for vessels of fairly deep draft. It is not navigable with vessels of any draft for the Swiss. Germany prevents that.

A neutral Rhine would give Switzerland a kind of seaport. More; by means of a little tunneling it is possible to run a canal through Switzerland connecting the navigable Rhine with the navigable Rhone, which empties into the Mediterranean. In this, again, the Swiss have a common interest with the Entente.

Before concluding, let me touch upon some of our own direct relations with Switzerland. So far as the food situation is concerned she deserves great consideration at our hands. If she does not receive that consideration she may grow a little dangerous. Her position differs from that of the seacoast neutrals. True, she was a provider of Germany in the first year or so of the war. That period, as I have shown, has passed. Very little goes through now; and that little, as I have shown, is a tribute necessary to maintain her existence.

She is not reshipping the closely calculated quantities the Entente Powers permit her to receive. She is about down to the minimum. On October first bread rationing will come into force. The flour will be ten per cent potato meal and the allowance will be as small as the German. Already the use of cream is prohibited by law; and restrictions now enforced in the use of meat may be extended before spring to the meat-card system.

Unlike the other neutrals, she has not profited by the war. Sweden, Holland and Denmark have made enormous fortunes through the reshipment of contraband importations. Stockholm, Copenhagen and Rotterdam run gold. Even Spain has made money, though it has been badly distributed.

Swiss munition firms have, of course, turned over heavy profits. The sale of dairy products at boom prices early in the war enriched a certain class of farmers and middlemen. Against that must be put the ruin of the hotel industry and of those finer manufactures whose plants could not be adapted for munitions making. Because of the shortage of coal, railroad traffic has been pared to the bone; these are hard times for the government railroad employees.

At present, however, there is little unemployment. Munitions making, new intensive agriculture, and the demand abroad for Swiss hotel help to take the place of men mobilized for the war, have conspired to absorb most of the idle workmen. Mobilization has accounted for the rest. Of course mobilization is an expensive process; it has added about a billion francs to the national debt. Perhaps in the matter of money Switzerland has broken about even. But, on the other hand, the cost of living has advanced at least fifty per cent. In the next year, unless the war ends, things are almost bound to grow worse.

However, there is a leak through Switzerland that we seem to have overlooked; to stop it would put a further crimp in Germany while working little hardship on the Swiss people. Along with others whose judgment on such matters is better than mine, I am convinced that much money from the disloyal part of the United States is passing through Switzerland into Germany. At present our Government agencies have little or no machinery to deal with this situation.

The Need of Postal Censorship

We have no postal censorship—in our folly. Just at present it is quite easy for letters from the United States to reach Germany. Such correspondence, as a matter of fact, is passing through wholesale. For example, a bookshop in a French Swiss town makes a business of acting as transmission point. An American friend of mine tested out this process lately. With no introduction better than a five-franc piece, he made his arrangements with the woman clerk. His American correspondent was to address the clerk, who was to readdress the letters to a certain person, imagined by my American friend, in Germany.

Such letters have to run the gantlet of French and British censorship, which can do little to stop this proceeding. In any letter passing from America to Switzerland the matter is perhaps less important than the signature. A harmless-looking family letter may contain a dangerous code. But if John W. Smith, say, is found to be corresponding regularly with Switzerland from some French or English town, the postal authorities have him looked up to ascertain whether he is loyal or a suspect. When John W. Smith writes from Portland or New York or Cincinnati, he cannot be investigated. That is a job for the American postal censor—who doesn't exist.

Money can pass to Germany through Switzerland almost as easily. John W. Smith—alias for Johann Schmitz—has only to send a postal order, or a draft on a Swiss bank, to a trusted dummy, who cashes it and transmits it to Germany. Of course the Entente censors may stop the check, draft or postal order on the way—if they know. And if John W. Smith is caught sending many drafts or orders they are likely to suspect.

However, if he is ordinarily clever, Schmitz alias Smith changes quite often his alias and that of his dummy. He takes little risk. He may not even lose his money in case he is found out. The European censors merely destroy the check—not the value of the money in bank.

Swiss drafts on New York banks may be cashed almost as readily. Our rules provide that the bank may, upon application, take an affidavit that the drawer is not drawing it for the enemy. But perjury on behalf of the Fatherland is considered highly moral by the Germans, and nothing prevents the Swiss bank from blind and safe connivance.

Financial Leakage

How much money gets through in this manner only the Germans know. I have, however, some indirect light on the subject. A man eminently in a position to have the facts says that before we entered the war the recent Hungarian immigrants to the United States were slipping through their regular remittances to relatives back home—and this in spite of the blockade that had cut off Austria-Hungary from sea communication.

Switzerland was the main point of transmission. He estimates from facts in his possession that seventy million dollars was so transmitted in 1916!

Collection of coupons on American securities held by Germans in Germany seems to go merrily on. When it affects them the British have a way of stopping this. A Swiss bank sending to England to collect coupons or sell securities on behalf of a Swiss or near-Swiss client must furnish an affidavit that none of the securities has been in enemy possession since August, 1914.

Besides the possibility of downright connivance at perjury, there is a loophole in this system.

Herr Schmitz presents to a Swiss bank a passport to show his neutral nationality, together with one hundred thousand pounds' worth of British bonds on which he wishes to collect the coupons.

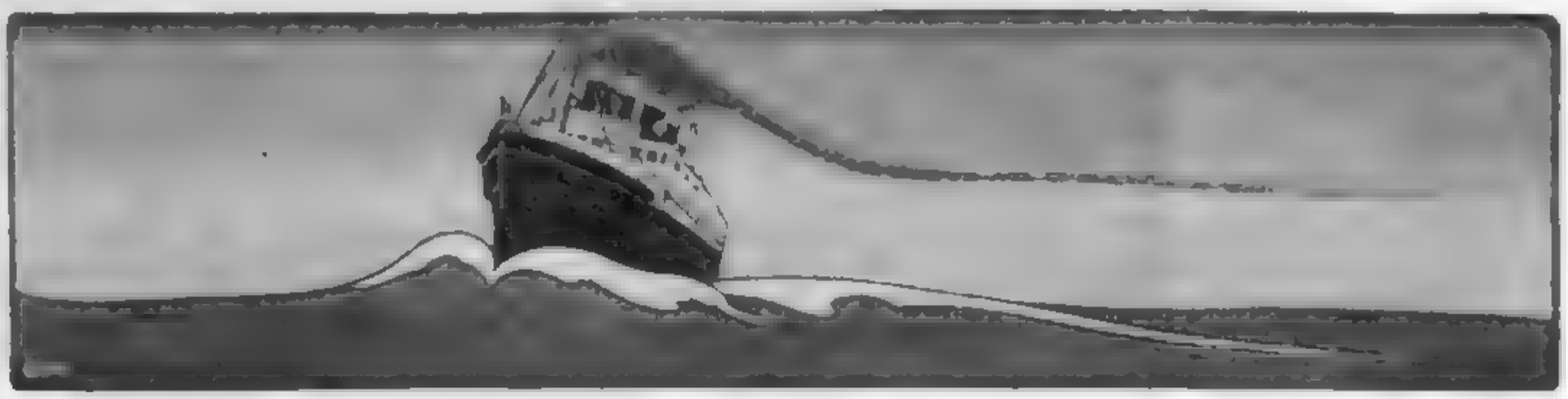
The Swiss take his affidavit. With the request for payment, they certify to the British that such an affidavit has been made; but they do not furnish the name of the customer. Consequently he cannot be investigated. In our own present system I find no loopholes. There are no loopholes in the broad bright air.

Nothing really prevents enemy subjects from hypothecating American securities with neutral banks. Unlike our Allies, we have not, to date—August—issued any statement declining to recognize the value of enemy transactions in our stocks occurring since we went to war.

An American banker who has looked over the Swiss situation believes that the mysterious drop in our exchange is due to the great amount of American securities dumped by Germans and Austrians—as soon as we went into the war—on Swiss banks.

We need the machinery to regulate this. Perhaps a postal censorship is beyond hope. Indeed, it is less important than the creation of a bureau, under the Secretary of the Treasury, that will watch this game from both ends and find a way for regulation.

This may come hard; the Swiss bankers are making profits from the traffic and they will probably evoke international law. I have noticed, however, that when written law runs against natural right a way to justice is usually found.



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The quiet, soft, smooth, powerful motor is a delight to drive.

It responds so willingly, acquires greater and greater efficiency as it devours the miles, and reaching top efficiency *stays* efficient, with rarely ever any adjustment or repair, for thousands and thousands of miles beyond the useful life of any other type of motor.

No other type of motor is capable of such high average efficiency or of such continuous uninterrupted service.

For all other types of motors begin to give way to carbon troubles, cylinders must be cleaned and valves reseated every few thousand miles.

But the sleeve-valve motor grows smoother, more flexible, more powerful and quieter with use.

The Willys-Knights this season are far the most beautiful cars we have ever produced.

See the nearest Willys-Overland dealer and ask him to show you the beautiful open and closed models—let him explain the many advantages of the Willys-Knight motor.

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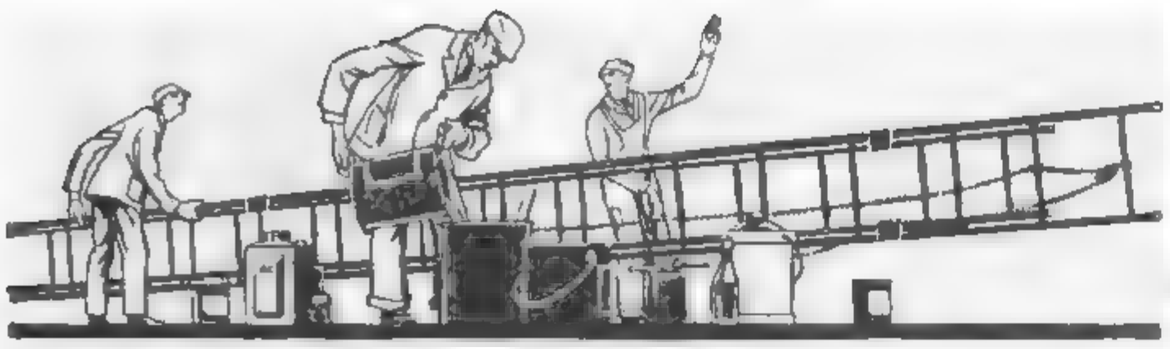

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New Jersey Zinc in paint

increases durability by postponing decay. Other necessary ingredients serve other useful purposes, but zinc reinforces every good quality of every other ingredient. Zinc paint costs no more in the first place and a great deal less in the long run.

Good prepared paints always contain zinc. Competent painters who mix their own paints add zinc. It is easy to make sure that you get enough zinc in your paint. To help you, we have prepared a list of prepared zinc paints and also a list of manufacturers who grind composite zinc pastes in oil, such as painters use to get a good zinc mixture.

These lists and our booklet "Zinc in Paint" will help you get your money's worth every time you paint.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY
55 Wall Street, New York
ESTABLISHED 1848

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NOT FOR ORDINARY FOLKS

(Continued from Page 12)

chauffeur of a boy on the sidewalk, after a whispered conversation in the car.

The boy nodded, and Gilstar waited with the fast-beating heart of a man in the water clutching at a bit of driftwood, though he is in the middle of the ocean and knows it will but prolong his misery.

"Shall we get out?" asked a refined-looking elderly woman in the party. "It looks comfortable."

At that moment a young person of the male sex, harboring a faint photograph of a mustache on his upper lip, laid a beseeching hand upon the arm of the elderly woman. He wailed:

"My word, mamma, it is a mere tavern!"

The chauffeur was alert and businesslike, and he knew his employers. The car rolled onward, without a word of spoken command.

Gilstar did not move. He slipped down, perhaps imperceptibly, in his chair. He knew the party. He knew the young man with the nearly human mustache. He had played bridge with the mother and son at Coronado Beach.

IV

IT WAS a crushing blow to Gilstar. But it said something for his nerve and intelligence that, the evening of the Fourth, he saw the prodigious failure he had made; partly understood how he had bamboozled himself; and set his teeth hard with the determination not to lie down.

He saw more or less clearly—but clearly enough—that the exclusive game was a fizzle. He had made himself and his hotel so exclusive that he had excluded all but seven dissatisfied guests. The people he had thought to charm with the exclusiveness and his engraved announcements, and by his advertisements in weak-kneed and grafting society publications, had gone after bigger bait than his. In other words, they had gone to the million-dollar hotels, where they had been accustomed to go.

"I tried to catch whales with a bent pin," said Gilstar, trying hard to laugh about it. "I'll go after the shiners."

Gilstar had to move quickly, and he had to move surely this time. He felt dizzy as he looked at his check book. He would have just $441.07, after paying a month in advance to those of his employees who must be released, to continue business on. He wondered feverishly where he could have spent the rest of it. Then, calming down, he perceived how it had gone, and he was more willing to thank the few prudent stars in his constellation that he had saved anything out of the wreck.

Two-thirds of the help left on the fifth, after just one day of actual service. Mr. Barriden left in a blue-violet huff, threatening a lawsuit and other unpleasant rebuttals. The lowest-priced ones were the least disagreeable to deal with. Probably they knew they could get jobs more easily. But the big surprise was the chef, M. André Bulloc. He gazed at his employer with as malignant eyes as ever wore the film of ostensible servility, and said he would stay at half the promised salary.

"But you could do much better somewhere else, and there must be vacancies coming up all the time," said Gilstar frankly.

The chef shook his head. "Eet ees too late," he sighed. "I vill stay."

Gilstar felt that he could do no better, though he felt that the alien gentleman in the white cap would need watching. Already M. Bulloc had shown his weakness, possibly the weakness that had separated him from the cuisines of the nobility—he had a bad habit of pouring the cooking brandy into the wrong receptacle.

Gilstar had made up his mind what to do. The season was still at the beginning, the weather was hot and sultry. He rushed advertisements, plain and inviting, into the daily newspapers of Boston, New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia:

GILSTAR HOUSE, Baldwin Center—Elevation 1200 feet. Cool, refreshing breezes, modern conveniences, fresh vegetables, milk, cream, etc. Prices reasonable.

Nothing this time about not for ordinary people. Nothing about the four hundred. It was to the forty million that Gilstar was looking, and praying. He got out the old sign, GILSTAR HOUSE, and hung it on the front of the building again. He planned a dollar dinner for automobile parties, with free parking privilege. He hired a young fellow for the desk, at sixty dollars a month and board furnished. This chap was not like the recent gem of the Italian-necktie kingdom, Mr. Albert Fitz-James Barriden. He had slightly watery eyes and wore ready-made clothes. But he seemed to be reasonably intelligent, and he was thrillingly nonexclusive.

It was only fair, Gilstar reasoned, to go straight to his six-dollar-a-day guests and tell them that the hotel was not exclusive any more, and release them from the obligation to remain their term. It was a bitter pill to have to do it, but he did. They all departed, with blasting celerity, on the morning of the sixth of July. From that hour until the tenth of July, Gilstar sat round his empty house and tried every method of cheer-up known to the optimist.

Then, with a rush, the guests started to come.

On the fifteenth of July half the rooms were taken. On the twentieth every room in the house was occupied. A terrific heat wave rolled over the cities and drove the cliff dwellers into the country as fast as the trains could handle them—and the Gilstar House got its share of the business. From that moment until the day after Labor Day, when, as if by magic, the crowd melted away, Gilstar didn't have an idle hour. He had never known what hard work was before then. He didn't so much learn the intricacies of the hotel business as he had them thrust upon him. He discovered that the boss of a summer hotel is not supposed to sleep, eat, recreate or have the slightest privacy. He had to answer, with apparent cheerfulness and interest, one thousand four hundred and twenty useless foolish questions a day. He rushed to attend wants that were imaginary, and apologized for conditions that never existed. He was requested to lament with professional sympathy over punctured inner tubes, ivy poisoning, straw hats caught in thunder showers, cases of sunburn and strange noises heard at night.

Business was big. So far as the Gilstar House was concerned it couldn't have been bigger. But Grant Gilstar walked, jumped and hastened about with a fatal gnawing at his heart. He was discovering that big business does not mean big profits. He had his house full—and he was losing money!

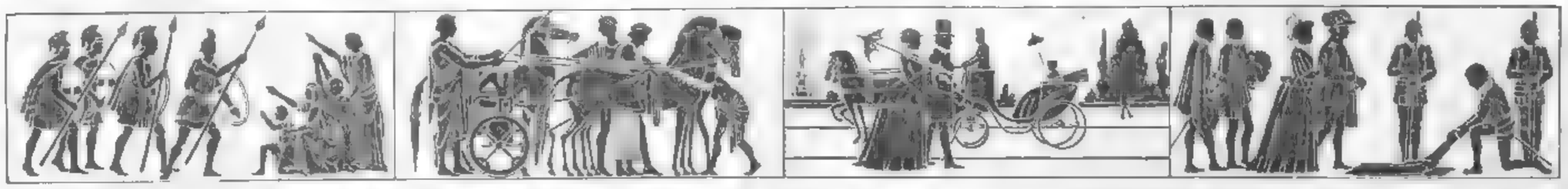
At first, when he dug into his books, ill-kept, unbusinesslike and messed, Gilstar, tired-eyed, couldn't believe it. But it was so. He was taking in more money than he had ever handled before; yet, on the fifteenth of August his net balance was only a little more than two hundred and twenty dollars. His hand trembled as he tried to check up his expenditures. They were hopelessly involved. He had no system. He paid out of pocket for certain things and forgot to set the amount in the books. He received money from automobile parties, jammed it into his pocket and forgot to enter the amount. Prices of meats, and practically of everything else, were steadily mounting. On the other hand, having made his price for guests, he didn't dare to change it. He knew that the chef was a reckless waster, but he didn't know how to stop that leak either. M. Bulloc affected not to understand English when it was a matter of this nature. The laundry bills were enormous; ice was consumed in prodigious quantities, and Gilstar wondered, gazing helplessly at his light bills, whether the boarders sat up reading all night.

Over and over again Gilstar recalled what Thomas Raunce had said to him that day of his arrival: "It looks a lot simpler than it really is. I'd be glad to give you the benefit of my experience."

Several times Gilstar was almost weak enough to go over to Raunce and tell him the whole truth, and ask help. But he put away that notion with a cold shiver. His pride wouldn't stand that. For Gilstar felt that, from the time his wonderful exclusive scheme had burst like a balloon, he could have nothing more to do with the Raunces or any of the people of the village. He knew they must have laughed and jeered at him for his broken pretensions—and worse than that, he felt that he couldn't blame them. He had tried to lord it over them with his high-class engraving and his "not for ordinary people," and his bubble had burst. Why shouldn't they laugh?

Tom Raunce had met Gilstar at the post office one morning. The old man had

(Continued on Page 73)



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Now among these four distinctive Period Howards, every man finds his own watch—the design that might have been created for him personally, a deeper gratification in owning his Howard Watch.

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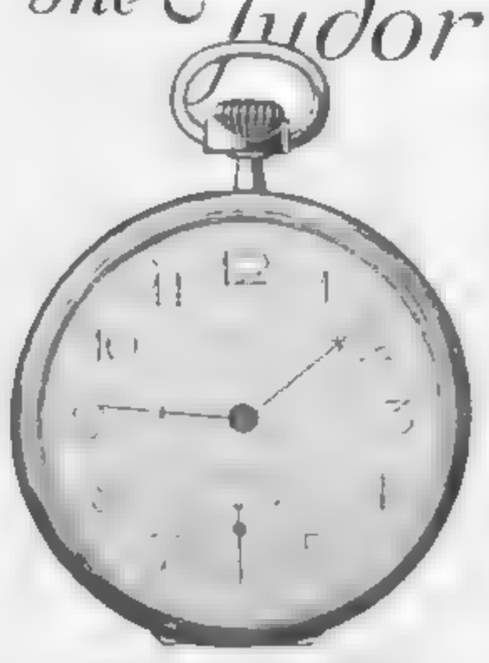
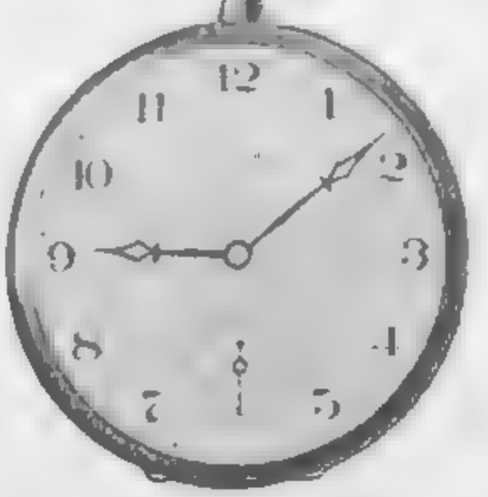
12-size, Extra Thin, cased in gold-filled—$90, $60, $40

The Tudor



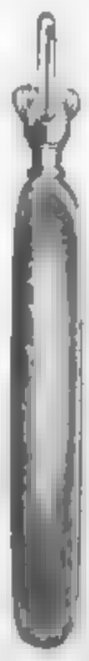
12-size, Extra Thin, cased in 14-K gold, specially compact—$110, $80, $60

The Victorian



12-size, Extra-Thin, cased in gold-filled—$90, $60, $40

The AUGUSTAN expresses that sense of *power in affairs* which makes the America of today so like the Augustan Era of Rome.



It is designed in honor of that distinguished line of Howard owners who have helped to give America its leading position in wealth, in power, in scientific and industrial achievement.

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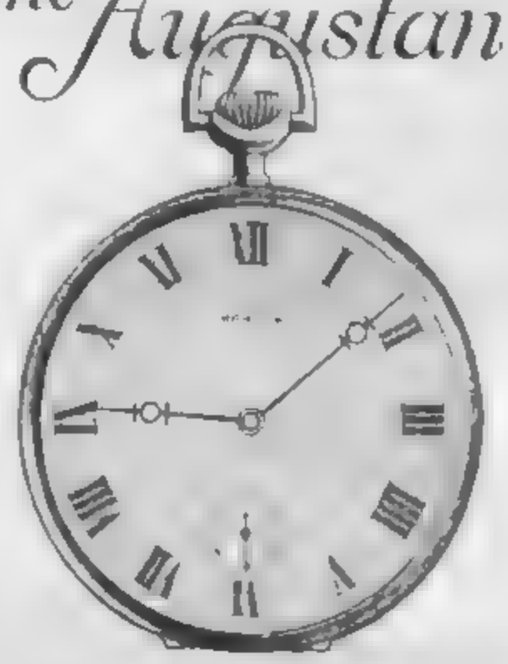
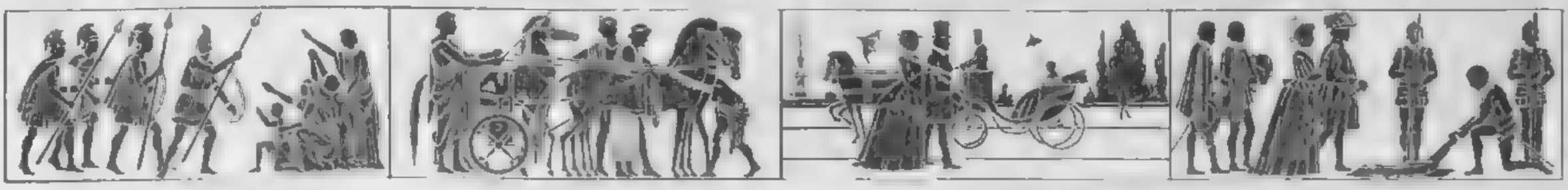
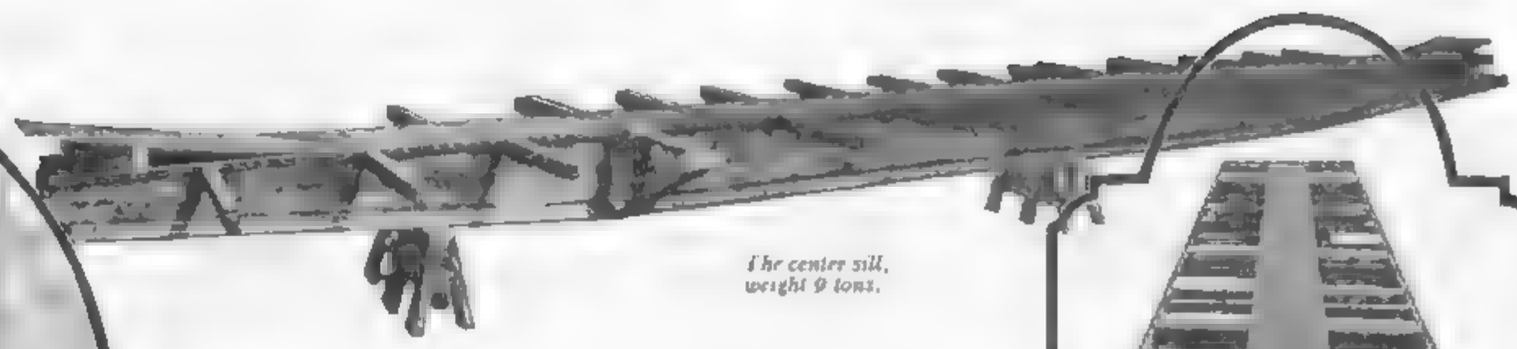


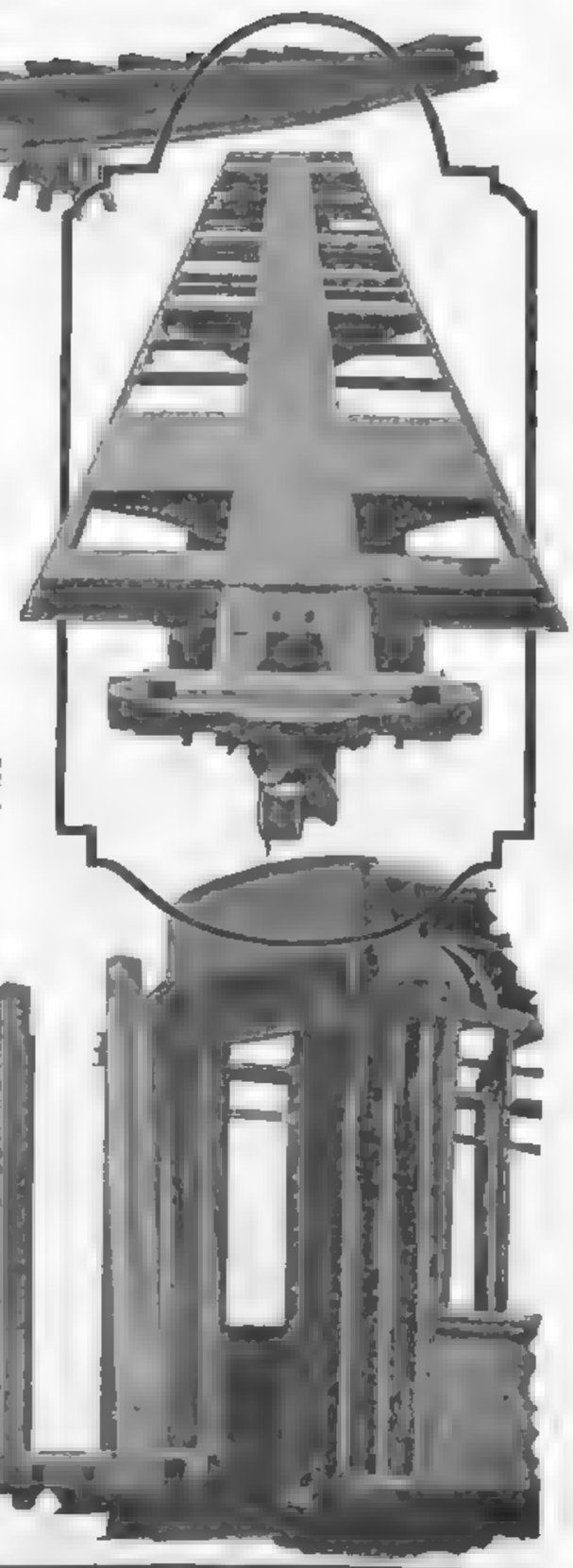




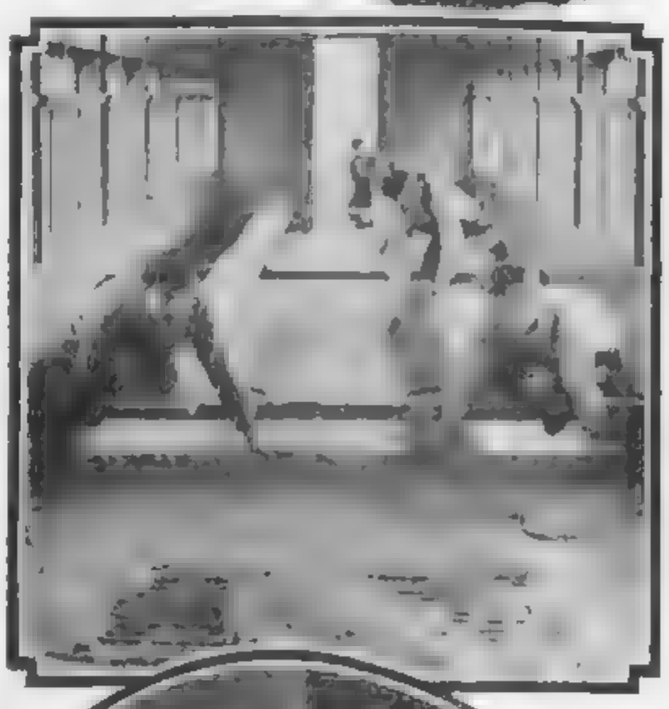
The center sill, weight 9 tons.

Building the Pullman Car

Center sill with cross bearers, end sills and side sills riveted to it.



The massive steel vestibule construction—a great asset of safety.



Laying the cement floor—fireproof and a non-conductor of heat and cold

EVERY car manufactured by the Pullman Company is the product of practically fifty years of trial and experiment. Built by the Pullman Company in its own shops, 7400 Pullman cars are today operated throughout the United States and afford the traveling public the highest degree of safety, convenience and luxury that human skill and ingenuity have been able to devise.

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The modern Pullman car possesses the rigidity and strength of a battleship. Beneath the floor the mighty steel center sill, 81 feet in length and weighing 18,000 pounds, rests on trucks which are marvels of strength and efficiency. Each truck is composed of six 900-pound steel wheels, which together with the axles give a total weight of 11,520 pounds.

At the ends of each car giant steel I-beams insure the car against the telescopic effect of railroad disaster, and the steel sides, roof and fittings reduce further the possibility of accident and wholly eliminate the danger of fire.

Even the floors are of monolithic construction, and it is a fact that a man can push in one wheelbarrow all the wood required for the construction of a modern Pullman car.

Weighing more than seventy tons and fully equipped with the most modern steam heating, plumbing and electric lighting, the Pullman car offers, in addition to safety, innumerable luxuries, refinements and a personal service that have established a world-wide reputation consistently maintained for half a century.

THE PULLMAN COMPANY
Chicago

Swinging the steel roof deck in place and riveting it to the side frames.

(Continued from Page 70)

said cheerily, "Why don't you ever come over these days, Grant? We'd all like to see you."

"I don't get time," Grant had barked out ungraciously

"Christine feels a little bit slighted," added Tom with a perfect ingenuousness that his daughter would have found hard to forgive had she heard it.

Gilstar turned away with a mechanical reply, but he felt as though a knife had been plunged between his ribs. Many a night he had been lying awake thinking about the Raunces. It had dawned upon him only after his exclusive fiasco and after he had cut himself off from the Commercial Hotel that Christine Raunce meant something to him. He missed her horribly. His mind went back over every single one of their walks and talks. He recalled how she looked on various occasions—the whimsical smile, the full red lips parted deliciously and two dimples ready to deepen when she laughed; her ready keenness in grasping the essential point of any proposition; something unfailingly kind, almost maternal, too, in her attitude toward him, especially when he was speaking of his plans for the future. . . .

And then Gilstar vainly tried to put away the picture and think of the nervous daily life in this hotel of his. She must have laughed at him. Why shouldn't she have laughed? He had made a fool of himself in her eyes; and at the rate he was going he would be walking the streets, penniless, at the end of the season.

Gilstar began to harden. He began to draw in upon himself. And something even more damaging to his peace of mind happened. Unwilling to charge himself with his failure as a hotel man he somehow began to manufacture a dislike toward Tom Raunce. He would have scoffed at the idea that this was because Raunce was successful—even in his small way—and Gilstar, was going to fail. Oh no—not that! He was too big for that! So, unconsciously, he began to find other reasons. He had to try hard. But later, when he needed a reason badly, he felt that he had found one.

Meantime business was increasingly brisk, and lasted so till the day after Labor Day. The night of Labor Day, with the knowledge that the regular season was practically over and the following night would find all but ten or twelve of his rooms vacant, Gilstar made a rough estimate of his situation. He was broke!

At first, when he realized the fact that his money was gone, Gilstar simply stared stupidly at the memorandum pad on which he had figured, and felt no reaction at all. He ought to have been prepared for it. Certainly he had seen it coming. He had refused to admit that every guest was costing more than he was paying. But in the face of the cold facts it took Gilstar some time to comprehend the biggest, coldest, single fact—that on the following day he would be stone broke, except for the hotel property.

It was the end of the season. He had promised Raunce that he was in the business only for the summer people. He could perhaps get a few people who liked to be in the country in the autumn—but they alone wouldn't keep the place going.

At first Gilstar was terrified, after realization came. He had always had all the money he needed. He had no trade and no profession. His only essay at business was a ghastly failure. On the basis of that, he wouldn't even be able to get a clerking job.

Gilstar had a notion that he must be looking about seventy years old. So he rose and walked to the glass and looked at the figure there, almost furtively. He looked tired—that was all. He tried to appraise himself, as an outsider might do, on first sight. Rather decent-looking fellow, he admitted to himself, but without any delight in the admission. Tall enough, square shouldered, clean-cut, a good forehead, orderly black hair brushed straight back. Suddenly Gilstar began to laugh hollowly.

"If I can't turn things somehow," he murmured, "to-morrow I'll be for sale. Looking for a job! Looking for a measly job! And they may not be so easy to get either!"

After a while Gilstar said, aloud, "Raunce didn't keep his word. He said he wouldn't take summer people. He has been taking summer boarders. Then why should I keep my part of the agreement? That's good enough. I can take transients. . . .

The argument didn't convince Gilstar very well at first. He was really, at bottom, a decent, honorable fellow. But—he was scared now. He was broke. Little by little he had been building up this defensive position that Tom Raunce had not been dealing squarely with him.

"I've got a right to take transients anyway," argued Gilstar, trying hard to throttle his decency. "Raunce doesn't own the whole business. Besides, he's had a monopoly for years. He thinks he knows it all too. It might jar him a little, and do him good."

Gilstar struggled. But he knew well enough what he was going to do finally. His scruples were giving way. He was about to do the first really dishonorable thing of his life. He was going to break his word with Tom Raunce by keeping the Gilstar House open for transient trade.

And he was going to do this because he was a coward, afraid to face the world of work. And he knew it.

▪

WHEN Tom Raunce heard the news that Gilstar was going to keep the Gilstar House open all winter, for transient trade, he came over, like a good deal of a man that he was, to get an affirmation from the young fellow himself. The older man tried hard not to display his real perturbation, but he was obviously ill at ease.

Gilstar was at once on the defensive, with an offense: "You broke your part of the agreement, Mr. Raunce," he blustered, scarlet at the cheeks, "so I'm not bound any more. You've been taking summer boarders!"

Raunce was plainly astonished. "But Grant," he stammered, "I didn't see any harm in taking them so long as your place was full! You couldn't take them. I didn't suppose you'd mind. So long as you had vacant rooms I wouldn't have thought of doing it; fact, I sent some over to you, remember."

"Well, you broke the agreement just the same," persisted Gilstar, stubbornly sticking to his only indictment.

Tom Raunce looked at the young fellow out of his shrewd kindly eyes. He sighed and rose, holding out his hand. "I haven't got a word to say, Grant. I'm sorry you think I did anything out of the way. There's no question about your right to keep open if you want to. I don't want to have any hard feelings about it." Then he stopped and stood for a moment in thought. Finally he burst out: "Grant, I don't see why you've changed like this toward us—me and mother and Chrissie. We all want to see you do well. Why didn't you come over and let me give you some pointers?"

The words were meant benevolently, but they stung Gilstar, smarting under his failure, beyond endurance. He snapped out, "I'm competent to run a hotel, I think; though I may not run it your way."

Tom Raunce went out with a gloomy perplexed face. Gilstar sat, moody, hating himself and everybody else, for a long time. Then he called Lew Higgins, who ran the bus from the station to the Center, on the telephone and asked him to come over.

Higgins, a burly, sharp-nosed and notoriously shifty character, appeared in the doorway a short time afterward. Gilstar amazed the bus driver by thrusting a five-dollar bill into his hands. "A little present, Lew," he said. "I'm going to keep open for transients. You might say a good word for me, see? I'll make it right with you."

The man's eyes sparkled greedily. "A little commission, eh? That's the talk. Raunce is a tightwad, Mr. Gilstar. Why, I've ——"

Gilstar didn't want to hear any more. He escaped.

For two weeks Gilstar seemed to be in a way to capture the whole of the transient trade. He made the same rate as the Commercial Hotel, and he had more outward comforts to offer. Higgins steered a good many of Tom Raunce's regulars over to the Gilstar House. And at first they professed themselves delighted with the fact that Baldwin had a real hotel now.

But it didn't last. One by one they drifted back to the Commercial. Some of them flatly told Gilstar that his food didn't have the homy taste of Mother Raunce's. One of them blistered Gilstar's ears by announcing that he was going back and apologize to Tom Raunce for quitting him. But the real reason was that they all missed that comfortable homelike office across the common; they missed the atmosphere of good-fellowship and unconventionality they themselves had helped create. The biggest asset of a regular country hotel is the people who come there. Gilstar didn't

The Hollander

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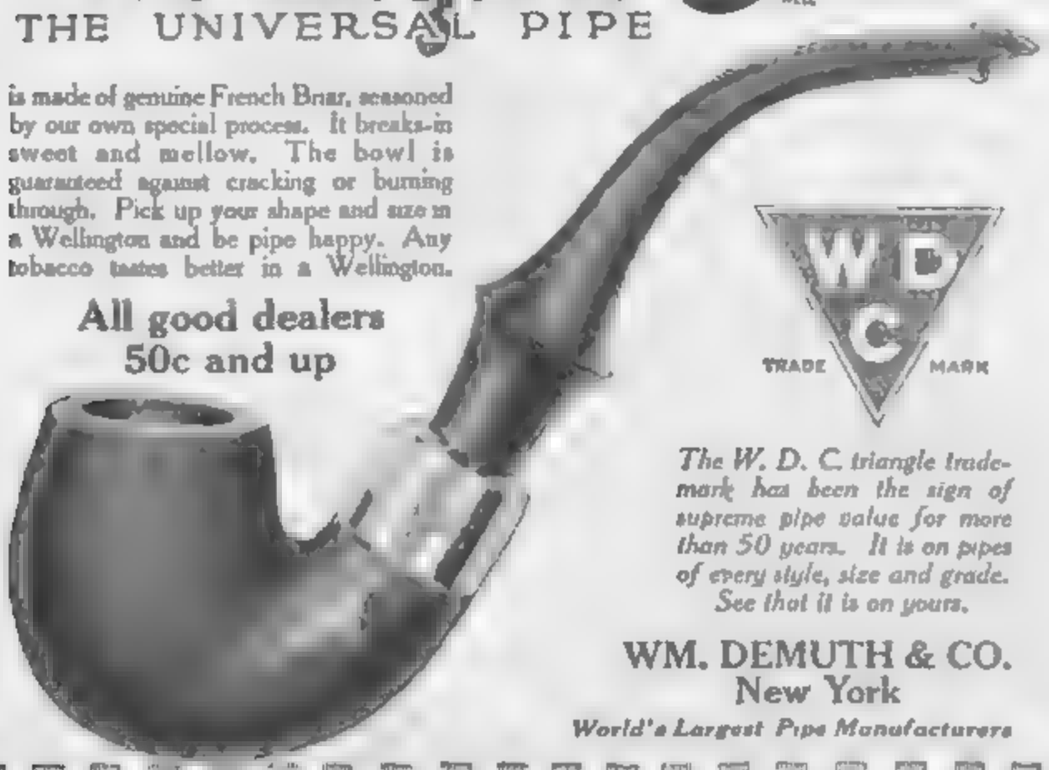

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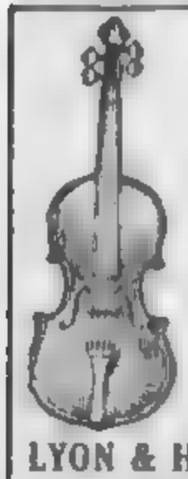

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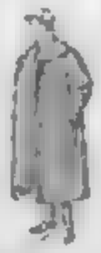

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know it; perhaps nobody in Baldwin quite realized it; but the truth of it was demonstrated.

Grant Gilstar writhed as he saw they were melting away from him. If he had had a few more hundreds of dollars he might even have shamelessly cut prices. But he couldn't do that and keep going. The autumn guests dwindled away. He let all except the chef, whom he now vulgarly called the cook, and one waitress and one upstairs girl go. The jump-off rocks were in sight again.

Then came the final test. Higgins, the bus driver, bustled in one morning full of business and intensely mysterious. He drew Gilstar aside and whispered, "Have you heard about the latest—over ——" He motioned with his thumb toward the Commercial Hotel.

Gilstar regarded the fellow listlessly.

"They took a man away from there this morning with typhoid fever."

"You don't mean it!" gasped the young man.

"Sure! Raunce is trying to keep it quiet. I've heard a number of people say it's bad plumbing. Anyway, I'll bet I can send 'em all over to you, from now on. I'll just let on casually that a man took sick with typhoid over at the Commercial. What say?"

"But the man may have brought it with him," contested Gilstar with an awakening of decency. "I never heard that the Commercial wasn't healthy and all right. I——"

But the young fellow hesitated, reddened, pulled nervously at his cuffs; and the wily Higgins saw that he was half hooked.

"You can't run people into danger, you know," he suggested slyly.

"I won't be a party to it," said Grant. "I——"

"Oh, no! I'll just let them know the facts, and they can do as they please."

One word of negation from Gilstar would have stopped the whole business, but he couldn't say it. He wanted those guests. He thought of his meager bank balance, and temporized. Then he shrugged his shoulders and walked away. Higgins started for the door, but he came back.

"Could you lend me a five spot, Mr. Gilstar?" he murmured.

Gilstar hesitated. Then he went into his pocket and took out one bill. It was a five. He handed it over and muttered belligerently, "Now go on!" The bus driver went out, grinning.

"To think I've fallen to that!" grated Gilstar with clenched teeth. "I haven't even got manhood enough left to—to—— Oh, Lord!"

For just two weeks business came back to the Gilstar House. The regulars deserted Tom Raunce while the scare lasted—and then went back, full of apologies. Even typhoid fever—which, it proved, the man had really contracted somewhere else—couldn't keep them away from the plain old office where they felt at home; and from Mother Raunce's apple pie with whipped cream; and from the dignified graciousness and sweetness of Christine Raunce—with whom nearly every man of them was half in love, and received just a mystic, womanly smile of discouragement for his pains.

"Are you going to stop with us this time?" Gilstar asked one of the traveling men, meeting him at the station.

The man was embarrassed, but positive. "I'll tell you, Mr. Gilstar," he said. "You've got a fine place all right; but somehow, don't you know, the old Commercial, hang it all, it's just like home to me. I think I'll stick to Tom. He's a good old scout, you know. No reflections on you, understand. You've got the better place—no doubt about that."

It was the logical end. Gilstar knew it. He called in the remaining members of his once proud cohort of servants, and gave them notice for the following Saturday. The waitress and chamber girl took it as a matter of course. M. Bulloc looked at Gilstar sullenly, and said nothing.

This was on a Monday, in the forenoon. That afternoon a windfall arrived, which looked like an act of providence and seemed to guarantee Gilstar a few hundred dollars to ease him out of his failure.

The secretary of a well-known hunt-and-riding club walked into the office and announced that he was prepared to engage accommodations for sixty persons who would arrive in Baldwin on Wednesday morning, would require luncheon, dinner, lodgings, and breakfast on Thursday morning. They wanted something really fine in the way of food, and were prepared to pay well for it.

"If you can do us well," remarked the man, "the club may make a yearly event of it at this place."

"Oh, I can put you up splendidly just at this season," replied Gilstar, secretly thinking that futures could go hang themselves so far as he was concerned, provided he could clean up on this occasion. "I have the best chef this side of New York—M. Bulloc, formerly of ——" announced Gilstar glibly, advertising the vicarious social attainments of his employee as he had never expected to do again.

Walling, the secretary, was duly impressed. "What are your terms?" he clucked.

"I get a rather good price," Gilstar dared, with a now-or-never inspiration. "It will be eight dollars per guest."

"That is satisfactory," said Walling, so quickly that Gilstar chided himself for not going higher. "But we expect the best you have, of course."

II

AT HALF after three on Wednesday afternoon Gilstar was sitting at his desk, more nearly at ease than he had been for a long time. The hunt club had finished luncheon; they seemed to be well satisfied; the three girls hired in from the village as waitresses had performed creditably; M. Bulloc had been at his best. Everything needful for dinner was in the house. Except that he had a thoroughly bad and leaden conscience, in respect to the Raunces, Grant would have been almost happy, despite the fact that this money would tide him over but a short time.

The dinner was going to be rather pretentious. Gilstar himself had planned it. He flattered himself that he knew what these refined guests would appreciate. He had made a liberal outlay upon supplies, preferring that satisfaction rather than the extra money he could make by skimping. Dinner was set for seven o'clock.

"I tell to you good-by!" said a triumphant and sneering voice.

Gilstar glanced up. Before him, outside the rail of the office, with a suitcase in his hand, wearing a straw hat and a flaming red necktie, and otherwise distinctly off duty, was M. André Bulloc.

"I tell to you good-by!" the chef repeated, showing two lines of satisfied teeth.

"What—what do you mean?" cried Gilstar, springing to his feet. "I don't get you, Bulloc. What's the matter?"

M. Bulloc drew himself and his suitcase up to the full military height. "I haf quit!" he said.

The perspiration came out cold on Gilstar's forehead. "Wait!" he cried. "You can't do that, Bulloc—Mr. Bulloc. You wouldn't leave me flat like this!"

The dark eyes flashed maliciously. "Oho, Meester Gilstarrrrr! It ees my turrrn. You fool me, you make monkey of me all summerrrr—pay me half price, because I get no other job—you not know how to rrrun hotel more than policeman—call me cook—injurrre my reputation in dis rrroad house, no less—now I get even. Cook your own dinnairr!"

The chef snickered bitterly and started to go. Gilstar cleared the rail at one jump and grabbed him by the arm.

"I'll give you twenty-five dollars if you'll stay till to-morrow morning!" he offered wildly. "You can't do this, Mr. Bulloc. You know I can't get anyone now."

"Not for one t'ousand dollairr!" was the reply. He bolted from Gilstar's grasp; the screen door slammed, and the chef was gone.

Gilstar stood looking at the screen door stupidly for a long minute. Then he went weakly back to his chair and fell into it. He felt absolutely helpless. He saw clearly that the chef had been planning to leave him in the lurch, and had chosen the most propitious time—and he had done it. He had known that Bulloc was harboring ill feelings, but it had not occurred to him that he would show it this way.

An idea came to Gilstar. He picked up the telephone book, turned to the nearest big city, Springhaven, and started to look up the hotel agencies. Then he dropped the book. It was no use. Even in an automobile the thing couldn't be done. There would be just about time to show the newcomer where the stove was, and then fry some ham and eggs. It was out of the question. M. Bulloc had timed his departure exactly right. He knew what he was about.

Gilstar saw the whole thing. He was left in the lurch, cold and clammy. There would

(Continued on Page 77)

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GIVE him something that he hasn't got. Something that is a necessity. That the government doesn't provide. A gift that he will enthusiastically appreciate. Give him a UCAN.

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Make every minute count Cut your hair with UCAN—easy as combing
Mothers

The UCAN Safety Hair Cutter is every bit as necessary as a safety razor

Men Everywhere—Stop waiting your turn and wasting your time at the barber shop You shave yourself every day. Cut your own hair with UCAN, as it needs cutting. Don't wait until it is so long that you look like a freak and then have it cut so short that your friends don't know you. Cut it yourself in three minutes and always have it look exactly as you like it best If you are going out to a party, or are suddenly called away or receive word that friends are coming to dinner, "spruce up" by cutting your own hair as well as shaving. You wouldn't be seen with a week old beard Why be seen with untidy hair? Don't get mad at the barber because he didn't cut your hair as you told him to. Cut it yourself and have it right. It's as easy as combing

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The convertible models, like the Coupé and Sedan, lead in popularity. They mean one car for all seasons. They come in both Mitchell sizes. Then there is the Club Sedan—a new type. There are two Club Roadsters—one in each size—and a Mitchell Speedster.

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MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc., Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 74)

be no dinner; at most, only a makeshift that would make him first an object of derision, then an object of pity for these guests. They would probably affect to make a picnic joke of it—but the biggest joke would be Gilstar. "Gilstar, the man who fed the Merryfield Hunt Club cold meat for dinner," would be a byword for years to come.

The young fellow couldn't make a move. He was frozen to a warm chair. He thought of wild possibilities, each one less sane than the former. But he couldn't act. He sat there a long time.

Then, just as he was about to drag himself together, he heard the screen door open and close gently. Gilstar didn't dare look up. It flashed through his mind that Bulloc had relented and returned—or perhaps he was only shamming anyway, in a mild effort at blackmail. He waited to hear the man—if it was Bulloc—speak. But it was another voice that spoke. It was a soft voice saying:

"I—I've come over to help you, Grant. Your cook just left our place in the bus. He came right over and bragged about what he'd done. It's the meanest thing I ever heard of. Father said I was to come right over—and mother will be over to help very soon—that is—if you—want us to."

A haggard face, crimsoned, looked up at Christine Raunce.

"No," replied Gilstar hoarsely. "I—thank you. But I couldn't stand for that. It—it's white of you all—you're the kind of people that do those things—but—no. I won't accept." Then he jumped up and came forward to the rail. "I'll tell you what I will do, though!" he cried, as if seizing at a last chance. "If your father will take these people I'll turn every cent over to him. I'll ——"

The girl was shaking her head. "Grant, you know we couldn't accommodate them. We haven't the room."

The young fellow simply looked down at the floor, and was silent.

"You know, it would be a sort of lark for mother and me to cook in your fine kitchen," Christine went on deftly. "And you can't send people away hungry, you know. That isn't possible, is it, Grant!"

"Oh, don't, Christine," gasped Gilstar helplessly. "Don't rub it in. You don't understand. I've got a little pride left. After the way I've treated you folks—my goodness, no! You wouldn't want to have anything to do with me—if you knew ——"

"I don't know what in the world you're talking about," she protested with a fine simulation of ignorance. "Do you feel well, Grant? You talk queerly. Is it all right? Shall we go ahead? There's no time to lose, you know."

There was no reply. She went on briskly, "Everybody in our business knows what it is to have things like this happen, though perhaps not just this way. It's up to everybody to help out, just like going to put out a fire in a neighbor's house. I suppose you've got everything ready?"

Gilstar could only nod feebly. He didn't dare even look at her.

It was half-past eight that night. Gilstar had been groping round, doing what work he could do, like a half-dead and half-blind man. Now he was sitting again at his desk. He could hear the rattling of dishes. . . . Somebody had told a story and there was a burst of laughter in the dining room—then a clapping of hands.

There was a tinkle of a bit of ice in a glass, approaching him. Gilstar wheeled round sharply. It was Christine Raunce. She was holding a big tray on which were a number of covered dishes and a steaming cup of coffee.

"You must be hungry, Grant," she said. And then laughing softly she whispered to him, "Grant, did you ever know that the cooks always save out the very best portions of everything for themselves and their friends? So I've saved the nicest things for you. I ——"

Something stopped her in the midst of the sentence. It was the pressure of a cold trembling hand on her wrist. And Gilstar was saying, the words coming hard, chokingly, "Christine, I'll never live long enough to make good with you—all — —"

"Oh, you foolish boy. You're overworked and nervous," she replied, smiling at him.

VII

HALF an hour after his guests had departed next morning Grant Gilstar took the club's check for $505.50 over to the bank and cashed it. He paid all remaining outstanding bills out of it, and had three hundred and seventy dollars left. The last of the help had gone.

Gilstar went back to the hotel, packed his own effects, turned off the water, tidied the office up a bit, and took one last survey of the rooms. Then he went out, locking the door behind him.

With the key still in his hand the young fellow crossed the common, suitcase in hand, to the Commercial Hotel. Through the window he could see the fire burning in the fireplace. After a moment's hesitation he went in.

Tom Raunce was reading a newspaper behind the desk. When he saw Gilstar he rose and came out from behind the desk with extended hand. "Well, Grant!" Raunce began—and stopped, looking at the suitcase inquiringly. "Going out of town?"

Gilstar's face was burning, but his eye was clear, determined, and—almost happy. He said very deliberately, "Yes, Mr. Raunce, I'm going out of town. I'm not coming back. I want to leave the key of the hotel with you until I sell the place. I'll put it in a real-estate man's hands. And I want to give you this. It belongs to you."

He stepped forward and put the roll of bills on the counter.

"What's that?" gasped Raunce in amazement. "What d'ye mean, Grant?"

"That money is the net profit from those folks that just left. It belongs to you—and Mrs. Raunce and Christine," said Grant with a shaking voice.

Tom Raunce stared. "It does no such thing, Grant!" he said. "We simply did ——"

"I'll never touch the money again, so if you don't accept it you can burn it up," Gilstar said decidedly. "Mr. Raunce, I've learned my lesson. I had a swelled head. It's shrunk some, though. I thought I could run a hotel. I couldn't run a peanut stand. I ——"

"Aw, Grant!" interrupted the older man, himself flustered and gasping.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Raunce. I've got to get this out of my system. I've been a big bluff. I've bluffed myself more than anybody else; but never mind that. I let you think my father left a big bundle of money. He didn't. He left me the hotel and forty-seven hundred dollars. I broke my word to you, like a cheap skate—about taking transients. I don't ask you to forgive me—I simply ask you—all of you—to accept this confession for what it's worth."

"Aw, Grant, don't you worry ——" Tom Raunce was chewing the end of a cigar rapidly.

"I did worse than that. I let the report be circulated that that man caught typhoid in your house. I could have stopped that yarn. I didn't. I was too keen to make a little money—I—well, I want to say goodby, and I hope you'll all just try to remember me as a kid round the village here, and forget that I ever grew up to be a poor boob who couldn't play the game. I—I'd like to shake hands if you ——"

An iron grip seized Gilstar's arm, and Tom Raunce with moist eyes wheeled the young fellow round so that he could seize the other arm also. In this way he held Grant off at arm's length and cried in his big voice:

"No you don't, Grant! I won't let you go! My land sakes, boy, you've done nothing bad to me. You got flustered a little, and lost your head. You've got brains, Grant, and sand enough to run a hotel. You could put it all over me, and the rest of 'em, after you got the swing."

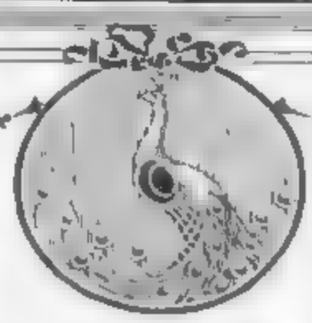
"Don't! Please don't!" choked out Gilstar, as though he had been struck across the face and was warding off another blow. "I know where I stand—with myself, anyway."

"But I mean it. You're as good as wheat, Grant. You got a leetle bit panicky, that's all. Now listen ——"

Gilstar shook his head. He had made up his mind to humiliate himself, and he got a savage joy out of that very self-inflicted abasement.

"Grant! Tell you what I'll do with you! You stick with me this coming winter and learn a few things, and next summer we'll run that place partners, and just clean up! You're up-to-date; you've got education and all that, and you're young and can hustle. Is it a go, Grant? I—tell you the truth, boy, I've been thinking about that very thing all summer. Grant! What say?"

"You—you've punished me enough, Mr. Raunce!" said Gilstar, white as paper. "I can't ——"



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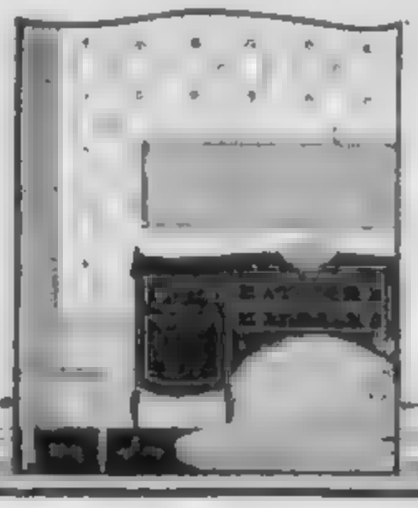

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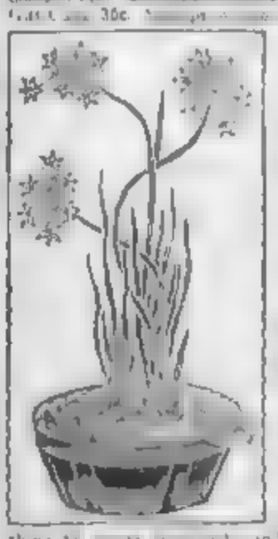

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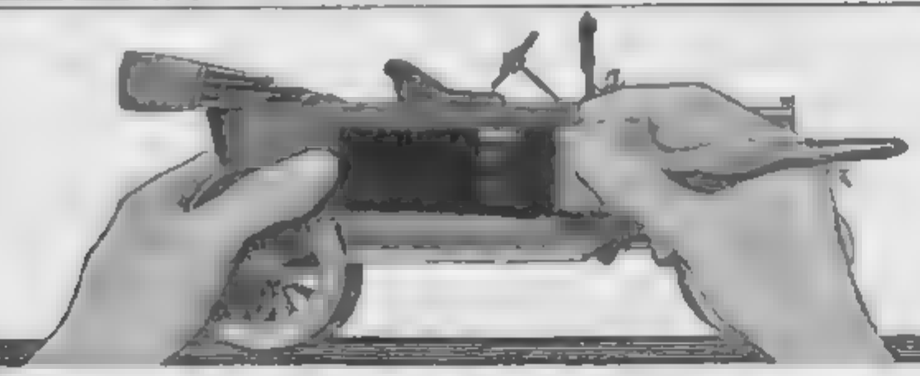

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"But you've got a chance to help me. Good Lord, Grant, you take it too seriously. You haven't done anything to us. You just imagine it. But if you still think so, now is the time when we could get together and forget it. You'd be doing something for me ——"

"You—you'd go in with me—after all this?" said Gilstar with a twitching upper lip "Why, Mr. Raunce, I wouldn't dream ——"

"It would be a great thing for me," sighed the older man. "I know my limitations. You've got—youth. That's the big asset."

At the door leading into the dining room a figure suddenly appeared—a graceful girlish figure—and a flushed and eager face that seemed to Grant, as he looked up, to have almost an aureole round it.

"I couldn't help hearing what you said," began Christine Raunce. "I didn't mean to. But—don't you think you could be happy here, Grant? Father means just what he says. He has spoken about it—before."

"Happy here!" murmured Grant, looking from the girl round the worn old office. "Here! With you folks! Why, this seems more like home—but it's too late now!"

He looked into the girl's eyes. He felt that Tom Raunce's eyes were on him. Then Gilstar rose—and looked out the window. Tom Raunce stooped over, picked up the suitcase and put it behind the desk.

"Fix up Room Seven for Grant, Chrissie!" he said. "He'll be here to-night anyway."

COMRADES IN ARMS

(Continued from Page 7)

and let him. She didn't know that she liked it, you see; she thought she was just not hurting his feelings!

"Why," she explained thoughtfully, "I suppose they have other things to do, don't you? Rich women, you know, don't expect to take care of babies."

"Oh! Rich women! Phew!" he burst out with a look of such disgust that she had to laugh again.

"Some of them are quite nice, really," she hazarded.

"Not for mine!" he cried abruptly, and then as Dagmar approached, panting, with the key, he lifted his cap and walked away suddenly, very stiff in the back, as one remembering his high position and responsibility.

All that day the little encounter amused her in memory; she smiled, recalling his flushed, freckled embarrassment, his ingenious appeal to her mercy.

"He's an awful nice p'liceman," said Barbara; "but he oughtened to have forgottened his key, ought he?"

"He's just beginning p'licing prob'ly," suggested Marjory; and it occurred to Elizabeth that recruits must learn, somehow, somewhere, and that this was as good a place as any other to break them in.

The next morning he was at the gate as they came up.

"I've got it!" he cried boyishly, and held up a key. "The Cap. forgot to give it to me—what do you think of that?"

"Are you learning how to p'lice?" Marjory inquired with interest.

"I certainly am," said he, strolling into the park. "You watch me p'lice this park, now!"

They sat on the bench and he stalked stiff and straight round it, to the delight of all the other children.

As he drew up before them and saluted gravely, Barbara spoke: "You aren't a blue policeman," she announced; "why aren't you blue?"

And Elizabeth realized suddenly that this was so; she had not noticed it.

"Because we're sort of beginners," he explained good-naturedly; "we aren't fat enough for the blue uniforms, kiddie."

"I s'pose they put you here because there's only children, mostly?" said Marjory.

"That's the idea."

"What's your name, p'liceman?" demanded Barbara.

"My name's David," said he. "I hope you like it?"

"Where were you before you came here?" Elizabeth asked. "What did you do?"

She spoke as she would have spoken to an interesting, well-mannered young guide or courier abroad. She forgot that he could not be expected to understand across what a gulf her interest stretched; that to him her kind young voice was only the voice of a kind young woman in a nurse's uniform.

"Oh, I was on the rural police upstate," he answered, flushing a little, "in Westchester County."

"Oh yes," she said, remembering the lean, olive-trousered men she had so often motored past; "those men round the aqueduct?"

"Yes," he said simply; and she noticed that he didn't say "yes ma'am" or even "yes, lady." She liked it in him; of course those boys upstate must be of a very different class from the ordinary city policeman. That was why his voice was so pleasant and his manner only shy, only a little awkward—not common or impertinent. She remembered, suddenly, that one of her father's uncles had been the sheriff of the little village where the Griswolds were born. And somehow this remembrance pleased her.

The girl did not realize, you must believe, with what unconscious expectation her days were filled after this. She did not realize that she came a little earlier each morning; that he entered the park as a matter of course and strolled about with her; that he waited at the gate; that he found the one open place at the north end and leaned, talking, against the iron spikes, while she sat, listening, on her bench, with Kenneth beside her.

One day, when it rained hard all day, she wondered why she was so restless, why the children tried her so, why a little paining shadow darkened everything inside her. Then, when it cleared suddenly, at half past four, she wondered again at the quickness of her shaking fingers as she pulled on their rubbers, for she was in too much of a hurry to wait for Dagmar.

"I can take them, Miss Griswold," said the nursemaid; but she answered sharply, "No, indeed! The air will do us all good. Hurry, Marjory!"

As they entered the dripping park he swung over to them, slim flanked, with a long, young stride; why did Doctor Henderson's short, nervous step patter through her mind?

A rubber poncho fell to his hips; he looked like some young officer on the stage.

"Oh! I never thought you'd come!" he cried; and a strange, crowded sensation pushed up round her—her—why, was that her heart? Why was she breathing so hard? Why should they laugh so, suddenly?

The sun poured out; the grass was emerald, diamond studded; the trees were full of birds. She glanced up at him, over the swinging rubber cape, and met his eyes full. They were blue eyes, and suddenly they turned into shining, piercing arrows that rained down, all fiery, into hers. It was blue and yet it was fire; it frightened her and yet it brought her peace; it threatened and yet it held.

You know, of course, what it was, but Elizabeth did not.

She knew, naturally, that people fell in love; she supposed they did it at a ball or in a gondola or while hearing beautiful music. Perhaps they looked up from some book of poems they were reading together. You see, she thought, poor child, that it was an idea—a something that attacked the mind. And of course it occurred between people of the same class.

So when he swung along beside her and looked at her—and looked at her—and her knees began to shake and that great wave rose and swelled in her side, the girl thought she was ill, and dropped, panting, on her bench; which was very damp, but she never knew it. He sat near her and it seemed to her that the side of her body next him belonged to some other person than herself—he was so near—so near ——

They had not spoken. She glanced down at his hands; they were clenched on his knees. She wondered why.

"I—I never knew anybody like you," he said, and his voice sounded husky and far away.

A lifetime of self-restraint came to help her.

"It—it cleared off, d-didn't it?" she murmured.

He turned and seized her hands roughly; there was a wild, hot look in his eyes.

"Listen," he said, "were you ever—fond of anybody—before?"

(Continued on Page 81)

Of Special Importance to All Bicycle Dealers

Announcing Next Season's Line of Fisk Tires The Most Complete on the Market

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To the American People

A Fuel Conservation Message from Dr. H. A. Garfield, Fuel Administrator

NOTE: The H. W. Johns-Manville Company has always been interested in spreading the gospel of heat conservation and plant efficiency by means of proper insulation and power-saving devices. But Dr. Garfield's message through the U. S. Chamber of Commerce contains so much of present value to every citizen, that it becomes a patriotic duty for us to give wider circulation to his important appeal for coal conservation.

* * *

"IT IS the duty of every American to save coal this winter. If every family will save a ton of coal, if every industrial plant will save 10 per cent. of the coal it uses, which 10 per cent. it now wastes, the coal problem will be largely solved. There is plenty of coal in the ground, but there is a shortage of cars and of labor at the mines.

"If every family will reduce the temperature of its house at least five degrees it will mean that millions of tons of coal will be saved and the health of the nation will be improved. This is not a hardship; it is a health measure, for most Americans live in superheated houses. The coal supply can be conserved by more economical methods of firing, by sifting ashes, by watching the furnace door, and by heating only the parts of the house in use. To do this is a public duty.

"If the householders of the country save one ton out of twelve they will save ten million tons of coal. The Bureau of Mines states that many plants waste as much as 50 per cent. of the coal they buy through unscientific firing and inadequate equipment.

"Immediate changes to efficient equipment are in many cases impossible just now when our need to save is greatest; but efficient firing and intelligent effort on the part of all power plant operators to do the best they can with the equipment they have would mean an enormous saving that would make the coal situation safe instead of critical.

"The opportunity here for business men's organizations throughout the country to co-operate with the State and local fuel administrators now being appointed is obvious. The patriotic duty of every manufacturer is to consider the problem of scientific firing and to see that his firemen are properly instructed. Advice and information can be had for the asking from the Bureau of Mines, which has made extensive investigations of the whole subject of scientific coal using.

"The solution of the coal problem lies largely with the American people. The Government cannot save coal for them; they must save it for themselves. They must not rely wholly upon price fixing, nor upon the already over-taxed transportation systems of the country, nor upon the effort to increase production, nor upon the apportionment of coal, nor upon the enforcement of the law. All must co-operate. The consumer of coal in house and factory can co-operate most effectively by the economies suggested."

* * *

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JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

(Continued from Page 78)

Then, at last, she knew. Then it burst on her. Her eyes darkened, and all the terrible, ridiculous, impossible future spread before her. Fond? Fond? She sprang up from the bench.

"You have made a mistake, I think!" she said. "Will you please go away now? Come, children!"

She never even saw which way he went.

That evening her father looked curiously at her.

"Haven't you gained a little, Beth?" he said. "Is it that tonic?"

Mrs. Griswold also looked.

"She's certainly improved amazingly," she said thoughtfully. "Lou asked me what she was doing nowadays, to be so handsome." She narrowed her eyes, and her daughter's wavered and fell under hers.

The next day was Friday, and she stayed at home. The next was Saturday, and she bore it until four o'clock. Then she knew what had happened to her, and that she could not live so far from the park that was all the world to her. Something tore at her side and ached and cried there, and part of her lay on her bed and wept, and part of her sat on a bench and felt his hands. So that at five she crept out of her studio in her cap and cloak, and went, ashamed and secret, to watch him there—only to watch him, for she had no duty in the park that day.

She slipped through the gate as one of the last two nurses was leaving.

"The children have just gone in," said this nurse carelessly; and "I know, I know," Elizabeth said, and made for her bench, to weep there.

But he stalked in after her, and caught her in a grasp she had never known or dreamed of, and shook her a little and said, "I thought you'd never come!"

For a moment she saw the blue burning of his eyes, and then she saw nothing more, for he had kissed her.

Later she sat in his arms, in a great serene calm, and they talked.

"But you knew—you didn't think that I didn't mean for us to be married?" he said seriously. "You little darling, I'd never marry anybody in the world but you! There never was anybody like you! When I think of all the useless, silly, flirting fools ——"

"Perhaps you don't know every kind of girl there is in the world," she said, smiling adorably at him—oh, what would he say when he knew!—"but I will marry you, David dear; indeed I will. Don't mind what anybody may say, ever. I tell you that I will."

You see, all her culture counted at the last; and she knew that in the face of an enormous thing like this, nothing—nothing in the world—should separate them. Policeman or ambassador, a Griswold or a nursemaid, it was all the same. Nobody had ever told her that this kind of feeling existed, but now that she knew it she knew that every other feeling in the world is unimportant beside it. That strong, wonderful creature with his burning eyes was hers, and she was his.

"You see, you've done something," he repeated. "You amount to something. You're a real person, you darling little Lizzie—you're not just a dressed-up doll!"

"But—but you love me, anyway?" she begged. Oh, would he ever forgive her when he knew?

"Do I love you?" he laughed through all his freckles; "you wait till I can show you!"

And then his face came close to hers again and she saw nothing—not even her mother and her Cousin Lou, who could have touched her as she came out of the park.

Mrs. Griswold and her husband sat in a bitter silence in their motor. There was a heavy block on the avenue and they had to wait; something had broken down ahead.

"When can you see him, do you think?" said Mrs. Griswold. "Will you tell him that I am taking her away directly, and that under no circumstances can he even ——"

"Bessie, the girl's twenty-five," said her husband patiently; "I'm afraid you can't really ——"

"Oh!" his wife cried, "please, please, Ben!"

"You're sure you actually saw ——"

"Saw! Saw!" she echoed. "Great heavens; she was in his arms! He kissed her a dozen times! Saw!"

Her father winced.

"Don't I tell you she doesn't deny it for a moment? When I told her that the woman's maid had told her mistress about it, and that she had had the decency to communicate directly with Lou, and that Lou and I went down to see for ourselves whether such a thing could be possible, and actually found them practically alone there, at that hour—what do you think she said?"

"I'm sure, my dear, I can't tell."

"'We were engaged, mamma,' she said; 'wasn't it all right?'"

Mr. Griswold sighed. He looked old.

"I'll see him, dear; I'll see him," was all he said.

"And she has never buttoned her boots in her life!" cried Mrs. Griswold. "Oh, it's too horrible!"

"I think she should have, then," said Mr. Griswold shortly. "Look here, Bessie! Our girl would never marry a cad—I'm sure of that. I'd rather see her happy than grow up a sour old maid! There's no doubt something can be got for the fellow to do ——"

"Oh! Oh, Ben! There he is! I see him!"

"What? Hush, Bessie, for heaven's sake! Where are you looking?"

"There! In the club!"

In her confusion Mrs. Griswold had so far forgotten herself as to fix her eyes on a certain large window beside the pavement.

"Nonsense!" said her husband briefly.

"Ben, I tell you that was the man. And he had that very uniform on! A tall, sandy-haired, freckled fellow—very plain. Go up there and get him! Go now!"

"My dear girl, policemen don't go into clubs. Not into the lounge, anyhow. I can't—please, Bessie, don't make a scene!"

"Then I'll go myself," said Mrs. Griswold simply.

"Oh, Lord—wait a minute," he implored, for he believed she would do it. "Tell What's-his-name to pull up on the corner, if this block ever breaks, and I'll come there. At least I can get a drink."

Harassed and gray, he wormed a way through the choked street and disappeared behind the great door. His wife sat, stony, in the motor, staring into the past. All that beautiful dainty girlhood, its perfection of detail, its costly foundations, laid through years—for what? A traffic policeman dashed through on a motor cycle, and she shuddered and cried a little, silently.

What could they do for him? Ben Griswold had a large professional income, it is true, but comparatively small investments; they lived furiously on what he made. Elizabeth and Cortwright had been their investments—and now Cort was driving a muddy truck somewhere in France, and Beth was engaged to marry a policeman! Such a quiet, steady girl—too quiet, her mother had secretly muttered in her heart.

They emerged from the block and waited in the side street among the club taxicabs.

"Extra! Extra!" yelled the newsboys. "United States on verge o' war!"

Well, perhaps that would make a difference. If there should be war, people might forget sooner—but oh, how it cut her! How it cut!

The door slammed beside her.

"Get along home, Georges!" said Mr. Griswold. "I always forget Georges has gone. Well, Betsy, buck up, my dear; it might be worse."

"Ben! It was the man!"

"Yes, my dear, it was. You have good eyes, if you are an old lady."

"Ben! He—he was a—a ——"

"Oh, yes; he's a policeman, all right. No doubt of that."

"Ben! Does he admit ——"

"He came right up to me, my dear, and asked my permission to marry my daughter. He didn't know who she was at all till this morning. He thought she was a nurse girl, it seems."

"Oh! That ridiculous costume! But he knew perfectly—the idea! As if anyone could think Elizabeth was a nurse!"

"Well—I don't know. It seems he did."

"What was he doing—a man like that in that club?"

"He was drinking a Scotch and soda, my dear."

"Ben! An ordinary policeman!"

"I shouldn't exactly say that, Bessie. Not exactly. You see—oh, hang it all, Betsy, I can't quite believe it myself, yet! Look here, dear. You remember when the commissioner swore in all those extra fellows to help out the police in case of riots or whatever ——"

"No"

"Well, he did. He—he's one of those."

"Oh. Is it a better kind?"

"Oh, Lord, I suppose it is. Betsy, old lady, you certainly had a bad time. I—I

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felt it myself. But what could I do? You wouldn't let me talk to her. I wonder what she'll say?"

"Say? Ben Griswold, what do you mean?"

For his eyes were strange, his voice was shaky and sounded like the voice of the young man who had asked her to marry him twenty-seven years ago, when she was twenty-four.

"I mean when she sees this," and he stuck his hand into his waistcoat and dropped a flash of white light into her lap.

It was of glass apparently, but blinding, and about the size of a five-cent piece.

"He seems very fond of her, Betsy. He says she's the only girl he ever looked at; and, by George, I nearly believed him!"

"But, Ben ——"

"You never even asked his name, my dear"

"But how ——"

"His name is Craigie—David Craigie."

"N not Ben, it's not *the* David Craigie?"

"I'm afraid it is, my dear I wish he didn't have quite so much, Bessie It's a pretty heavy responsibility, you know"

She stared at him, stupid in the great revulsion.

"He said he got sick of signing checks all the time, and not doing anything; he's a shy sort of chap, Bessie. He equipped an entire volunteer company up at that big place of theirs on the Hudson, you know, and still he couldn't feel like anything useful, he said, so he went into the rural police volunteers up there and then joined the reserves here. He's very quiet, you know—nobody knows him much.

"He told me he hated the sight of a girl till he saw Beth. Suspected 'em all, I suppose. Sort of a serious chap—just the sort for her, I should say. Nothing very showy, but all there."

"But, Ben—that old Mr. Craigie has—how much money has he, Ben?"

"A good deal more than anybody ought to have, my dear," said her husband soberly; "somewhere round forty or fifty million, I've heard. We didn't discuss it. He told me—young Craigie did—that Beth had found out somewhere how much a roundsman got a year, and explained to him how they would manage to live on it—twelve hundred, I think it was. He was thinking all the time that she thought it would be a rise in the world!

"'And now,' he says to me, 'now I know what she was really thinking—my God, I love her more than ever, Mr. Griswold!'"

Mrs. Griswold was not listening, one fears. She was staring at the ridiculous shiny ring of white fire in her hand. Later, she cried a little and kissed her husband in the motor and he patted her shoulder. The last twenty-four hours had been hard for her, as you will understand.

So Elizabeth was married, in white satin, very plain indeed—to draw the eye to the great rope of pearls, her bridal gift from her husband. The biggest was about the size of a big white grape, and they ran down from that through moth balls to the little ones at the clasp, which were the size of peas. She looked very lovely and distinguished, and not at all tired; perhaps because she had refused to bother about anything, before the wedding, and passed most of her time in Gramercy Park. Marjory and Barbara were flower girls, and Kenneth sat in a front pew and talked with imaginary birds all through the service.

It is difficult to point a moral against foolish mothers from this story, for though Mrs. Griswold was undoubtedly foolish to have brought up her daughter to marry a multimillionaire, yet, you see, she did marry a multimillionaire. Which was, nevertheless, no credit to Mrs. Griswold, inasmuch as Elizabeth supposed herself to be about to marry a policeman!

After the wedding the reporters all rushed off to Mr. Craigie's special car, which lay conspicuously in the Grand Central Station, en route for his Adirondack camp. A tall man and a lady in a thick veil climbed hastily into this car, and nobody dreamed that they were Mr. Craigie's man and Mrs. Craigie's maid.

And so, naturally enough, nobody dreamed of following the young couple to a modest but comfortable apartment overlooking Gramercy Park, which had been cleaned and polished to a state of supremacy by Dagmar, and vacated just before the wedding by the wondering Barbara and Marjory. Kenneth never wondered at anything.

They sat on a little balcony ringed round with geranium boxes and looked out over their park, sleeping in full white moonlight.

Will you laugh too much when I tell you that she wore a white cap and bib and apron, and that he was in the full uniform of the Police Reserve?

Of course you and I wouldn't have done that on our wedding night, but they were not twenty-five, either of them; and, though nobody knew it, they were a little romantic!

"I shall always love you in it," she said, and kissed the buttons, which simply shows you how many extra kisses she had.

"And you really would have married me—you little wonderful thing?" he asked adoringly.

"Of course," she said. "Of course, David. Weren't you going to marry me?"

"Oh, but that was different," he said, and kissed her again—but not her buttons.

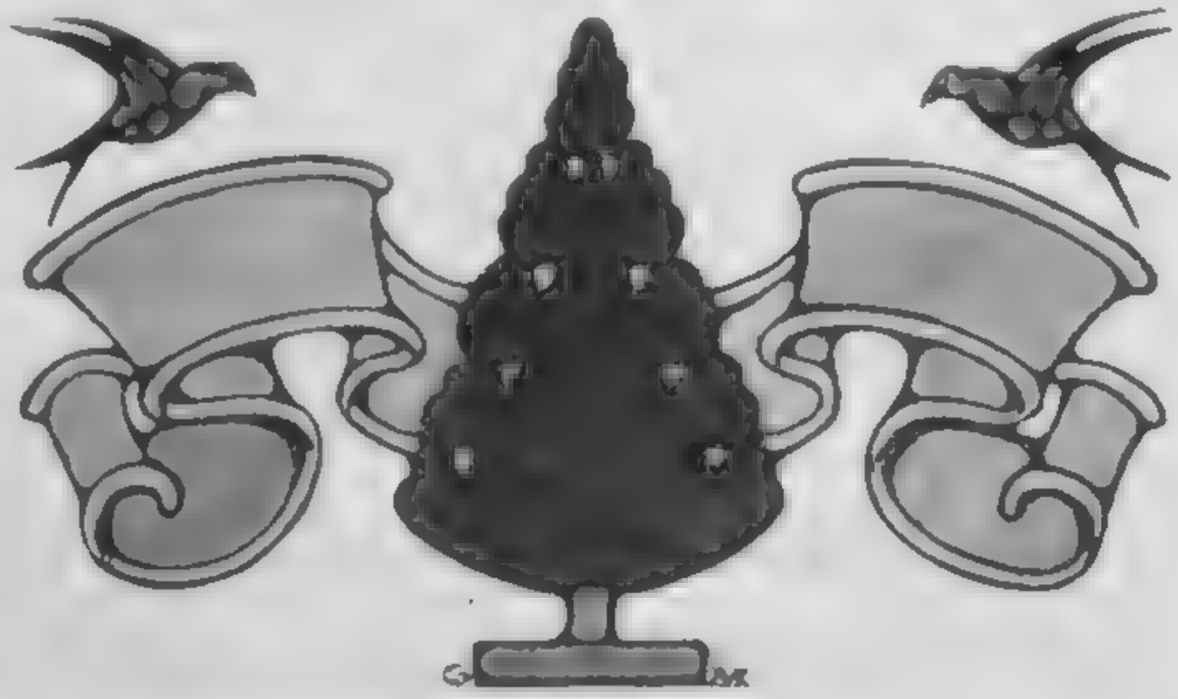
And now I know you will laugh when I have to admit that over the nurse's blue and white fell the milky, marvelous pearls that you must have seen in the photographs!

Because, you see, though she was romantic and though she had never been in love before, and though she had been perfectly ready to marry a policeman, she was only human after all!

HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

(Concluded from Page 27)

were born in Maine, and their people before them lived in America since there was an America, and even earlier. The chief thing of interest about them is the rather odd name—Norman French, then English—which is, like others, well scattered about the earth, by men who have been soldiers in France, India, America and elsewhere; *carillonneurs* in Belgium; farmers, foresters—and deer stealers—in England; colonists, lumbermen, shipbuilders, sailors, '49-ers, sea captains, bankers, blacksmiths, horse breeders, and so on. They have not often abandoned their minds to fiction, although a Reverend Jacob Barzillai Rideout once published a book, She Beats the Devil, which dealt with the second sight and other entertaining matters in a household of Canadian farmers and woodsmen. For further information the idle are referred to Miss Una Silberrad's Sampson Rideout, Quaker, and to Mr. J. Prior's excellent novel, Forest Folk.



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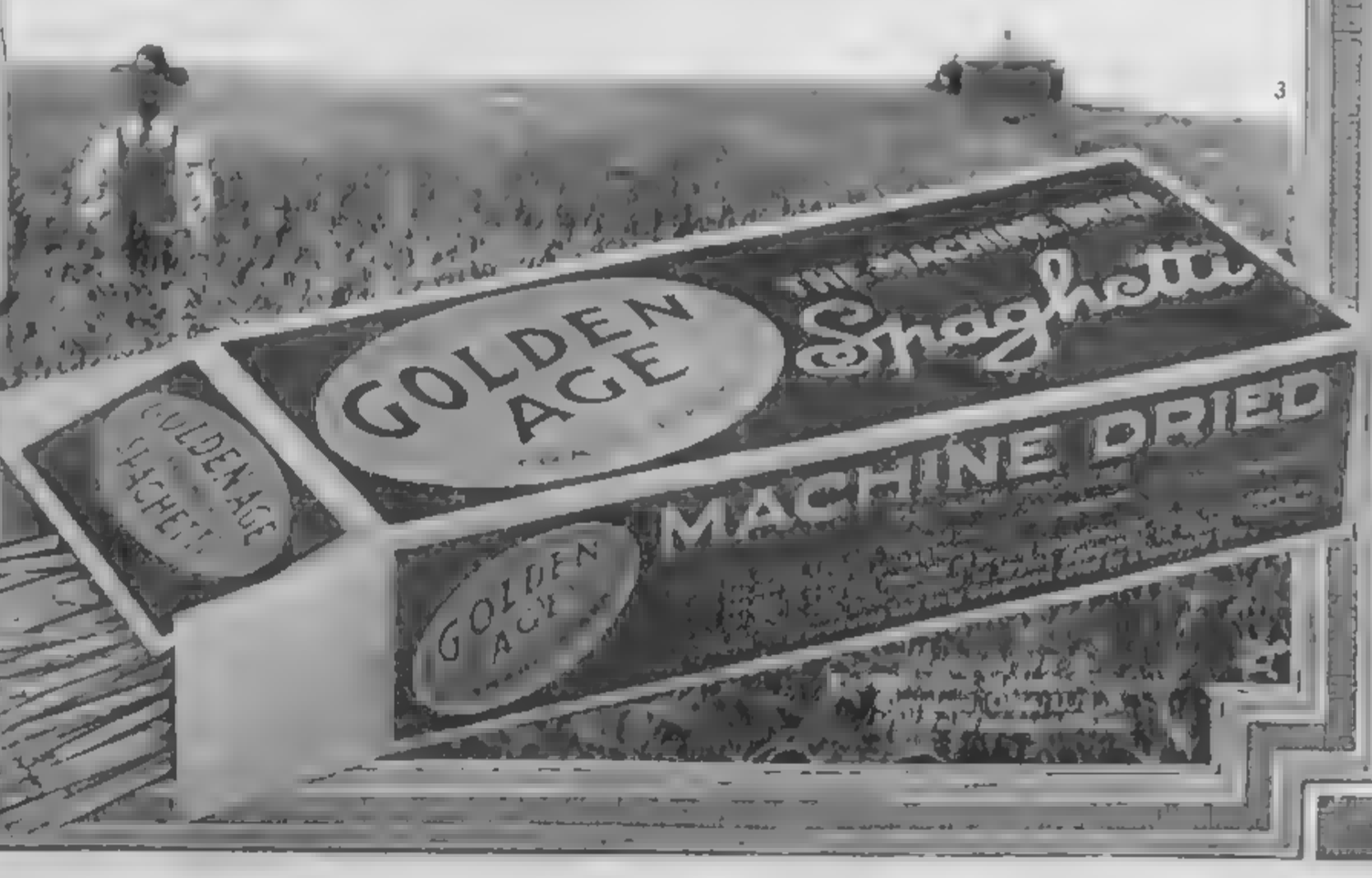

THE WORLD AND THOMAS KELLY

(Continued from Page 25)

"But, Frank," expostulated Tom, "surely you—you ——"

"Oh, the trouble isn't with me!" answered Frank in matter-of-fact tones. "She simply doesn't love me, that's all. Besides, I should never ask her; I couldn't ask her to marry me with—my deformity—even if she loved me; which she doesn't."

It was the first reference he had ever made to Tom concerning his infirmity, and the last.

He looked out of the window for a moment at the sunlight-checkered rustling leaves, then turned to Tom with a smile.

"You're the only one she's ever cared about, old fellow. Ask her, and see for yourself."

Such generous loyalty, in contrast to his own former attitude, made Tom ashamed.

"You're a brick, Frank!" he exclaimed impulsively. "Perhaps you're mistaken. Are you sure?"

"She doesn't love me," Frank repeated. "That's all there is to it. Now, Tom, go to it—with my blessing!"

He laughed cheerfully and made a gesture of benediction.

"I'm not fit to ask her," answered Tom, hanging his head.

"Nobody is!" said Frank. "By the way, where are you going to live this winter?"

"I don't know," answered Tom. "I can't stay in the Newbury Street house all alone."

Frank turned to him eagerly.

"Look, Tom!" he cried. "Why don't you come and hang out with me here? I've got an extra bedroom and there aren't any other roomers. We could have things all to ourselves. It would be simply bully if you would. And—and—I'm—Tom—I'm lonely!"

Tom put his arm about Frank's shoulders. Since his mother's death he was easily moved.

"So am I, Frank!" he said. "If you can stand me I'll come with pleasure! When shall it be? Next week?"

"The sooner the better!" exclaimed Frank.

"Next week then! And Bridget shall come along and take care of us!" exclaimed Tom. "And now I've got to beat it. Hello! It's nearly five o'clock. I'm afraid I'll be late to my appointment."

The fictional appointment was the offspring of Frank's unexpected disclosure about Evelyn. Up to that moment the consciousness of his regeneration had merely mitigated the loathing that he entertained for his past conduct and encouraged him to feel that so far as the present was concerned he might look his fellow men in the face. He had been yanked back from the edge of the cliff—pulled together and set on his feet.

So far, he had been simply like a drugged person resuscitated and brought to his senses. But now he felt the leap of the blood in his veins and knew he was really alive again; and the song of the birds was sweet in his ears and the sunlight air filled him with a joyous intoxication. Life held something to live for. The greatest prize of all might still be his—unless, forsooth, he deliberately tossed it aside as he had before. Blind bat that he had been! What were Lulie and Pauline—he squirmed internally—beside her? He mustn't lose a minute in making up the time he had lost. His heart knocked almost as loudly against his ribs as did his knuckles upon the door of the little house on Appian Way.

"Come in!"

Evelyn was sitting alone by the window in the miniature library, sewing. She looked exactly as she had the first night he had seen her there in his freshman year—only a shade more mature perhaps. Had she heard anything? Had some officious friend casually dropped any calculated innuendoes about his affairs of the past summer? In any case she should know him for exactly what he was. He would keep back nothing. She looked up, smiling, as he entered and held out her hand.

"Hello, Tom! Awfully glad to see you. Dad's out. Of course, come in just the same! You might even have a pipe."

Tom started to raise her hand to his lips, then changed his mind and pressed it instead.

"Thanks," he answered awkwardly, perceiving that his task was going to be no easy one. "I didn't come to see your father. I came to see you."

"That's good," she laughed. "Well, here I am, just where I've always been."

He looked quickly at her to see if the remark held any particular significance for him, but apparently she had not so intended. He sat down in the old leather chair and gazed at her helplessly. What a delightful picture she made with her head bowed over her work! How utterly different she was from the girls he had known at Newport! But it was very difficult to tell her so. Several minutes they sat thus in silence, save for the snapping of the coal in the fireplace and the heavy breathing of the old collie on the rag rug in front of it. Then Evelyn raised her eyes and laid her sewing in her lap.

"Well, Tom," she said, "it's nice to have you back with us again."

He tried to speak, stammered and gave it up. Though she might not think such a lot of him, nevertheless, she had no idea what a cad he had been. He had her good will, at any rate; and it was hard to utter the words that might alter it to disgust. He shook his head mutely, and his lids dropped as if made of lead—heavy as his heart.

He was thinking of his last interview with Lulie, and the recollection of it was like a bad taste in his mouth. Could he ask a decent girl to care for him after the way he had demeaned himself? And Pauline! He sat there stultified with abasement. Perhaps it was just as well for his character that the excuses of inexperience, youth and loneliness did not suggest themselves to him. He felt only his degradation. And now that he realized that he had never really cared for anyone but Evelyn—that what he had taken for, or was willing to accept as, a substitute for love had been nothing but the imaginings of a brain poisoned by the atmosphere in which he had been thrown—it seemed incredible that he could have ever allowed her sweet image to be effaced from his mind. He made a disconsolate picture as he sat there struggling with his desire to tell her everything and beg for her forgiveness and his reluctance to destroy her confidence in him.

Evelyn saw how troubled he was and made an effort to put him at ease.

"Poor Tom!" she said gently. "How hard it has all been for you!"

He groaned and covered his face with his hands.

"Evelyn! If you only knew what a beast I've been you might never speak to me again!"

"Why, Tom," she protested, "how can you say such a thing!"

"Listen!" he burst out suddenly through his teeth. "You don't know me. I'm an entirely different sort of chap from what you think. I've been a miserable, low-down cad!"

She raised troubled brows to him over her sewing.

"Oh, Tom!" she answered. "You have been so brave. I'm sure you do yourself an injustice."

"No!" he insisted, now ready for the plunge. "I've been a wretched coward, a reckless fool, and—and worse! I've got to tell you, Evelyn! Don't stop me! I couldn't go on living unless you knew!"

She turned her face again to her work, and there was a slight flush above her collar and round the roots of her hair.

"What I'm going to tell you may seem strange after the way I acted on Class Day!" he hurried on shamefacedly. "I don't know what possessed me that night. I hope you have forgiven me!"

She smiled, and her smile was everywhere at once—in her eyes, her dimple and her hair.

"Are you taking back what you said?" she inquired innocently.

"No," he replied. "I'm merely asking you to let me have a chance before you give me an answer."

"You didn't deserve any answer—then!" she replied, looking away from him. "You didn't know me—any more than you say I know you. To you I was just a pencil sketch of a girl in pink ribbons, with a pair of black eyes, a violin case and a collie dog!"

A look of appreciation broke over his face.

"It's rather a queer thing to say," he admitted slowly, "but, Evelyn, I really believe you're right! I never got below the surface of anything—even you! I was a sort

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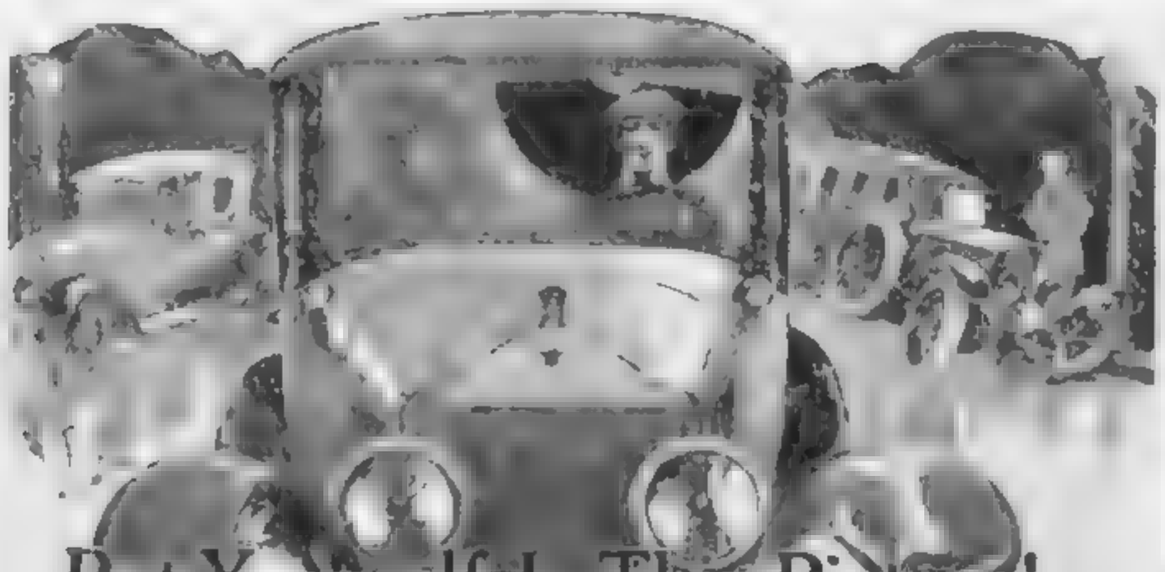

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of original Peter Bell—to whom a primrose by the river's brim was just a primrose and nothing else. Somehow I think you know me better than I supposed!"

His laugh was rueful, but it was a laugh none the less.

"Anyhow it's all right as long as you can laugh about it," she consoled him. "I think a laugh—on oneself"—and her voice lowered, "is the best evidence of a clear conscience. So to that extent you're all right."

Another silence followed; comfortable; without constraint.

Then Tom said:

"Some day I'm going to put that question to you again and insist on an answer. But I couldn't do it unless I made a clean breast of everything. I've got to begin all over again and I've come to ask you to help me. I thought that what was between us wasn't the thing to tell a girl. It wasn't—to the pink-ribbon, violin-case kind. But it's different with you, Evelyn. Somehow I feel as if I couldn't hide anything from you anyway. So here goes. I'm going to get the whole rotten business off my chest!"

"Have you so much to say to me?" she asked, a note of timidity in her voice.

"Indeed I have!" he retorted passionately. He had made up his mind to bare his soul to her, to leave nothing unconfessed, to start clean and fair. "But I want to say something at the start, not by way of defense but of explanation. You see I never had anything definite to steer by. I couldn't stand the old-fashioned kind of religion that my mother taught me. It didn't ring true to me. And nobody offered me a satisfactory substitute. So I've just drifted along any old way. I've been weak and silly, a conceited ass without anything to be conceited about, and, because I thought you cared for someone else, I just let myself go ——"

"You mean Frank?" she asked.

"Yes. I always supposed you were in love with him."

She shook her head.

"He's a dear friend, but I've never loved him," she said, looking frankly at Tom.

"If I'd only known that," he sighed, "everything would have been different. But I didn't! Oh, Evelyn! I don't know how to begin, but I've come to tell you the whole story, and I'm going through with it—that is, if you'll let me," he added submissively.

She did not refuse. Her curiosity would have impelled acquiescence in his request, if nothing else had. But there was something else—of which she had always been conscious from their first accidental meeting in the Yard—the something else that no science or philosophy can explain.

"I am listening, Tom," she said half to herself.

He pulled his chair nearer to her and with his eyes fixed intently on her face brokenly made his confession. Doggedly he recited his ignominious experiences at Newport, including every detail of his affairs with Lulie and Pauline, every low and mercenary thought that he had entertained, every callous neglect of his mother. It was a crude, a preposterous, an extraordinary performance. And it was a hard position for a girl to find herself in. Gradually Tom's face grew drawn, almost haggard. But he went stubbornly on until there was nothing left to tell, and when it was over he wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead with his fingers, closed his eyes, and gave a great, shuddering sigh of relief.

He was thankful to her for letting him sit there, motionless, head thrown back, as long as he liked.

Presently he opened his eyes, got up, and stood before her.

"Now I'm ready to begin to make good," he said. As he spoke he saw her move a fraction of an inch in his direction—saw her breast rise and fall a little quicker for the quickening of her breath. Could Frank's assurance that Evelyn cared for him possibly be true? This was no time to ask her, anyhow, just after he had told her all about himself—shown himself up for a whited sepulcher. She was simply disgusted with him probably.

"Will you help me?" he asked.

She rose to her feet and he took her hand. To his surprise he felt that she was trembling.

"Of course!" she said, looking him full in the face. "Tom, you're not a coward; you're a brave boy!"

He shook his head impatiently.

"No," he protested; "I'm not. I had to tell you. Don't you see? There wouldn't have been any use trying to be different unless you knew I was different."

He still held her hand. She had not drawn it away and he could see a mist gathering in her eyes. A strange feeling pervaded him, almost made him dizzy. He, too, was trembling. He lifted her hand and kissed it.

"If it wasn't for you, dear," he whispered, "I couldn't try. There'd be nothing to make it worth while.

"But if—if some day—after I've left the law school—after I've made good—there'd be a chance—ever so small—of your saying yes to that question I asked you—then, why then ——"

He stopped, amazed, for her lips were quivering and the flush in her cheeks had deepened to a mantle of dark red.

"Then?" she smiled through tear-hung lashes. "Only then?"

"Evelyn!" he cried, still unbelieving, and drew her to him.

"Evelyn!" he repeated, gathering her in his arms and pressing his lips to her hair. "Dearest girl! I need you now!"

She laid her head on his shoulder and he could feel the fluttering of her heart against his.

"Oh, Tom!" she sighed, closing her eyes, "I think you do!"

(THE END)

The Patriot

SAYS old Hi Green: "Boys, I allow
To stay right clost to this old plow
And let the navy run the sea
Without too much advice from me.
I calculate on stickin' to
The kind of business I can do—
Perhaps my hundered bushels more
Will sort o' help some in this war.

"I know they make mistakes down there
In Washington; but I don't care,
So long's I don't make none, and let
This crop that's on th' ground get wet.
By doin' more and kickin' less
I'll help th' Gover'ment, I guess,
And troubles won't be quite so big
If I get right square down and dig.

"I don't know how it seems to you;
But I know what I'm goin' to do
On this here farm, no odds if me
And Wilson do not quite agree.
I'm goin' to let him write the notes
While I'm a-raisin' steers and shotes,
'Cuz that's my job—I know it is
Th' same as writin' notes is his.

"I'm goin' to let him be the head
While I'm a-raisin' stuff fer bread—
I'll run this farm and him th' state,
And we'll both get along first-rate.
This little job he's got to do
Will keep me middlin' busy too;
And I ain't really got th' time
To kick, although th' kickin's prime.

"My Ship of State is this old plow,
And I can run it, I allow,
Almighty well if I don't get
To servin' in th' Cabinet
By proxy in th' grocery stores,
Instead of 'tendin' to my chores.
I ain't a-frettin' 'bout what harm
Th' big bugs do—I'm goin' to farm!"

—*James W. Foley.*

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A CASE OF MUTUAL RESPECT

(Continued from Page 17)

riding whip and slightly checked her mount. Simba seized her stirrup leather. So, when the lion charged, the two of them were within the hundred yards and were able to see clearly what happened.

Lord Kilgour, hit in the chest, was knocked flat on his back. The heavy cork sun helmet was jerked forward to his chest. The lion, digging the claws of one paw into his shoulder, crunched the empty helmet once in his powerful jaws; then raised his head to stare at Lady Clarice and Simba, who were rapidly approaching.

When within a few rods her horse balked. Simba launched himself forward. The rifle lay, out of reach, somewhere beneath the man and beast. Without a moment's hesitation Simba leaped astride the lion's back, wound his hands in the beast's mane and jerked its head backward!

The lion uttered an astonished snarl. In another fraction of a second he would have turned on his tormentor and killed Simba at a blow. Lady Clarice, who had flung herself from her horse, ran up with the greatest resolution, thrust the muzzle of the little automatic, which was, as ever, her only weapon, against the beast's head and pulled the trigger. The lion's muscles relaxed. He rolled over dead.

Together they dragged the man from beneath. He was dazed, but not unconscious, and suffered more from lack of wind than anything else. In a moment he sat up and the tension was over.

"By Jove!" he gasped. "Close call that! What happened?" And then he was violently sick.

But Simba, his ugly face intent, had laid bare the shoulder and was examining the claw marks. A lion's claws are always infected, the grooves full of the poison of decayed animal matter. A mere scratch has many times proved fatal. Simba opened his pocketknife and calmly jabbed it a good half inch into one of the claw marks.

Kilgour let out a howl and struggled beneath Simba's grasp.

"You unspeakable blighter!" he roared. "What do you mean by that!"

"*N'dowa!*" Simba begged of Lady Clarice, paying no attention to Kilgour.

She was looking at the scene with the impersonal air of attention peculiar to her. The excitement had apparently left her quite unruffled. She shook her head at the strange word.

"The beast is murdering me!" cried Kilgour, writhing under Simba's heavy hand.

Receiving no response to his appeal, Simba turned and methodically punctured, one by one, the remaining three claw marks. The blood spurted from the new wounds. Kilgour struck frantically at his tormentor; but Simba held him easily to the ground.

"Make him stop it!" commanded Kilgour. "He's killing me! You have a pistol! Make him quit!"

"I think he's finished," said the woman in her high, clear voice. "I fancy it's some savage custom."

Kilgour's face reddened and his voice rose.

"I believe you'd stand there and see me murdered; 'pon my word I do!"

She smiled and glanced toward the dead lion.

By now the second gunbearer and the other men, who had been running without the aid of stirrup leathers, began to appear upon the scene.

"*Weuwe, Mavrouki; n'dowa!*" demanded Simba.

The second gunbearer fumbled in his pouch to produce a small flask, half filled with some crystalline substance. This he uncorked and handed to Simba. Simba attempted with the fingers of one hand to part one of the knife wounds, and with the other to pour in some of the crystals. Kilgour, raging, struggled weakly to his feet.

Simba glanced appealingly toward Lady Clarice. She stood apart, her eyes fixed on the group, her automatic in her hand. Nothing could be read in her attitude but detached though watchful curiosity. He looked about. None of the men present spoke English. To manhandle a white man in Africa is *lese-majesty* of the worst sort.

Simba pondered a moment; then spoke rapidly in Swahili. Lady Clarice caught the word Kingozi, many times repeated. The men looked frightened, but advanced on the swaying white man. Kilgour hit out feebly. They laid their hands on him gently though firmly, and in a moment he was held immovable, but swearing.

The woman, whose face had hardened, whose muscles had tensed, whose pistol was half raised, relaxed. A slight smile parted her lips as Kilgour's bitter reproaches fell on her ears.

"They aren't going to harm you," she vouchsafed. "Better go through with it; I can't fight the lot."

With the point of his knife Simba rubbed several of the permanganate crystals to the very bottom of the wounds; then bound the shoulder with Kilgour's handkerchief. The men released their hold.

"Better attend to your beast and thank your lucky stars it's no worse," Lady Clarice cut in on his invective.

Kilgour finally simmered down. His wrath over the indignity obliterated, for the time being, all sense of danger past. They skinned the lion and returned to camp. Then Josef produced proper bandages and the shoulder was redressed. He heard enough of the conversation between his master and mistress to gain knowledge of the situation. He was not surprised when he was ordered to summon Simba and to stand by for interpretation.

Kilgour started an angry interrogation, but was promptly thrust aside by his wife.

"You're much too excited," she told him; then to Josef:

"I wish to know why this man dared lay hands on his master; why he used the knife on his shoulder."

"The *bwana* had been marked by the lion's claws," replied Simba; "and, as there is much poison in the claws of the lion, I put in the shoulder the medicine given by the Bwana Kingozi. That I have been taught. Bwana Kingozi told me I must bring this *bwana* back alive; and so I must do."

"He says it was medicine," translated Josef, "to keep the *bwana* from dying of his wounds."

"Wounds!" cried Kilgour. "Four little scratches I couldn't even feel! They weren't wounds until he made them so!"

"Some superstition, I tell you," she repeated.

"Well, I do not intend to be mauled because of dirty native superstitions!" he declared. "This fellow has been above himself for some time. Hereafter he can stay in camp."

But Lady Clarice straightened herself in her canvas chair, with her first appearance of real animation.

"You have your lion," she told him, "and all the other beasts you are so keen upon. We have stopped in this beastly country long enough. To-morrow we return to Nairobi." She stared at him, utterly ignoring his blank "Oh, I say! We came for six weeks." She resumed in a softer tone after several moments of pregnant silence, "And they're up, within three days."

Kilgour's dismay changed to bland surprise.

"No! Dash it, who would have thought it! How time flies!"

VIII

THIS *safari* made a much more impressive entrance into Nairobi than had Kingozi's, two months before. It comprised many more men; they were much better dressed; and they carried sporting trophies. Banging, clattering, howling and singing, they marched again to the tin godown, deposited their burdens and scattered to the bazaars. Not until the morrow should they get their silver rupees, but now their credit was good.

Simba bathed, assumed his spotlessly white long robe and his lacy skull cap, and at once made his way to the piazza of Suleimani the Blind, where he ordered tea.

The white people proceeded to the low one-storied stone hotel, on the veranda of which, after a due interval, they appeared. Kingozi, black of beard, crisp of curl, broad of shoulder, sprawled in a teakwood lazy-chair. Kilgour's spirits were high.

"Topping country!" He answered the usual questions. "Ripping! Plenty of game where you sent us, you know. Got all the stuff I wanted. Rather a fine eland, you know. Twenty-eight inches."

"Very decent," agreed Kingozi. "Got your lion?"

"Fine one—tawny mane," said Kilgour airily; then, with ill-concealed indifference: "Mauled a bit by him!"

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Kingozi exclaimed; then heard the story bit by bit.

"Close thing," he commented. "Buffalo?"

"Bad luck with them," confessed Kilgour; then, with an effort: "Should have killed one, but missed."

"Too bad! How did your men work out? Any trouble with them? Cazi Moto handle them all right for you?"

Kilgour's face clouded.

"Cazi Moto is a ripping old chap! Handled things right as rain. Had no trouble with anyone but that head gun boy. He's plucky, and all that; but quite incompetent, I should say."

"Really! Simba?" rejoined Kingozi, his interest quickening. "What was the trouble?"

"Doesn't know his business. I could never get him to hold back on a stalk, or take cover, or obey orders—that's the real trouble, I fancy; lack of discipline. Most insubordinate beggar! Needs a dose of what's-what!"

"Tell me!" breathed Kingozi sympathetically.

Kilgour detailed the petty grievances, which had slowly accumulated, enumerating the especially desirable animals that had escaped because—he was by now firmly convinced—of some dereliction on the part of Simba.

"So," he concluded, "I'd reprimand the beggar if I were you. Of course I know," he hastened to add, "you had every confidence in the man when you recommended him; and that is why I am telling you now—so that in the future ——"

Lady Clarice interposed a sudden request for a wrap. Kilgour disappeared.

"Here is some money," she said to Kingozi, "which I wish you to give to this man Simba from me. Please do not mention the fact to my husband."

"This is princely," said Kingozi.

"It is well earned," she replied.

"Then, I gather, you do not share your husband's opinion?"

"I do not."

"Yet, if my memory serves me, you entertained a rather violent prejudice against the man."

"I have changed my views."

"I see!" Kingozi stared for a moment into the darkness beyond the veranda rail; then he looked at her. "Are you going to read me this riddle?" he asked.

"Not in detail. I will tell you this: Rex, in some things, is an incredible fool—and has no inkling of the fact. I believe another week in this country would have found him his death. That it did not find him before is, in my opinion, due to this man Simba."

"Lord Kilgour is next in succession to the earldom, I believe," said Kingozi with significance.

"Why should one trouble to tell you things?" she said.

IX

SIMBA stood before Kingozi's chair, answering questions. Kingozi was enjoying himself. He had not yet bestowed Lady Clarice's gift. Preliminaries of country and game were over. They talked in Swahili.

"This *bwana* shoots well?"

"He does not shoot well."

"He understands *shikari?*"

"No, *bwana;* he does not understand *shikari* well."

"The *bwana* is afraid?"

But Simba would not criticize a white man.

"The *bwana* is not at all afraid; but he does not shoot well."

Kingozi smiled beneath his beard.

"It was difficult to prevent the *bwana's* being hurt or killed?"

"He is here, *bwana*—safe."

"Suppose he goes to Sotik—would you go as his gunbearer?"

"If *bwana* tells me," replied Simba; his eyes were dull, his expression inscrutable.

Kingozi's twinkle retreated to the depths of his eyes.

"But women on a *safari*—they are bad—one does not care to have them?" he suggested.

Simba's form straightened and he lifted his heretofore indifferent gaze to his master.

"*Bwana,*" said he earnestly, "this woman says not much; does not much. She sits on her horse and she looks. But, *bwana,* she is a great *memsahib!*"

Editor's Note—This is the seventh and last of a series of stories by Stewart Edward White.

THE FALSE FACES

(Continued from Page 22)

enter a secluded, landlocked harbor with just enough water at low tide and lie hidden there till the word comes to move again—three miles of dense scrub forest, all privately owned as a game preserve, fenced and patrolled, between us and the nearest cultivated land—and friends in plenty on the island to keep all our needs supplied—petroleum, fresh vegetables, champagne, all that. Just the same, we take no chances—never make our landfall by day, never enter or leave harbor except at night."

He paused, contemplating Lanyard owlishly. "Ought not to tell you all this, I presume," he continued more soberly, though the wild light still flickered ominously in his eyes. "But it is safe enough; you will see for yourself in a few hours; and then—either you are all right or you will never live to tell of it. We radioed for information about Wilhelmstrasse Number Twenty-seven just before dawn, after we had dodged that damned Yankee destroyer. Ought to get an answer to-night when we come up."

Heavier footsteps rang in the alleyway. The Prussian made a grimace of dislike.

"Here comes the commander," he cautioned uneasily.

A great blond viking of a German in the uniform of a captain shouldered heavily through the doorway, and acknowledging the salute of the rat-faced subaltern with a bare nod stood looking down at Lanyard in taciturn silence, hostility in his eyes.

"How long since he wakened?" he asked thickly, with the accent of a Bavarian.

"A minute or two ago."

"Why did you not inform me?"

The tone was offensively domineering, thanks like enough to drink, nerves, and hatred of his job and all things and persons associated with it.

The subaltern colored. "He asked for water—I got it for him."

The commander stared churlishly, then addressed Lanyard: "How are you now?"

"Very faint," Lanyard said truthfully. But he would have lied had it been otherwise with him. It was his book to make time in which to collect his thoughts, concoct a bullet-proof story, plan against an adverse answer to that wireless inquiry.

"Can you eat—drink a little champagne?"

Lanyard nodded slightly, adding a feeble "Please."

The Bavarian glanced significantly at his subaltern, who hastened to leave them.

"Who are you? What is your name?"

"Dr. Paul Rodiek."

"Your employment?"

"Personal intelligence bureau—confidential agent."

"What were you doing on board the Assyrian?"

Lanyard mustered enough strength to look the man squarely in the eye.

"Pardon," he said coldly. "You must know your question is indiscreet."

"I must know more about you ——"

"It should be enough," Lanyard ventured boldly, "to know that I set off that flare as arranged, at risk of my life."

"How came you overboard?"

"In the scuffle caused by my igniting the flare."

"So you tell me. But we found you half clothed, lacking any sort of identification. Am I to accept your unsupported word?"

"My papers are naturally at the bottom of the sea, in the garments I discarded lest their weight drag me down. If you have doubts," Lanyard continued firmly, "it is your privilege to settle them by communicating via radio with Seventy-ninth Street."

He shut his eyes wearily and turned his head aside on the pillow, confident that this mention of the headquarters and secret wireless station of the Prussian spy system in New York would win him peace.

After a moment the commander uttered a noncommittal grunt. "We shall see," he prophesied darkly, and went away.

Later one of the crew brought Lanyard a dish of greasy stew and potatoes, lukewarm, with bread and a half bottle of excellent champagne.

(Continued on Page 93)

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PLAYS ALL RECORDS

(Continued from Page 90)

He ate all he could stomach of the first, devoured the second ravenously, and drained the bottle of its ultimate life-giving drop.

Then, immeasurably refreshed and fortified in body and spirit, he turned face to the wall, composed himself as if to sleep, shut his eyes, regulated the tempo of his respiration, and lay quite still, wide awake and thinking hard.

After a while somebody tramped into the cubicle, bent over Lanyard inquisitively and, satisfied that he slept, retired, taking away the empty bottle and dishes.

Otherwise his meditations were disturbed only by those echoes of revelry in honor of the late manifestation of the Hun's divine right to do wanton murder on the high seas.

The rumor waxed and waned, died into dull mutterings, broke out afresh in spurts of merriment that held a hysterical note. Once a quarrel sprang up and was silenced by the commander's deep unpleasant tones. Corks popped spasmodically. Again there were sounds much like a man's sobbing; but these were promptly blared down by a phonograph with a typically American accent. When that ran down a sentimental disciple of frightfulness sang Tannenbaum in a melting tenor.

Everything tended to effect an impression that all, commander and meanest mechanic alike, were making forlorn efforts to forget.

Devoutly Lanyard prayed they might be successful, at least until the submarine made her secret base. If too much alcohol was bad, too much brooding was infinitely worse for the German temperament. He remembered one U-boat commander who, returning to the home port after a conspicuously successful cruise, had been taken ashore in a straight-jacket. Lanyard himself did not care to dwell upon those scenes that must have been enacted on board the Assyrian after the torpedo struck.

Deliberately ignoring all else, he set himself the task of reviewing those events that had led up to his going overboard. One by one he considered the incidents of that night, painstakingly dissected them, examined their every phase in minute analysis, weighing for ulterior meaning every word uttered in his presence, harking even farther back to reconstruct his acquaintance with each actor from the very moment of its inception, seeking that hint which he was convinced must be somewhere hidden in the history of the affair, waiting only recognition to lead straightway out of this gloomy maze of mystery into a sunlit open of understanding.

In vain; there was an ambiguity in that business to baffle the keenest and most pertinacious investigation. The conduct of Cecelia Brooke alone bristled with inconsistencies inexplicable; the conduct of the German spies no less.

To get better perspective upon the problem he reduced the premises to their barest summary: A valuable *dossier* brought on board the Assyrian—no matter by whom—had come into the possession of British agents, with the knowledge of Captain Osborne. Thackeray had secreted it in that fraudulent bandage. German agents, apparently under the leadership of Baron von Harden, had waylaid him, knocked him senseless, unwrapped the bandage, but somehow—probably in the first instance through the interference of the Brooke girl—had overlooked the document. Subsequently the Brooke girl found and intrusted it to Lanyard—no matter why! He on his part had exerted his utmost inventiveness in hiding it away. It had been found and stolen within an hour. By whom? Not improbably by the Brooke girl herself. Repenting her impulsiveness, after leaving Lanyard with the captain, from whom she had doubtless learned the truth about Monsieur Duchemin, she might well have gone directly to Lanyard's stateroom and hit upon the morphia phial as the likeliest hiding place without delay, thanks to prior acquaintance with the proportions of the paper cylinder. But why should she have assumed that Lanyard had not disposed of the trust about his person?

Not impossibly the thing had been found by the first officer of the Assyrian, searching by order of the captain—as Lanyard assumed he had. But if Mr. Warde had found it he had not reported his find when telephoning to Captain Osborne; or else the latter had gone to great lengths to mystify Lanyard.

There remained the chance that the paper had been stolen by one of the two German agents—by either without the knowledge of the other. If Baron von Harden had found it—necessarily before Lanyard returned to the room—he had subsequently been at elaborate pains to conceal his success from both his victim and his confederate. Why? Did he distrust the latter? Again, why?

If Karl had been the thief, it must have been after Lanyard's return and while the Baron was preoccupied with the task of keeping the prisoner quiet to let the search proceed. In that event Karl had lied deliberately to his superior. Why? Because the document was salable and Karl intended to realize its value for his personal benefit?

Not an unlikely explanation. Nor could this be called the first instance in which the Prussian spy system, admirably organized though it was, had been betrayed by one of its own agents.

This hypothesis, too, accounted for that most perplexing circumstance of all, the murder of Baron von Harden. For Lanyard was fully persuaded that had been nothing less than premeditated murder, in no way an accident of faulty aim. Even the most nervous and unstrung man could hardly have missed six shots out of seven point-blank. A nervous man, indeed, could hardly have induced himself to take so hideous a chance of injuring or killing a collaborator.

It appeared, then, that one of four things had happened to the cylinder of paper:

Miss Brooke had taken it back into her own care; in which case Lanyard was no more concerned.

Captain Osborne had secured it through Mr. Warde. This, however, Lanyard did not seriously credit.

It had gone to the bottom when the Assyrian sank with the body—among others—of Baron von Harden.

Or Karl had stolen it.

Privately, indeed, Lanyard rather inclined to hope that the last might prove to be the true solution. He desired earnestly to meet Karl once more, on equal terms. And the more counts in the score, the greater his satisfaction in exacting a reckoning in full.

But he anticipated. That chapter might only too possibly have been closed forever by the hand of death. As yet he knew nothing concerning the mortality of the Assyrian débâcle. He had not inquired of the officers of the U-boat because they knew little if anything more than he. Their glasses had discovered to them trouble with the life boats; they had spoken of one boat's capsizing, of people going overboard like cattle. There must have been many drownings, even with a United States destroyer near by and speeding to the rescue.

A single question puzzled Lanyard greatly. Officers and crew of the U-boat had betrayed profoundest consternation on the advent of that destroyer, presumably a warship of a neutral nation. And that same ship had without hesitation fired upon the submarine. Was it possible, then, that the United States had already declared war on Germany?

It seemed extremely probable; these Germans would have been notified instantly in such event by wireless from the New York bureau of their country's secret service; whereas Captain Osborne, receiving the same advices by wireless, might reasonably have kept it quiet lest the news stir to more formidable activity those agents of the Wilhelmstrasse whose presence among the passengers he must at least have strongly suspected.

Presently the closeness of the atmosphere began to work upon Lanyard's perceptions. In spite of his long rest new drowsiness drugged his senses. He yielded without struggle, knowing he would soon need every ounce of strength and vitality that sleep could give him.

The din of an inferno startled him awake. Those narrow metal walls were echoing a clangor of machinery maniacal in character and overpowering in volume. Clankings, tappings, hissings, coughings, clatterings, stridulation of a wireless spark, drone of dynamos, shrewish scolding of Diesel motors developing many thousand horse-power, individual efforts of some two thousand valves, combined—or declined to combine—in a cacophony like nothing under the sun but the voice of a submersible under way on the surface.

Lanyard, gratefully aware of a current of fresh air sweeping through the hold, rolled out of the bunk to find that while he slept clothing had been provided for

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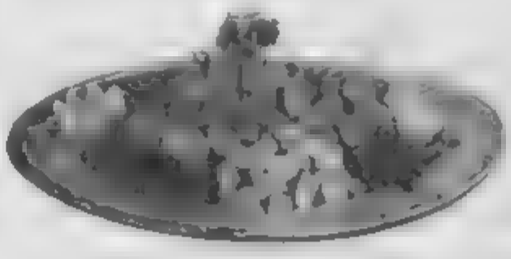

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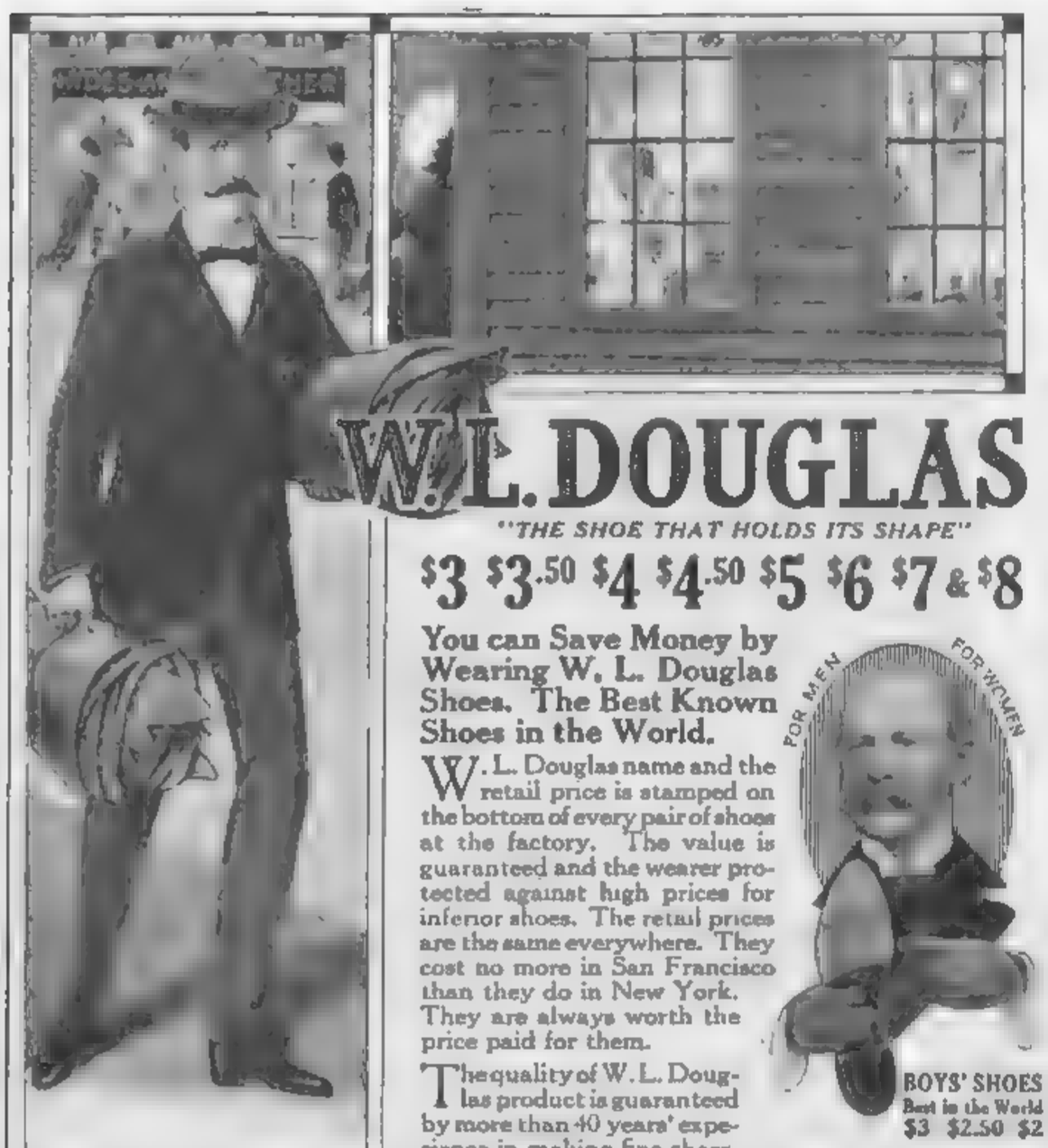
Select 12 extra large tomatoes, cut out the center of each. Mix 1 can shrimp with 1 cup mayonnaise and ½ teaspoonful cayenne pepper. Fill the tomatoes, grate hard boiled egg on each, and serve on lettuce leaves, garnishing with celery or asparagus tips.



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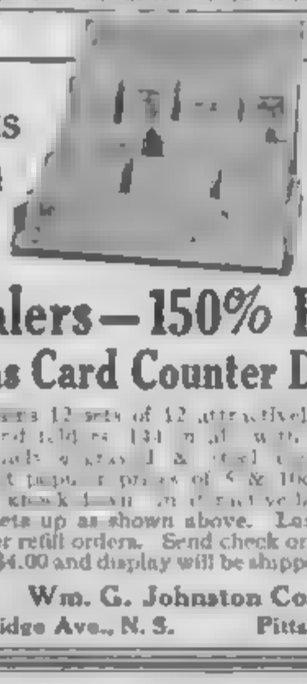

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him, rough but adequate; heavy woolen underwear and socks, a sweater, a dungaree coat, trousers of the same stuff—all vilely damp—and a friendless pair of oil-sodden shoes: the sweepings of a dozen lockers, but as welcome as disreputable.

Dressed, he turned aft through the alleyway, entering immediately the central operating room and storm center of that typhoon of noise, a wilderness of polished machinery in active being.

Of the score or more leather-clad machinists silent at their posts, none paid him more heed than a passing incurious glance as he crossed to a narrow steel companion ladder and ascended to the conning tower. This he found deserted; but its deck hatch was open. He climbed out to the bridge.

The night was calm and heavily overcast, with no sea more than long slow swells. Through its windless quiet the U-boat racketed with the raving abandon of the Spirit of Discord on a spree in a boiler factory. To the riot of its internal strife was added the remonstrance of waters sliced by the stem and flung back by the sides, a prolonged and stertorous hiss like the tearing of an endless sheet of canvas.

To eyes new from the electric illumination of the hold, the blackness was positive, with the palpable quality of an element, relieved alone by the dull glow of the binnacle housing the gyroscope telltale, from which the faintest of golden reflections struck back to pick out a pair of seemingly severed fists gripping the handles of the bridge steering wheel with a curious effect of desperation.

For some moments Lanyard could see nothing more.

The mirthless chuckle of the lieutenant sounded at his elbow:

"So the good Herr Doctor thought he had better come up for air, eh? My friend, the very dead might envy you the sincerity of your slumbers. We have been half an hour on the surface, with all this uproar—and you are only just wakened!"

"Half an hour," Lanyard repeated. "Then we should be close in."

"Give us ten minutes more—if we don't go aground in this cursed blackness!"

A broad-shouldered body passed between Lanyard and the binnacle, momentarily eclipsing its light. Down below in the operating room a bell shrilled, and of a sudden the Diesels fell silent.

The dead quiet that followed the sharp extinction of that hubbub was as startling as a detonation of high explosive would have been. Through this sudden stillness the submarine slipped stealthily, the hissing beneath her bows dying down to gentle sibilance.

From forward the chant of an invisible leadsman was audible. In response the commander uttered throaty orders to the helmsman at his elbow, and those unattached hands shifted the wheel minutely.

Lanyard started to speak, but a growl from the captain and a touch of the lieutenant's hand on his sleeve cautioned him to silence.

There was a small pause. The vessel seemed to have lost way altogether, to swim like a spirit ship that Stygian tide. The lieutenant moved forward, leaving Lanyard alone. The voice of the leadsman was stilled. By the wheel the captain stood absolutely motionless, his body vaguely silhouetted against the glow of the binnacle. The hands that gripped the wheel so savagely were as steady as if carved out of stone. An atmosphere of suspense enveloped the boat like a cloud.

Lanyard grew conscious of something huge and formidable, a denser shadow in the darkness beyond the bows, the loom of land. Off to starboard a point of light appeared abruptly, precisely as if a golden pin had punctured the black blanket of the night. The captain growled gutturals of relief and command. The hands on the wheel shifted, steering exceedingly small. A second light shone out, to port, then shifted slowly into range with the first, till the two were as one. Again the bell sang in the operating room, and the vessel forged ahead quietly to the urge of electric motors alone. A third light and a fourth appeared, well apart to port and starboard, the range lights precisely equidistant between them. Between these the U-boat moved swiftly. They swam back on either hand and were abruptly extinguished, as if the night, resenting their insolent trespass, had gobbled both at a gulp. The temperature became sensibly warmer and the salt air of the sea was strongly tinctured with the sweet smell of pines and forest mold.

Up forward carbons sputtered and spat; a searchlight was unsheathed and carved the gloom like butter, ranging swiftly over the tree-clad shore of a burnished black lagoon, picking out *en passant* several unpainted wooden structures, then steadying on a long and substantial landing stage, on which several men stood waiting.

x

AS THE U-BOAT with motors dead and way lessening glided up alongside the head of that T-shaped landing stage and was made fast, the wireless operator popped up from below, saluted the commander and delivered a written message.

Lanyard, instinctively aware that this was the expected report from Seventy-ninth Street on Dr. Paul Rodiek, quietly pulled himself together and took quick observations. At best his chances in the all-too-probable emergency were far from brilliant. Yet one might better perish trying, however hopelessly, than passively submit to being shot down.

The lieutenant, waspishly superintending the work of crew and base guards at the mooring lines, stood preoccupied within an arm's length, while the landing stage was a fair six feet away. From its T-head to the shore the distance was nothing less than two hundred yards.

Desperate action and miraculous luck might take the Prussian by surprise and enable one to snatch the service automatic from its holster at his belt, leap to the stage, and shoot a way landward through the guards clustered there; after which everything would depend on swiftness of foot and the uncertain light permitting one to gain a refuge in the surrounding woodland without a bullet in one's back. It was a sorry hope.

With catlike attention Lanyard watched the hands holding that paper to the binnacle light, large hands, heavy and muscular but tremulous with drink and nervous reaction from the long strain and cumulative horror of the cruise then ending. Their aim would not be good, except by accident. None the less, if the report were unfavorable their first gesture would be toward the holster, signaling to Lanyard that the moment had come for heroic measures.

The Bavarian was an unconscionable time absorbing the import of the message. Bending his face close to the paper the better to make out the writing, he read with moving lips, slowly, a doltish frown of concentration clouding his congested countenance.

At length, however, he stood up, swaying a little as he folded and pocketed the paper.

Lanyard relaxed. The man was too far gone in drink to be crafty, too sure of his absolute power of life and death to imagine a need for craft. Since his hand had not immediately sought the holster, it would not.

His turbid accents uttered the name of Doctor Rodiek.

Lanyard stepped forward alertly. "Yes, Herr Captain?"

"New York says it had no knowledge of your intention to leave England on the Assyrian, but that you may well have done so. The Wilhelmstrasse will know, of course. It has already been telegraphed. Pending its reply I am to detain you."

"How long?" Lanyard demurred.

"As you know, transatlantic communications must now go by land telegraph to the border, by hand into Mexico, thence by radio via Venezuela to Berlin. All that takes time. Also, we may not signal New York but at stated times of night. You will be detained another twenty-four hours at least, possibly longer."

"My errand cannot wait."

"It must."

"You will obstruct the business of the Imperial Government at your peril!"

"I would incur greater peril still if I let you go," the commander replied nervously. "With these swine-dogs at war with the Fatherland our lives are not worth that should this base be betrayed."

"Do I understand America has declared war?"

"Two days since. Did you not know?"

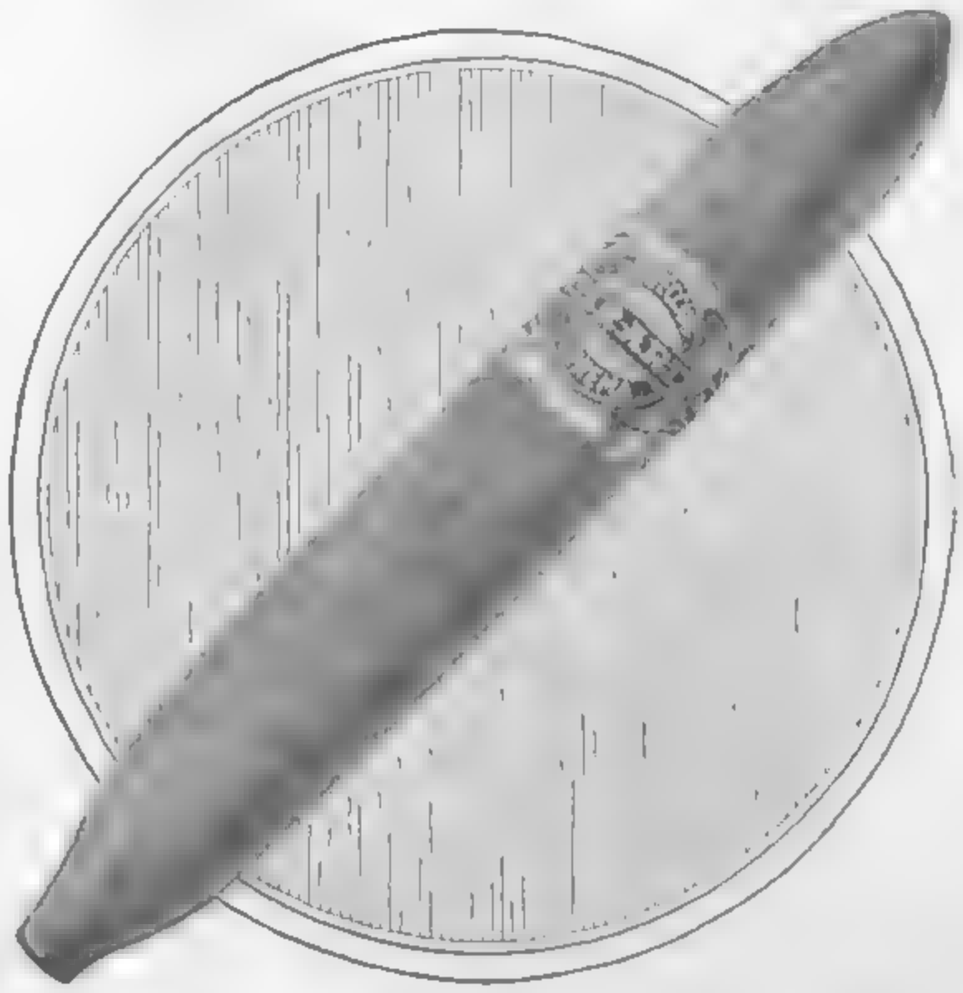
"The Assyrian's wireless room was under guard; the captain published no bulletins whatever."

The Bavarian gave a gesture of impatience.

"You will remain on board for the night," he announced heavily, "under guard——"

"Pardon!" Lanyard interrupted with every evidence of anxious excitement.

(Continued on Page 97)



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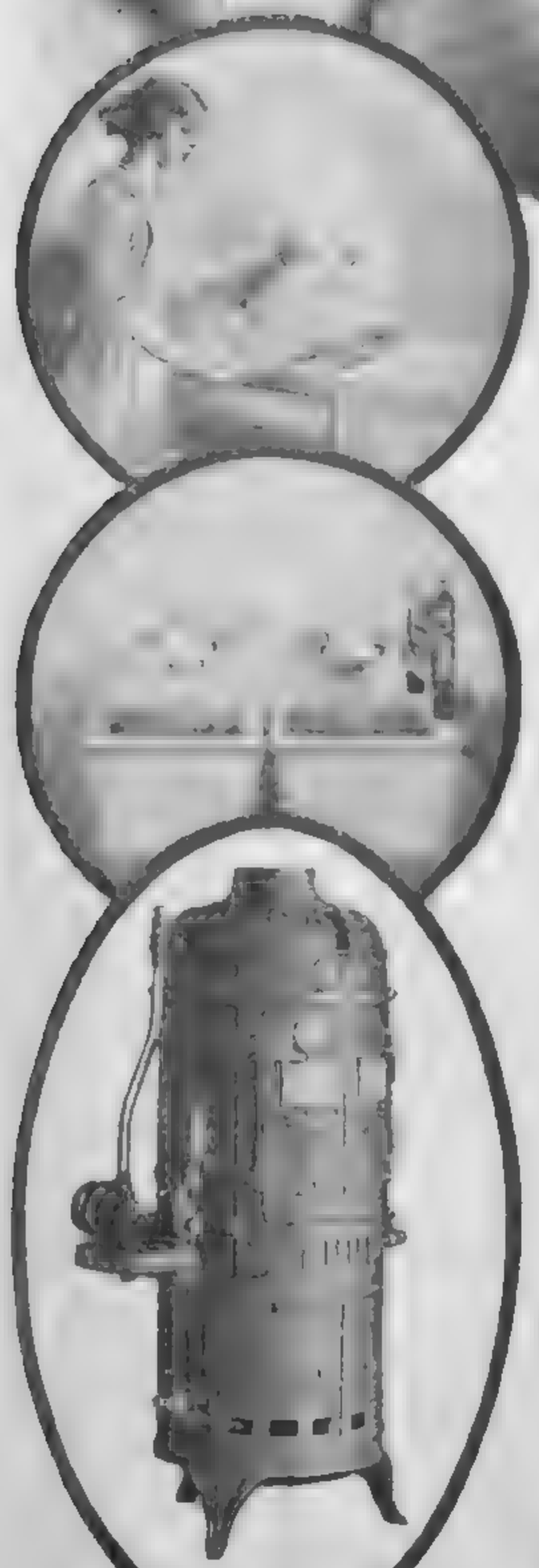

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Rochester, N. Y.	34 No. Clinton St	Washington, D. C.	616 Twelfth St., N.W.

(Continued from Page 94)

"What you tell me makes it more than ever imperative that I reach New York without an hour's avoidable delay. I warn you—think well before you hinder the discharge of my duty!"

"It is not necessary that I think," the commander replied. "My thinking has all been done for me. Me—I obey my orders; it is not my part to question their wisdom. Moreover, Herr Doctor, to my mind your insistence is, to say the least, suspicious. Even had I discretion in the matter I should hold you. Therefore you will keep a civil tongue in your head or go below in irons immediately!"

He swung on a heel, showing an insolent back while he conferred with his subaltern.

And Lanyard shrugged appreciation of the futility of more contention against such mulishness. Not that the Bavarian was not right enough—as to that, one had really hoped for no better issue. But every shift is worth trial till proved worthless; and he was no worse off now than if he had submitted without complaint. Still one had Chance to look to for aid and comfort in this stress; and Chance, the jade, is not always unkind to her audacious suitors.

Even now she flashed upon Lanyard a provoking intimation of her smile. He began to divine possibilities in this overt ill-feeling between the officers; advantage might be taken of the racial hostility of Prussian and Bavarian.

The commander's attitude and tone were consistently overbearing, though his words were inaudible to Lanyard. The lieutenant quite evidently submitted only in form; his salute was punctiliously correct and curt. And as the commander lumbered off down the landing stage he grumbled indistinctly in Lanyard's hearing:

"Dog of a Bavarian!"

"The good Herr Captain," Lanyard suggested pleasantly, "is not in the most agreeable of tempers—yes?"

The high and well born lieutenant spat comprehensively into the darkness overside. After a moment of hesitation he moved nearer and spoke in confidential accents. And the fragrant air of the night was tainted with the vinous effluvium of his breath.

"Always he prattles of his precious duty!" the Prussian muttered. "Damn his duty! Look you, Herr Doctor: Months we have been on this cruise; yes, more than three months out of Helgoland, penned together in this ramshackle stinkpot or isolated here in this God-forgotten hole, seeing nothing of life, hearing nothing of the world but what little the radio tells us—sick of the very sight of one another's faces! And now when we have accomplished a glorious feat and have every right to look for prompt recall and the rewards of heroes, orders come to remain indefinitely and operate against the North Atlantic Fleet of the contemptible Yankee Navy! The life of a dog! And that noble commander of mine pretends to welcome it, talks of one's duty to the Fatherland—as if he liked the work any better than I! solely to spite me!"

"But why?"

"Because he hates me," the lieutenant snarled passionately—"hates me even as I hate him—he knows how well!"

He interrupted himself to define his conception of the commander's character in the freest vernacular of the Berlin underworld.

Lanyard laughed amiably. "They are like that," he agreed—"those Bavarians!"

Which inspired the Prussian to deliver a phosphorescent diatribe on the racial traits of the Bavarian people as comprehended by the North German Junker.

"To be cooped up God knows how long in this putrescent death trap with such cattle," he concluded mutinously—"it passes all endurance!"

"I wonder you stand it," Lanyard sympathized—"a man of spirit and good birth, as one readily perceives. Though the life of a secret agent is not altogether heavenly either, if you ask me," he added gratuitously. "Observe me now, charged with a mission of most vital moment—more than ever so since the Yankees have shown their teeth—delayed here indefinitely because your excellent Herr Captain chooses to doubt my word."

"Patience. Maybe your release comes quickly. Then he will regret—or would, had he wit enough. There is no cure for a fool." The sententiousness of this aphorism was unhappily marred by a hiccup. "Anybody with eyes in his head could see you are what you are."

The last of the operating-room crew piled up the hatchway, saluted and hurried ashore to join in noisy jubilations. There remained on the U-boat only the lieutenant with Lanyard and two base guards detailed as anchor watch.

"I must go," the lieutenant volunteered. "And believe me, one welcomes a change of clothing and a dry bed after a week in this reeking sieve. As for you, my friend, if it lay with me you should receive the treatment due a gentleman."

A wave of maudlin camaraderie affected him. He passed an affectionate arm through Lanyard's, and was suffered, though the gorge of the adventurer revolted at the familiarity.

"I am sorry to leave you. No; do not be astonished! No protestations, please! It is quite true. I know a man of the right sort when I meet one, the sort even I can associate with without loss of self-respect. It is a great pity you may not come with me and make a night of it."

"Another time perhaps," Lanyard sighed. "The night may yet come when you and I shall meet at the Metropole or the Admiral's Palace. Who knows?"

"Ah!" sighed the Prussian, enchanted. "What a night that will be, my friend! . . . But now—it is too bad—I really must ask you to step below. Such are my silly orders. I am made responsible for you. What do you think of that for a joke, eh?"

He laughed vacantly but loudly, and attempting to poke a derisive thumb into Lanyard's ribs lost his balance.

"What a responsibility!" said Lanyard gravely, holding him up.

"Nonsense—that's what it is! You have no possible chance to escape."

"Suppose I make one—tip you overboard, take to my heels ——"

"You would be shot like a rabbit before you got halfway to the shore."

"Ah, but grant, for the sake of argument, these brave fellows, the guards, aim poorly in this gloom?"

"Where would you go? Into the forest, naturally. But how far? You may believe me when I tell you not a hundred yards. It's a true wilderness, scrub oak and cedar and second growth choked with underbrush, almost trackless. In five minutes you would be hopelessly lost in this blackness, with no stars to steer by. We need only wait till daylight to find you walking in a circle."

"You can't mean," Lanyard pursued, learning something helpful every moment, "there is no communicating road?"

"The main woods road, yes; but that is far too well patrolled. Without the countersign you would be caught or shot a dozen times before you reached the end of it."

"Ah, well!"—with the sigh of a philosopher—"then I presume there's no way out but by swimming."

"Over to the beach, you mean? Well, what then? You have got a twenty-mile walk either way, through deep sand sure to betray your footprints. At dawn we follow and bag you at our leisure."

"You are discouraging!" Lanyard complained. "I see I may as well go below and be good. It's a dull life."

"Tell you what," giggled the lieutenant, leading his prisoner to the conning-tower hatch and lowering his voice: "Do just that. Go below and be nice—and presently I will come back and we'll split a bottle. What do you say, eh?"

"Colossal!"

"Not a bad notion, is it? I like it myself. One gets weary for the society of a gentleman; you've no idea." As soon as my commander is drunk enough I will slip away. How's that?"

"*Grossartig!*" Lanyard approved, turning to descend.

"Wait! You shall see for yourself what it means to have the friendship of a man of my stamp." The lieutenant raised his voice, addressing the anchor watch:

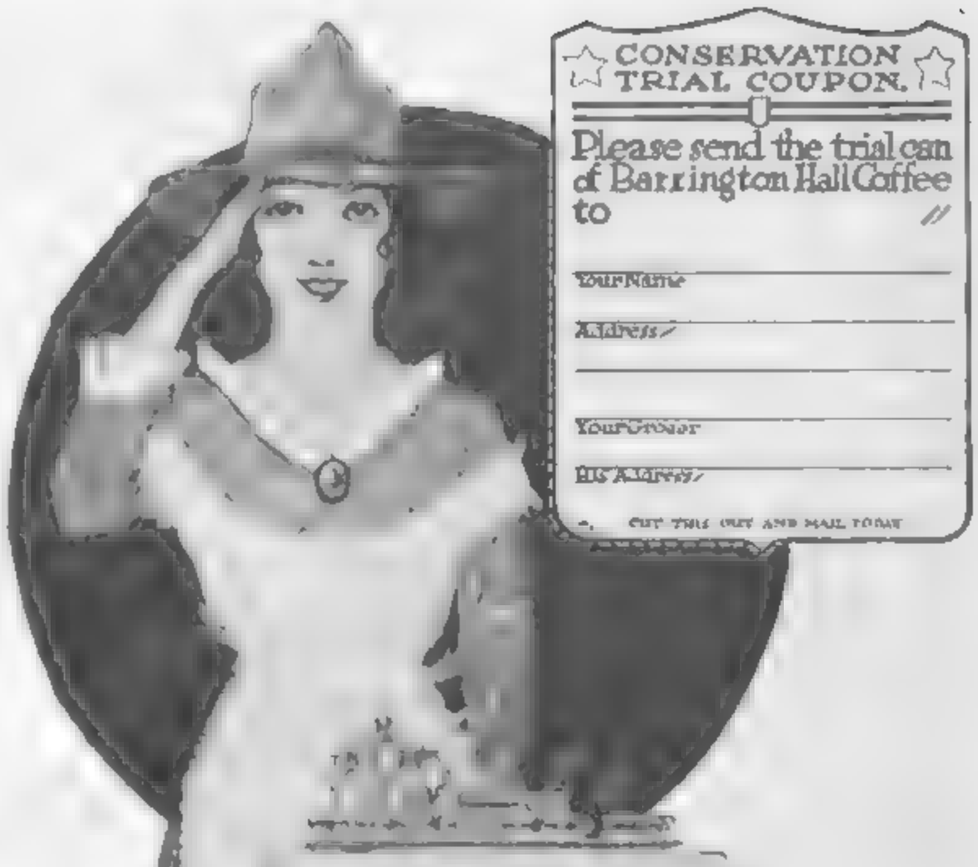
"Attention! Heed with care: This gentleman is my friend. He is detained merely as a matter of form. I do not wish him to be annoyed. Do you understand? You are to leave him to himself as long as he remains quietly below. But he is not to come on deck again till I return. Is all that clear, imbeciles?"

The imbeciles, saluting mechanically, indicated glimmerings of comprehension.

"Then below you go, Doctor Rodiek. And don't get impatient; I will rejoin you as soon as possible."

"Don't be long," Lanyard begged.

As he lowered himself through the hatch he saw the Prussian stumble down the gangplank and reel shoreward.



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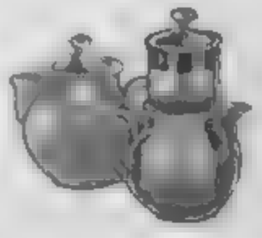

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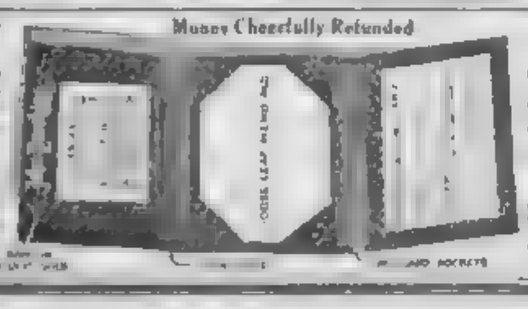

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Well satisfied with his diplomacy, Lanyard lingered a while in the conning tower, closely studying and memorizing the more salient features of the island of Martha's Vineyard and its adjacent waters and mainland as delineated on a most comprehensive large-scale chart published by the German Admiralty from exhaustive soundings and surveys of its own navigators and topographers, with corrections of as recent date as the first part of the year 1917.

Here the breach in the south coastline that permitted the utilization of what had formerly been an extensive fresh-water pond as this secret submarine base was clearly shown. And a single glance confirmed the lieutenant's statement concerning its remote isolation from settled sections of the island.

Somewhat dismayed, Lanyard descended to the central operating compartment and scouted through the hold from bow bulkhead to stern, making certain he enjoyed undisputed privacy. And it was so, every man jack of the U-boat's personnel, jaded to the marrow with its cramped accommodations, unremitting toil and care, unsanitary smells and forbidding associations, having naturally seized the earliest opportunity to escape so loathsome a prison.

Lanyard, however, was anything but resentful of condemnation to this solitary confinement. His interest in the interior arrangements of submersibles seemed all but feverish, as intense as sudden; witness the minute attention to detail that marked his second tour of inspection. On this round he took his time. He had all night in which to work out his salvation; the wildest schemes were revolving in his mind, the least fantastic utterly impossible without accurate knowledge of many matters; and such knowledge might be gained only through patient investigation and ungrudging expenditure of time.

It was now something past ten by the chronometers. He could hardly do much before dawn, lacking the instinct of a red Indian to guide him through that night-bound waste of woodland. So he felt little need to slight his researches through haste, except in anticipation of the lieutenant's return. And as to that, Lanyard was moderately incredulous; he expected to see nothing more of this new-found friend, unless the infatuation of the Prussian proved far stronger than his head.

Turning first to the private quarters of the commander, a somewhat more commodious cubicle than that across the alleyway in which Lanyard had been berthed, his interest was attracted by a small safe anchored to the deck beneath the desk.

To this Lanyard addressed himself without hesitation, solving the secret of its combination readily through exercise of the most rudimentary of professional principles. The problem it offered, indeed, was child's play to such cunning as had made the reputation of the Lone Wolf.

Open, the safe discovered to him a variety of articles of interest: Some five thousand dollars in English and American bank notes of large denomination, several hundred in American gold; three distinct cipher codes, one of these wholly novel in Lanyard's experience and so, he believed, in the knowledge of the Allied secret services; the log of the U-boat and the intimate diary of its commander, both in cryptograph; a compact directory of German agents domiciled in Atlantic Coast ports; a very considerable accumulation of German Admiralty orders; together with many documents of lesser moment.

Rapidly sorting out the more valuable of these, Lanyard disposed them about his person, then confiscated the bank notes as indemnity for his stolen money belt, replaced the rejections and reclosed and locked the safe.

His next interest was to arm himself. After several disappointments he discovered arms lockers beneath the berths for the crew in the forward compartment just aft of that devoted to torpedo tubes. Here he selected a latest pattern German Navy automatic pistol with three extra cartridge clips, and, after some hesitation, a peculiarly devilish magazine rifle, firing explosive bullets. The latter he placed handily, yet out of sight, near the foot of the companion ladder. The pistol fitted snugly a trousers pocket, its bulk hidden by the sag of his sweater. Some time later the lieutenant, slipping down the ladder, found Lanyard studying with a convincing aspect of childlike bewilderment the complicated combinations of machinery that crowded the central operating compartment.

Fresh from a bath and shave and wearing a clean uniform the Prussian showed vast improvement in looks if not in equilibrium. But his mouth twitched fitfully, his eyes wandered and disclosed a disquieting superabundance of white, and his tongue was noticeably thicker than before.

"Well, my friend," he said, "you are truly disappointing. The watch said you had made no sound since going below. I was afraid of another of those famous naps of yours."

"With the prospect of a bottle with you? Impossible! I have been waiting and waiting, my tongue hanging out."

"Too bad. Why did you not look round—help yourself? Why not?" the lieutenant demanded. "Have I not given you freedom of ship? It is yours, everything here yours!"

"I want nothing but an end to this great thirst," Lanyard protested.

"Then—God in heaven!—why we standing here? Come!"

Releasing the handrail the Prussian took careful aim for the alleyway door, launched himself toward it, slipped on the greasy metal grating and would have fallen heavily but for Lanyard.

Cursing pettishly, he stood up, threw off Lanyard's arms without thanks, and made a new attempt, this time shooting headlong through the alleyway, to bring up against the wing table in the third forward compartment, the kitchen and mess room in one.

"A great pity," he muttered, opening a locker and fumbling in its depths—"a rotten pity ——"

"What?"

"Keep you waiting so long. Not my fault." The lieutenant brought forth two bottles of champagne and one of brandy. "You open them, Herr Doctor, like good fellow," he said, placing the three on the table. "I just wish you understand no discourtesy meant . . . unavoidably detained . . . beastly commander . . . drunk. Give my word, hopelessly drunk. Poor fool. . . ."

"If my judgment is sound," Lanyard said, "this brave vessel will soon need a new commander."

"True! Quite true!" The Prussian placed two aluminum cups upon the table and half filled one with brandy, then brimmed it with champagne. "Try that," he said thickly. "That will keep your spirits up, my friend."

"Many thanks," Lanyard protested, filling his cup with undiluted champagne. "I prefer one thing at a time."

"Unfortunate . . . don't know what is good . . . King's peg . . . wonderful drink. No matter. To new commander *prosit!*"

He drained his cup at a gulp.

"To the new commander!" Lanyard echoed, and drank judiciously. "Excellent. . . . How long can he last, do you think, at this pace?"

"No telling—not long—too long for my liking. Shall I tell something?"

He filled his cup again, half and half, and sat down, his wicked, ratlike face more than ever pale and repulsive. "Not whisper of this, mind—though I think crew sometimes suspects: He's going mad!"

"Not that Bavarian?"

The lieutenant nodded wisely. "If knew him as I know him, never be surprised, my friend. You think too much drink. Yes, but not entirely. He keeps seeing things, hearing them, especially by night."

"What sort of things?"

"Faces!" The Prussian licked his lips, glanced furtively over shoulder and drank. "Dead faces, eyes eaten out, seaweed in their hair. . . . And voices—he's forever hearing voices . . . people trying to talk; can't make him understand because mouths full of water, you know. But they understand one another, keep discussing how to get at him. . . . He tells me about it. . . . I tell you, it is hell to hear him talk . . . especially when submerged, as last night. Then he hears them fumbling all over the hull with their stumpy fingers, trying to find way in, talking about him. And he tells me, and keeps insisting, till sometimes I seem to hear them too. But I don't. Before God, I don't! You don't believe I do, do you?"

His eyes rolled wildly.

"Why should you?"

"Just it: Why should I?" The lieutenant's accents rose to a shrill pitch. "I have not his record . . . still in training when he sent Lusitania to the bottom. Yes; it was he, second in command, in charge of

(Continued on Page 101)

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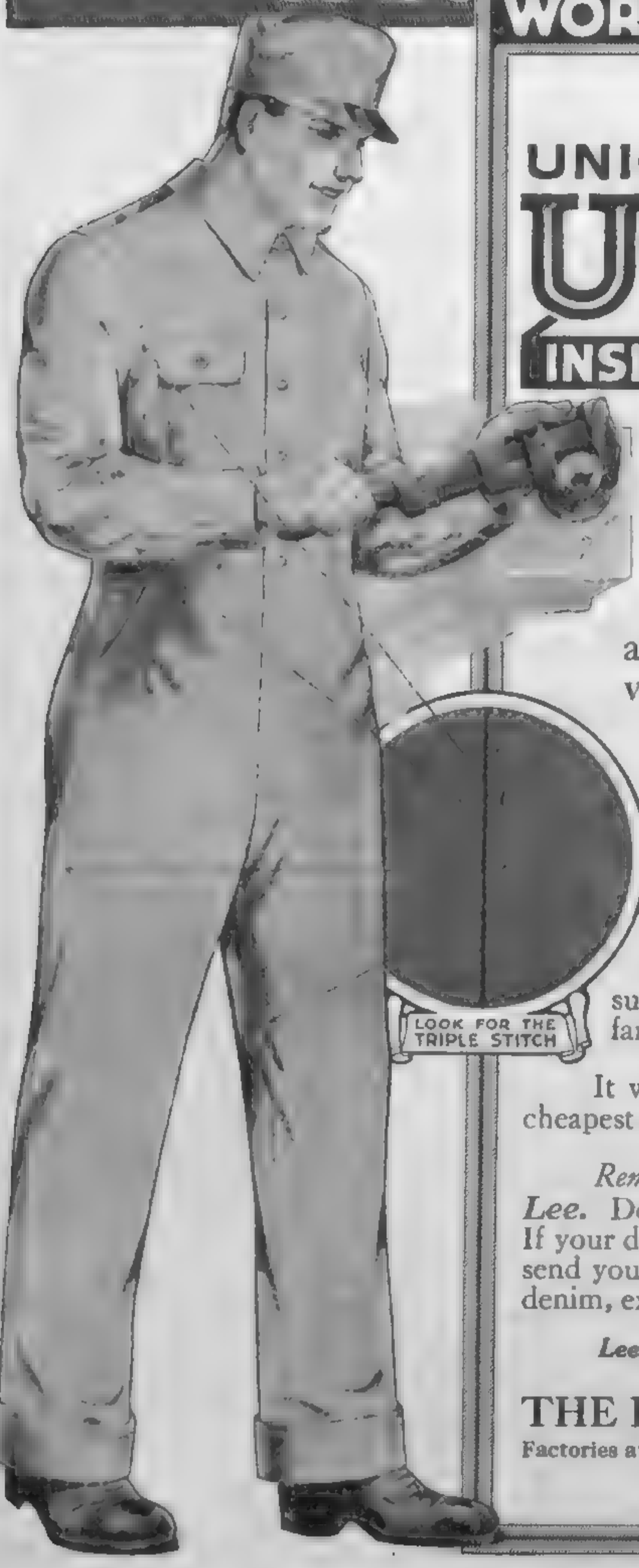

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(Continued from Page 98)

torpedo tubes. His own hand fired that torpedo. . . ."

He fell silent, staring moodily into his cup, perhaps thinking of the number of torpedoes it had been his lot to discharge upon errands of slaughter.

And the dead silence of the ship was made audible by a stealthy drip-drip of water from the seams and the furtive slaver of the tide on the outer plates.

A shiver ran through the body of the Prussian. He pulled himself together with obvious effort, looked up with an uncertain grin and passed a shaking hand across his writhing lips.

"All foolishness of course, but gets on one's nerves . . . constant association with a man like that. . . . Know what he's doing now, or was when I came away? Sitting up, with doors and windows locked and blinds drawn, drinking brandy neat. He can't sleep by night if sober, or without light in the room. If he does he knows they will get him . . . people he hears crawling up from the sea, slopping round the house, mumbling, whimpering in the dark. . . ." He broke off abruptly, with a whisper more dreadful than a shriek—"God!"—and jumped to his feet, whipping the automatic from his belt.

A footfall sounded in one of the after compartments. Others followed. Someone was coming slowly down the alleyway, someone with dragging, heavy feet. . . .

The lieutenant waited moveless, as one petrified with terror.

The bulkhead doorway framed the figure of the commander. He paused there, lowering at his subaltern with haunted eyes ablaze in a face like parchment.

"So!" he said, nodding. "As I thought. It is thus I find you, fraternizing with one who may be, for all we know, an enemy to the Fatherland. You drunken babbling fool! Get ashore!" His angry foot thumped the grating. "Get ashore, and report yourself under arrest!"

With no more warning than a strangled snarl the lieutenant shot him through the head.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FROM CONSCIENCE TO KHAKI

(Concluded from Page 9)

relationships. Moses, after giving the Ten Commandments to the Children of Israel, sent them down from Mount Sinai into the plains to wage war upon the barbarians. Christ in the Sermon on the Mount laid down the world's greatest code of ethics—the law of man's relation to man.

"The injunctions of the Old Testament and the injunctions of the New, by which you, all these months, have set such great store, were never meant to apply to society in the mass. The social order must be defended—made secure—if men are to lead their lives aright. Let me ask you: What do you think He would expect of you—of you, as one of his followers—if a ruthless emperor, claiming his sanction from God, set out to lay waste half of Europe, to ravish women, to kill children, to inflict all cruelties—to crush out all the ideals that he, Christ, gave to the world? You know what he would expect of you, Ashley!"

That night was a troubled one for me. The British officer—that look that had been in his eyes; Judge Bailey's words; the rector's interpretation of the corner stone of my pacifist faith—all these swarm through my disturbed vision and thoughts. By the time I had reached my office the next morning a settled irritability had taken possession of me.

The first event of the day was an announcement from my chief assistant that he was resigning to go to Plattsburg. At the same time he informed me that six of our clerks had enlisted. In the very atmosphere was a poignant, stirring something—the spirit of sacrifice and of war.

I reached home that evening jaded, troubled, raspy. My brother Edgar was not on hand. He did not come in until the meal was nearly over. A glance at his face showed me how radiant he was; and, before he had spoken, I instinctively knew his news.

"Well, I'm in for sure! Orders came today. I'm off for Plattsburg in the morning," he told us.

And it was with a blur across my eyes that I saw my wife and my sister fly to him, embrace him and proudly kiss him.

The days went by. Never was I so miserable. I hated myself. Others got on my nerves—I got on the nerves of others. I felt myself out of whack with the world, with my environment; most of all with those nearest and dearest to me.

A certain deep-rooted revulsion from war continued with me. My confidence in my reasoned conclusions regarding the right and wrong of it had been much shaken. I endeavored to rebuild my beliefs. A most cursory reading of the Bible gave added validity to all that Mr. Martin had said. Enough history was in my mind to lend ample affirmation to Judge Bailey's argument. Intellectually my pacifism weakened. Emotionally it struggled against the vast and mighty uprising of the soul of the American people.

It is difficult to attach to any particular event another feeling that began to assert itself with me at this time. However, with the passage of the days, not only was my sense of isolation heightened, but there began to come to me, in spite of myself, a kind of self-contempt. Moments arrived when I would vainly try to assure myself that I was playing the part of a man; that from time immemorial the individuals who had been most worth while had been martyrs to their faiths and to the dictates of their consciences.

More and more I involuntarily regarded myself as one who stood supinely by while other men performed for me tasks in which I should have had my part. I began—it is my shame to confess—upon a brief period of self-loathing.

The day when the state's National Guard marched down Fifth Avenue—the day of New York's great military parade—signaled a climax. I went to business as usual, endeavoring to ignore the fact that the whole city was excited and wrought to a splendid pitch of patriotism. Several friends called up to ask me where I was planning to view the march. In each instance I replied sharply that I was not going to see the parade. One or two of my friends—friends who had known my views—swore at me and rang off.

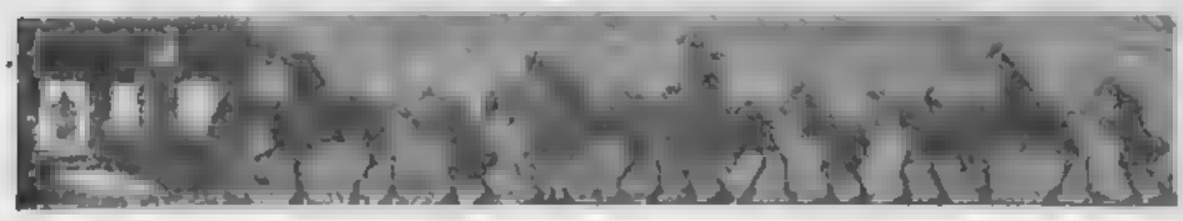
In the middle of the morning I sent for our new assistant, whom I had installed; he had gone for the day—to see the parade. I endeavored to plunge into work, but made only the most pitiful headway. A tumult of unordered thoughts, of imperious emotions, kept assaulting me. I rang for my stenographer and gruffly ordered her to take a letter. When I had finished the dictation she timidly asked me whether she might have the afternoon off. She, too, wanted to see the parade.

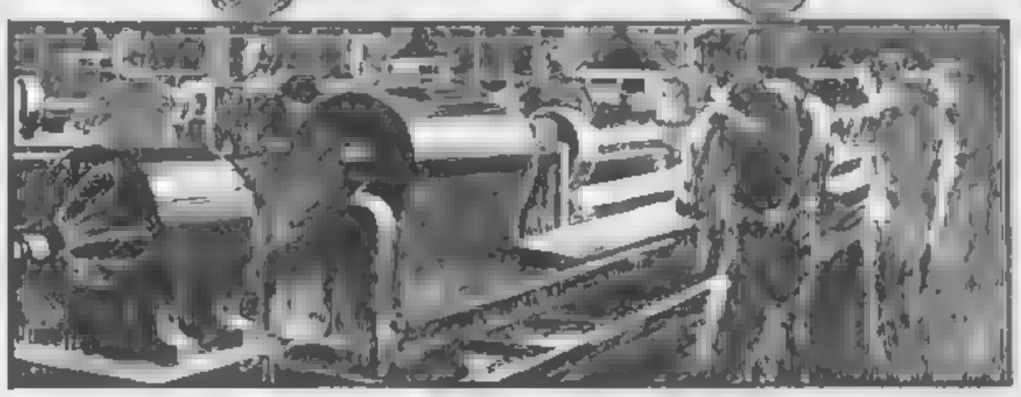
I was alone in the office when the thing broke—the thing that through months had been germinating to expel the cowardice and folly and addle-headedness of my brand of pacifism from me. A mighty urge seized me.

Scarcely knowing what I was doing, I banged my desk shut, went down to the street and got into a taxicab. I ordered the driver to take me uptown—to a point from which I could see the parade. I saw it; saw it all; saw the nobility of those men marching by thousands to do God's will upon earth; to reaffirm all that Christ had taught.

That afternoon—two hours later, to be exact—I enlisted. The regiment does not matter. What does matter was my homecoming that night. I sat down to dinner quietly. I was happy—alive! Never have I felt joy in life so keenly. Suddenly I was no longer the whipped dog. A new manhood possessed me.

I waited for just the right moment to spring my news. Never shall I forget the moment that immediately followed it!





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Furthermore, the electrical contractor firms will take the responsibility of planning and maintaining your electrical equipment at full efficiency.

They will arrange for a competent man to go over all of the electrical equipment at regular intervals to see that the power is properly distributed, applied and operated. Whenever a change in the factory lay-out is necessary, these men will co-operate with the production manager in making the lay-out.

The value of expert service

This is the day of specialists, and the manufacturers who make the most money are those who employ experts for technical jobs. It is not reasonable to suppose that a lathe operator or steam engineer is a competent electrician. Plant and building owners are fast coming to the idea of having architects plan their buildings, engineers lay out the machinery and, of course, electrical contractors to do the electrical work.

We as manufacturers of insulated wire realize that not only our product, but all of the electrical equipment is dependent largely upon the method of installation. For that reason, we have investigated and are prepared to furnish manufacturers with the names of competent contractors to take the responsibility of making electricity earn full dividend value.

Write at once for full information

The Electric Cable Co. 10 E. 43rd St., New York

Makers of Ecco Wire for every purpose where rubber-covered wire is used

ECCO Dependable Insulated WIRE

How Does He Stand It?
By Doing Five Things

All of which, except the fifth perhaps, every man can do. And he would work better and live longer if he did them. See what they are, and why the President weighs more now and is in better health than when he went into the White House. It's all in the November Ladies' Home Journal.

Spend 15 Cents on It

RUSSIAN WHEAT FIELDS AND BREAD LINES

(Concluded from Page 14)

at all. Railways are few and badly run, and equipment has been sadly impaired, while the needed mechanics are at the Front or somewhere in barracks. The American Railway Commission is now here, wrestling with the problem and meeting that first and most formidable of obstacles to all reform—the men with jobs to hold.

Strange obstacles of another sort complicate the situation. America is shipping eight thousand freight cars to Russia, via Vladivostok. Six hundred of them have already arrived—and not one of them can be used! Essential parts are missing; and the men responsible for the use of the cars—from one of whom I have the tale—fear that the remaining seventy-four hundred are in a like case. The suspicion is that Germans in America have tampered with the shipment.

This is no new trick for the Kaiser's loyal subjects abroad. When thirty American aeroplanes were sent to Petrograd, some time ago, it was found that not one of them could fly, owing to the impairment of small but essential portions of the machinery. When this was investigated it was found that German mechanics in the manufacturing plant in the United States had adopted this method of serving the Kaiser. It is no wonder that every bridge and tunnel on the Trans-Siberian Line is carefully guarded by soldiers.

A word about this longest railway in the world may be illuminating. Its extent, and the immensity and character and productiveness of its contributing territory, can scarcely be grasped, even by one who has traveled it repeatedly. It crosses one continent and enters far into another. Without change of cars one may go all the way from Vladivostok, on the Pacific Ocean, clear through to Petrograd, which is but a short journey from Archangel, on the Arctic Ocean. The distance across Asia and European Russia is somewhat more than five thousand miles—5481 to be exact. Is there any other transportation feat like this on the world's map?

The road is well built and well ballasted; but for almost half its length it is only a single track. There are more locomotives to a mile of track than in America; but a large proportion of the rolling stock is laid aside for repairs and the mechanics are at the Front. Even so, the line is not used at all up to its capacity.

Control is by divisions rather than as an entire unit.

A government official told me that even now it is possible to send four hundred cars a day out of Vladivostok, the gateway to the world, with its mountainous collection of accumulated freight; yet only a hundred cars are allowed to leave.

One of the depressing facts about the Trans-Siberian journey to a traveler is the comparative dearth of freight traffic passed by the express on the way. If American railway men could take over this line its capacity and efficiency would be increased tenfold within six months; and the double-tracking would be completed at a rate that would be hustling the East, since an unlimited supply of Chinese labor is near at hand.

Something of the sort is essential if the gap between Harbin's plenty and Petrograd's paucity is to be bridged. Once Russian transportation is reorganized, her agriculture mobilized and her soldiers brought under the discipline of democracy, it will be found that in this great land of to-morrow the Allies have their most potential resource, outside of the United States of America.

Laffy's Pack—By Joseph Blethen

I

WHEN Lafayette went down to Spain
For a little fling on the Spanish Main,
He had a hunch which he rose to explain
To his little band:

"Let's hop across the pond," says he,
"To where I think there's going to be
A scrap 'twixt US and George the Three,
And lend a hand."

II

Whenever Dee Laffy could mix in a fray,
Just anywhere west of the Appian Way,
He moved a vote for a perfect day—
The son-of-a-gun!

So he drew a cheque on the bank of France
That threw the teller into a trance,
And dolled himself up for a little dance
At Washington.

III

Then he loaded his rowdies into a tub
And piped the French for "rub-a-dub-dub,"
With a fancy chef to throw the grub
For Laffy's pack.

And that's the way it came to be
That Laffy came over to this countree
And helped to set your Uncle free,
Now some time back.

IV

He rated the Anglay, did Lafayette,
As nothing much for a National bet;
And some happy Frenchman was due to get
The British Goat.

So they shot 'em up in a sociable way
And taught Johnny Bull to parley Françay,
With July Fourth for a holiday—
Some worthy of note.

V

Your Uncle Sam and his bunch of hicks
Were dubbing around in a h—deuce of a fix
Along about seventeen seventy-six—
In Laffy's time.

But a couple of thousand million francs
Deposited quick in our Codfish Banks
Put an "Oh, I say!" in the British ranks—
And just in time.

VI

From Valley Forge right through the snow
This Count Dee Laffy was on the go;
If he ever was licked he didn't know
Or feel the jar.

Then Louiee sent Mr. Rowsham Beau
With ships and men to hit a blow
To end the thing and let us grow
To what we are.

VII

Now some have said we were afraid,
And many a sneering crack was made
That our debt to Laffy was old and frayed
And overdue;

But now we've laid our biggest bet,
We've thought it out and our mind is set,
We're hopping to France to pay that debt—
With interest, too.

VIII

We're going over to join his show,
We've millions of men who are keen to go,
We've billions of dollars, and more will grow
To heap the stack.

We've ictabobs and diving things
And battleships that fly on wings
And thunder when the cannon sings
For Laffy's pack.

IX

Dee Laffy is there on that Other Shore
Where the Louiees and Georges will scrap no more
And Washington may take the floor
In friendly debate.

And it's great that the shade of our President
May hold up his head when, with proud intent,
He points to his children in honor bent
On cleaning the slate.

X

Our boys are marching hand in hand
With Laffy's pack in Laffy's land,
And from British Tommies along the Strand
A cheer comes back.

But the sure-enough job that we're out to do
Is to prove to the gang what they always knew—
That we owed the French for a thing or two
From Laffy's pack.

Whose Job Is The Harder?

After a cheery breakfast you are off to your business and return again weary at night to find a steaming dinner awaiting you.

Little does your wife realize the hard bludgeonings of a man's business day. Equally little do you know of the hundred and one things that go on behind the scenes in your household in order that it may be an efficient and cheerful home for you.

You are interested only in the results—*that* your coffee is good, not *what* percolator your wife uses; *that* your house is clean, not *what* vacuum cleaner made it so. "You should worry" about *where* the receipt for that wonderful dessert came from. You get the benefit, and that's enough.

That perplexing question in your daughter's musical education—it was answered by an expert. The result is all you are interested in.

Yet the children's clothes did not plan themselves. Your wife's flower garden, which adds so much to the place, did not "just grow." When your bed-room was "done over," you were saved the expense of an interior decorator.

Perhaps you have not given much thought to the very difficult business of being a housewife. But for many years we have. The Delineator is a practical expert adviser on the perplexing problems of household affairs, depended upon and trusted in by more than a million progressive American homes. Without it such efficiency and economy in these homes would be impossible.

The Delineator tells the housewife all that modern science and art know about foods. It gives her constantly the newest ideas on home furnishing and decoration; it supplies scientific information on the care and upbringing of children; it makes it possible for women to make their own and their children's clothing. In The Delineator there are twenty-five regular departments, each conducted by an expert.

Thousands of progressive women write us each month for advice on home problems and each one receives a personal reply from an expert qualified to give counsel.

The reason for The Delineator's extraordinary influence in a million homes is no secret. The answer is Service.

Take advantage of this service for *your* home. Let The Delineator save dollars in *your* household and bring hours of happy entertainment each month to the whole family.

Invest in The Delineator today. Fill in the attached coupon now.

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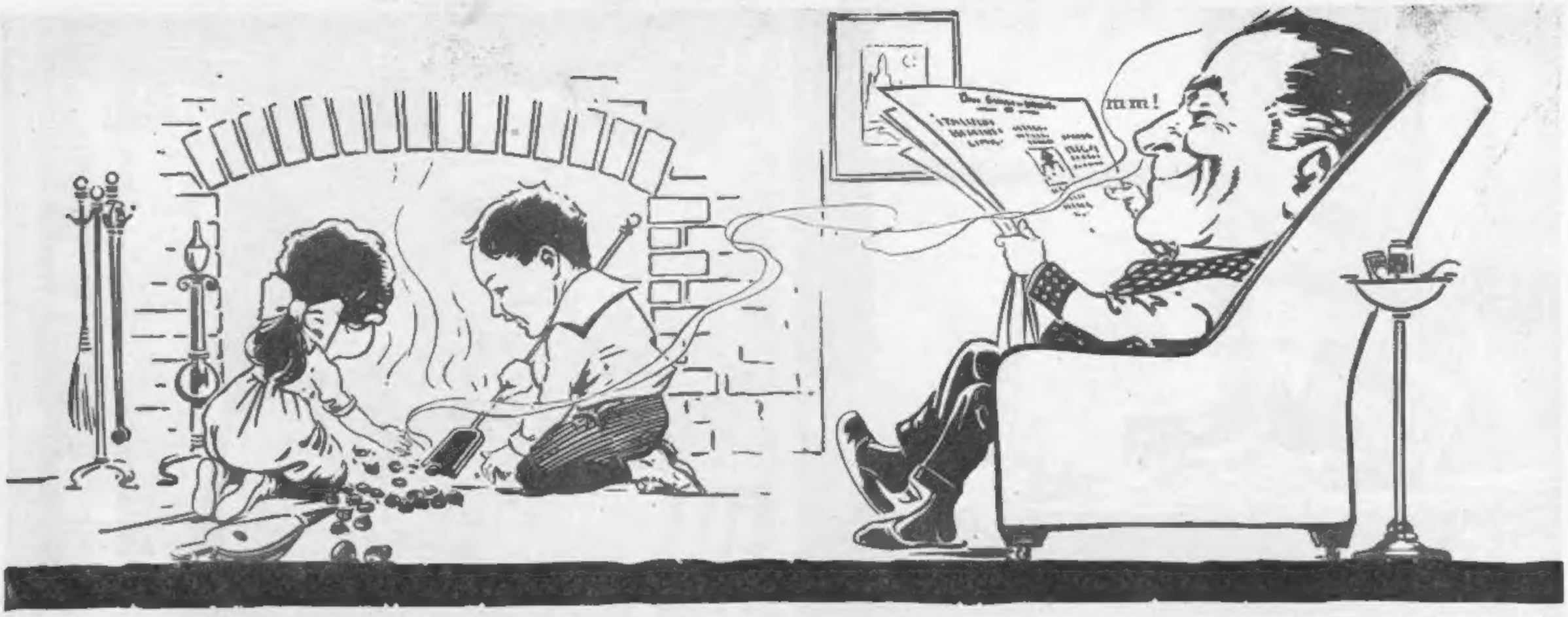

HOW do you know it's Chestnut Season?

"Your Nose Knows"

—By the *Fragrance*—the appealing fragrance of nuts roasting over the coals. How that gets you! How your mouth waters for a hot one! Just so does the whiff of a fine tobacco appeal to you through your sense of *pure fragrance*—"Your Nose Knows."

No tobacco compares in *pure fragrance* with

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco

It is an expert blending of tender, ripe Burley, the most fragrant leaves of the tobacco plant, grown in the sunny Blue Grass section of Old Kentucky—it is *pure fragrance* itself—and "Your Nose Knows."

Try This Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"

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A Serving of Kellogg's for Less than a Cent

THE most delicious things sometimes cost the least. What is there more tempting at breakfast, between meals, or for the evening snack, than these delicate thin flakes with their appetizing flavor and the wholesome quality of toasted corn!

Keep some packages of Kellogg's—the original Toasted Corn Flakes—always in the cupboard, ready for the call of the healthy, hungry young folks of the family.

KRUMBLES is Kellogg's delicious *all-wheat* food. Every single tiny shred is thoroughly toasted.

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Why Not Now?
It's a perfect "Money Saver"
Has its own delicious flavor
Why Not do yourself a favor?
Use it Now!

Eventually Why Not Now?

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